

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

NOVEMBER
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA



A WESTERN HOME MONTHLY COVER BY W. H. LISTER

10
CENTS

Commencing a New Serial

“The Princess and the Clowns” BY *Jean José Frappa*



Flushed—Radiant, Alluring

—Here the sweet charm of natural loveliness
that surpasses every other type of beauty

The simple rule in skin care, noted below, is bringing it to thousands—follow it in this way:

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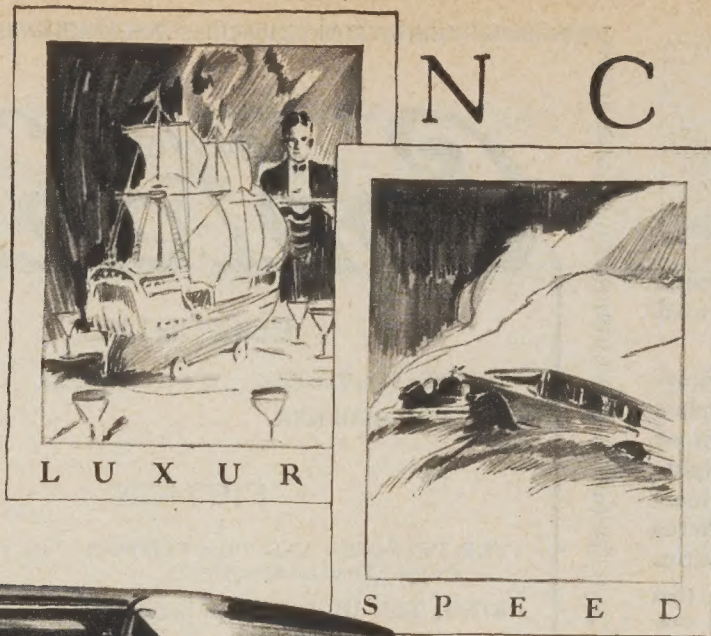
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The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR

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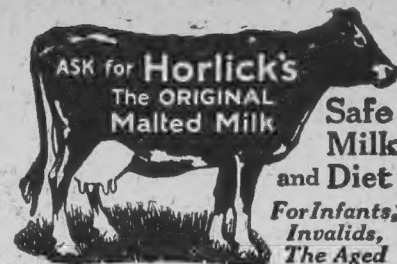
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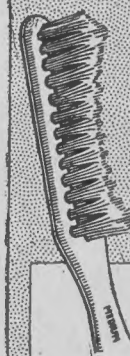
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WAS TORTURED BY RHEUMATIC PAIN

Found help at last in simple home treatment

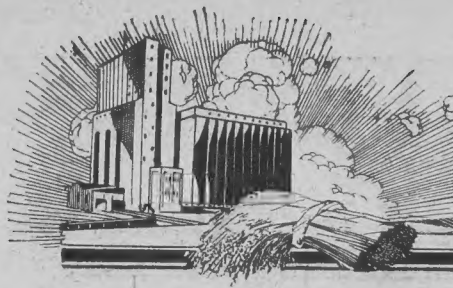
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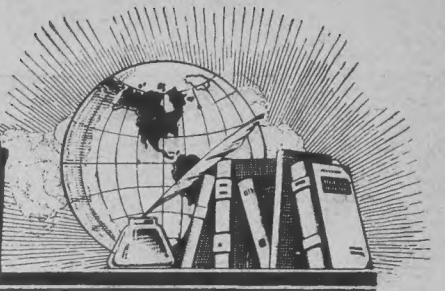
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EDITORIAL



A Great Country

IT IS both interesting and instructive to review the weather record of North America during the past summer. We who live in Western Canada might have felt that during September we were of all people most grievously afflicted, had not the press brought us reports from other sections of the Continent. On reading these we have gathered that by comparison we have been living in a veritable Paradise.

Along with every change in our weather conditions there was a change in the attitude of our people, both in country and town. Possibly we should say there was no town feeling in the Western provinces during summer and fall. The emotional thermometer was governed by rural conditions. An early spring, seed well planted, abundant rain—everybody smiled. Came a week of drouth, a threat of insect-pests, down came the mercury. The rain, sunshine, bracing breeze, wheat in the shot-blade, and faces brightened. There was not a cross look nor an unkind word anywhere. But had there been signs of rust, or a disastrous hail-storm, or did frost begin to threaten, there was a responsive lowering of spirits. And so it went.

This year we bravely weathered the storms and dangers of summer and saw the grain ripen in all its beauty, only to have it almost destroyed in some quarters by most unusual showers of rain and snow. Then came once again the sunshine, and the threshing was resumed. Now we know, as we have always known, that despite storms we have the finest harvests in the world. Even if the quality of our wheat is not what it might have been, it is yet the best that is grown anywhere, and as for other grains, vegetables and live stock—the records at the expositions South and East tell the story. We have indeed a great country.

The Greatness of Character

YET the greatness of a country does not depend primarily upon an abundant harvest. We might have this and more and yet be poor beyond description. The only enduring wealth is in character. Not what men have, but what they are, determines their worth and their destiny. It is difficult to enumerate in a single sentence all the qualities that contribute to the making of character, but among them are the strength, agility and poise that underlie physical well-being; the alertness, open-mindedness and sincerity that condition intellectual development; the honesty, perseverance and good-will that are necessary to moral excellence; the friendliness, kindness and unselfishness that are the foundation of social well-being, and the reverence and righteousness that always accompany the spiritual life.

The Grace of Thanksgiving

AT THIS particular time, because we are approaching the Thanksgiving season, it will not be out of place to emphasize one grace or quality that should find a place in personal and national life. It was not particularly noticeable in many people in the time of our Saviour, and when it was manifested, it always elicited His approbation. Perhaps it is no more in evidence today. Genuine gratitude is as rare as it is precious. Even in churches there is more time for prayer than to praise. Yet were praise more common, the world would be sweeter and better, and there is no doubt but that life would be more blessed.

Every year there come to us thousands from foreign lands. They are helping us to build up this great nation. Too often we look upon them as hewers of wood and drawers of water, rather than as fellow-countrymen who have a real contribution to make to our citizenship. Why not be thankful for the assistance they render?

On the other hand, many of these strangers who have escaped from the political or religious tyranny of European despotism, and who for the first time know what it is to breathe the pure air of freedom,

fail to acknowledge their privileges, but immediately begin to plot against the form of government that guarantees their liberty. This is base ingratitude.

So, too, is it less common than formerly for men and women to return thanks to the Bountiful Father for the gifts so graciously bestowed. The Harvest Home is turned into a gluttonous festival. Heaven is often very far away. It may be, indeed, because people are so thankless, that Divine favor is withdrawn. If we cannot keep in mind Him from whom all blessings flow, we cannot be trusted by Him to work out His designs in the up-building of a great nation. This is not said to urge people into an artificial performance of duty. Thanks-

For the Fallen

*With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.*

*Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.*

*They went with songs to the battle, they were
young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds un-
counted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.*

*They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow
old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

*They mingle not with their laughing comrades
again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the daytime;
They sleep beyond England's foam.*

*But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are
known
As the stars are known to the Night.*

*As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.*

giving must be from the heart. It is only those who are alive to a sense of favor that can offer heartfelt praise. Surely everybody in this Western land has ample cause for gratitude. May it be expressed not only in words but in fitting deeds—remembrance of those who need assistance, kindness to those who are lonely, comfort to those that are sad. There is nothing that will take the place of the personal touch. True Thanksgiving is best expressed in deeds of love and mercy. We can never be great individually nor collectively unless we are strong in the saving grace of gratitude.

The Spirit of Contest

EVERYBODY is interested in a fight—whether it be between heavyweights or baseball teams, or rival factions during elections. These three illustrations are given because they have been to the front in the newspapers during the last few months. Naturally the question arises as to the influence of such contests upon the minds and morals of those who take part and upon the life of the general public.

To begin with prize-fighting: When we see two

pups at opposite ends of a string pulling and tugging we do not accuse them of immorality. Even when they growl we know their anger is assumed, rather than real. They are merely proving their strength or anticipating the necessary activities of later life. So when boys at school or on the roadsides engage in wrestling and sparring it is usually carried on in a good-natured way, and in the exercise there is something highly beneficial to the contestants and interesting to the spectators. When the sport is accompanied by anger, and when tempers are not controlled, the sport loses its charm. It is not the fighting which is wrong, but the anger and the loss of temper. He who despite wounds and bruises controls himself comes out

stronger than he went in, whether he won or lost. Nor are the spectators much worse, provided everything is carried off pleasantly; but as soon as they begin to urge brutality or resort to betting and allied vices they suffer morally. It is beyond dispute that the effect of a monster exhibition, such as that recently held, is demoralizing. It is not merely the sight of blood and the disgusting appearance of the fighters that are so repellent. Everything in connection with the sport—the cheering, the betting, the language, the presence of women of a certain type, the extravagant display of wealth—that degrade the sport and rob it of its refinement. Too often the science of self-defence is forgotten and the onlookers are cheering for their dollars rather than for a manifestation of skill. It might also be said that it says little for people who can give away two million dollars for a single display of a sport of this kind, and yet who will haggle over the cost of carrying on a war for the liberation of mankind. Truly America is not showing herself in a good light.

The baseball contest is more humane. And yet after all, when a whole nation goes wild over it, it does not indicate a high degree of culture and interest. This of course is not saying anything particularly hard of the American people, for Canadians and Old-countrymen are just as crazy over championships as are the people in the United States. The trouble is that we are getting back to the level of the Romans. We delight to sit in the amphitheatre and watch the gladiators. Far better for most of us were we to play the game on the corner lots. We should at least experience the joy of participation. The recent interest in the good old game of golf, is a hearty sign. That Western Canada has more courses than almost any other country, according to population, is a matter of which we may feel proud. It is to be hoped that this game, like the other amateur sports in which we are so interested, will never deteriorate through betting. Let us have something free from the curse of the dollar. Let us have sport for sport's sake.

As to the political contest, only this has to be said: that there is reason for pride that so little of unfair tactics, of scandal and bribery was practiced. On the whole men and women seem to have expressed their opinions, whether such expression pleased us or offended. A contest carried on earnestly but in a spirit of friendliness is fairer and better than a struggle characterized by bitterness.

Coming Our Way

THE United States seems to be losing her world opportunity. All the countries of the world were indebted to her, and they had to pay their debts in gold or merchandise. They could not pay in merchandise because of the prohibitive tariff, and the gold that was shipped in had to be idle in the treasury. More than that, these debtor countries began trading with one another, and the United States lost its foreign market. Incidentally she became exceedingly unpopular throughout Europe and even in South America. All of this has made it easy for Canada to enter the foreign market, and surely the conditions of trade show that she has seized the opportunity. Let us not be discouraged.

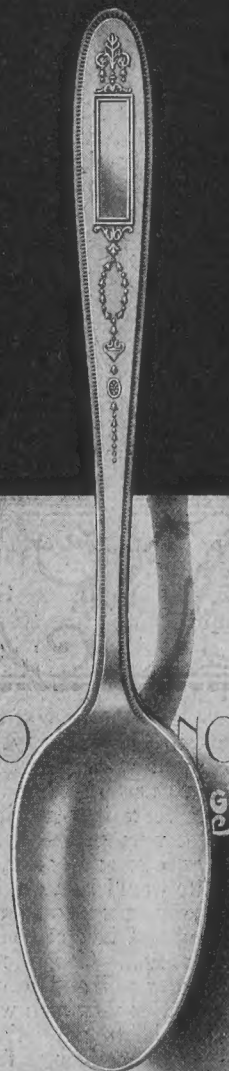
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The Princess and the Clowns



When they came off the Stage, Partner had simply asked his companion, "Is it she?"

By Jean José Frappa

The Opening Chapters of One of the Most Fantastic of All Royal Romances

Translated from the French by Marie Louise Swinburne.

her time at receptions, teas, artistic soirees, relating untiringly the moving vicissitudes of her escape, during which a muzhik, filled with good intentions but wishing to procure some democratic satisfaction, had stipulated, as a return for having helped the fugitives across a river, that the Duchess kiss him on both cheeks.

"And he had a frightful beard, my dear."

But if her mother spent agreeable and carefree days, on the contrary Princess Olga Alexandrowna was bored, and put up badly with her new environment.

She was, in 1920, at the time when the astonishing events that I am going to relate to you took place, a young girl of twenty-two years of age, tall and slender, with a face that was charmingly framed by fluffy blond hair. Into her large blue eyes, that had a sweet and faraway look, sometimes crept the shadow of a nostalgic dream. She had a noble and languorous bearing, a kind although slightly haughty expression, and a tired smile, that smile of etiquette, behind which is hidden, enigmatical and alluring, the soul of little princesses.

Although of fairly even disposition, she had, nevertheless, little angry outbursts of short duration, and, in spite of her generous impulses, spoke occasionally in a harsh and cutting way to her inferiors when she imagined that they failed in any respect. Romantic and sentimental, she often fell

into long dreamy reveries, overpowered by thoughts of which she never divulged the secret to the Grand Duchess, her mother, who was annoyed by her far-away meditations. But when she caught herself allowing her imagination to wander, she blushed and called herself sharply to account, for this languidness seemed to her unworthy of a person of her rank.

In short, one could discover in Princess Olga all the physical and moral signs of an ardent, impulsive personality, in love with life, but unceasingly restrained by prejudices of caste and the profound conviction of being modeled of other clay than the ordinary run of mortals.

She did not delight in the fact of her imperial origin; no, she even frequently deplored it, but how could she help it? It was something that must be accepted with all its consequences.

Please do not tax her with pride and haughtiness; no one, on the contrary, aimed at greater simplicity; only her simplicity was that of a goddess preoccupied with not frightening the ephemeral race of men.

Therefore Olga Alexandrowna was bored. She regretted her former life, the gorgeous receptions at the court, the reviews at which she figured on horseback by her father's side, the honors and, above all, the prerogatives of her rank, which compelled all heads, even the most rebellious, to bow as she passed. She suffered when she had to mix in a crowd, and was frankly astonished when she went out on foot not to see the policeman stop the traffic as she went by.

What are the gods when they no longer command the thunder for their adoration? She dreamed of an early restoration, refused obstinately to

THE heroine of this story was the most gracious Princess Olga, second cousin of His Majesty, Czar Nicholas II.

Daughter of the Commander-in-chief of the Cossacks of Adour, the Grand Duke Alexander Dimitrievitch, who died shortly before the War, the Princess Olga had managed, thanks to great energy, intelligence, and courage, to flee from Russia with her mother, the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaevna, and a few of their followers, at the moment when the Bolshevik disturbance was sweeping away ancient society.

Extensive investments, previously made in foreign countries, assured the two ladies, if not the pompous life of former times, at least a fortune, permitting them to hold their rank in the world, and even to help a certain number of noble refugees less favored than themselves.

They had first taken refuge in Sweden, but the Grand Duchess Marie, who was a nice plump lady, both heedless and jovial, adoring light reading, vodka, and cigars, was not long in tiring of the high society that she found much too cold and where her rather free manners brought her a stiff reception.

She had then taken her daughter to England; but, soon shocked by that court, so democratic in its tendencies, she had, at last, decided to establish herself in Paris, where there exist numerous clans of fashionable men thirsting for the chance of calling someone "My Lord" or "Your Highness," and elegant women, who, being the daughters of big industrial magnates, and having by marriage acquired aristocratic names, feel in their plebeian legs the keen desire to make curtsies.

Marie Nicolaevna was perfectly happy, spending

believe in the death of the imperial family and, turn by turn, hung her tenacious hopes on the generous souls who proclaimed that they would shortly crush out Bolshevism: Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel, or others.

But let us get on with our story.

I TOLD you just now that the Princess Olga was of a kind and generous nature. She proved it by interesting herself with meritorious ardor in all the Russian refugees whose misery was brought to her attention or who made an appeal to her heart. Leaving her mother to discreetly help the aristocratic emigres, she did not hesitate to penetrate into the most sordid hovels, to bring to her house the most uncleanly children in order to give them the proper care, to dress them, or to take them for automobile trips into the country. She patronized a hospital and visited the sick.

Desirous of encouraging all kinds of activities and of proving her spirit of solidarity, she never missed any exhibition of Muscovite painters or any new Russian ballet; and if she learned that one of her compatriots was figuring in a theatrical performance of any kind, she hastened there to applaud him, whether it was at the opera or in the most modest cafe concert.

That is why, having heard one day that Michalis and Partner, two extraordinary clowns whose act was attracting all Paris to the Olympia, must be originally from Russia, she hastened to reserve the stage-box in that big music-hall for the very next matinee.

REALLY the success of Michalis and Partner fully justified itself, and for reasons entirely different from those which usually bring success to the eccentric Americans or Englishmen who make those entirely unexpected hits.

The former was a violinist whose virtuosity and genius in improvisation astonished musicians of the highest repute; the latter, an impersonator with moving face and vivid, precise gestures. Both of them possessed, each in his own way, the creative gift; and, without scenery, playing alternately against a background of white and black material, without change of costumes, almost without accessories, they held the entire hall under their spell, moving the two thousand spectators with the same thrills, making them experience, turn by turn, the same sentiments of sadness, pity, love, or enthusiasm.

Michalis was above medium height; his face with its clean-cut features appeared distinguished, the make-up only serving to accentuate its characteristics, a high forehead, prominent arched eyebrows which shaded grave, imperiously attractive eyes that never laughed, prominent cheek-bones, hollow cheeks, and full, down-curving lips. An immovable face, undeniably handsome, but drawn by sickness or suffering, and in which one might have quickly lost interest if, in that bluish shade between the eyebrows and the cheek-bones, there had not been that dark, bewitching flame, that penetrating glance, through which passed, without one being able to discover by what magic, all passions, all sorrows, and all joys.

It did not consist of the "expression." No. That word can hardly be used when speaking of a face or glance that does not change, but showed successive projections of a strong, moving thought.



Then under the vibrant bow of the strange clown, the violin began to play a very slow air.

Yes, that was it exactly; two eyes like those of a fakir, casting a spell over a number of individuals, fascinating them and imposing upon them a dream-like reverie.

At that time I had frequently been to see Michalis.

I had been caught under that hallucinating spell of his glance in whatever section of the hall I happened to be seated, and I could find no other explanation for the discomfort, not lacking in charm, however, that this impassable clown caused me with his blanched face appearing out of the ruffled collar of black muslin above a black satin costume.

As for his comrade, who had no other name than Partner, he presented a complete contrast to Michalis. Shorter, thick-set, dressed in white satin, he had the strange dark head of a Tartar, a trifle too large for his slim body, and long arms terminated by bony hands.

If the first was total immobility, the second was the essence of activity. Everything moved in his flat

face—the thick, tufted eyebrows, the small bright eyes, the nostrils of his flattened nose, the wide-cut mouth, and the flexible muscles of his cheeks.

The "act" on the programme consisted of Michalis and Partner playing several scenes together, alternating with musical selections which Michalis gave by himself. In their scenes, which were very simple, while the first improvised a sort of overture, the second commenced tracing in space, with his brown hands on the background of the white curtain, imaginary decorations, which the audience finished by really seeing, so precise were the clown's gestures.

Then began the plot, in which Partner impersonated all the characters. For instance, they gave a scene of family life. Near the window, the old grandmother was stitching on the sewing machine, a young girl at the other end of the room was practising on the piano, while the children played in the centre of the floor on their hands and knees.

Michalis imitated, turn by turn, on his violin, the different noises, and one heard the hum of the machine, the running of the scales on the piano, the laughter of the children, their disputes, the cuckoo-clock striking the hours, and the cries of the street vendors outside.

Partner, sometimes in one spot, sometimes in another, imitated the old short-sighted woman guiding her thread with difficulty or threatening the children with a whip; the little girl applying herself to her practising, sticking her tongue out slightly, making faces as she executed the finger exercises on the keyboard; the squabbles of the children, pulling one another's hair, and the house-dog intervening in the dispute.

Suddenly the drama bursts forth, brutal and rapid. One hears a great noise from the crowd outside and harsh cries, and then the father of the family bursts into the room, crazed and breathless. He quickly closes the door, pushes the bolts, and barricades it to resist the onrush from outside; alas, all in vain. The door is smashed to pieces; a commissioner of the Soviet enters, followed by Red soldiers who stab the unfortunate people with their bayonets, strangle the grandmother, throw the children out of the window, and set fire to the house.

And Partner, transforming his face with disconcerting rapidity, acting one character, and placing the other by gestures in front of him, imitated the terror of the father, the cold cruelty of the commissioner, and the sanguinary rage of the soldiers, filling the entire stage himself, while the violin cried, howled, wept, wailed, and railed. It was incredible, and the audience wildly applauded these astonishing artists.

Different scenes followed this one, sometimes comic, sometimes melancholy: a peasant in the clutches of a custom-house officer; a despairing man throwing himself into the water and whose body might be seen floating in the current; a poor wretch dying of hunger and hesitating to steal a loaf from the front of a bakery, and many others that it would take too long to enumerate here.

Between times, as I have already told you, Michalis stood in front of the black curtain, from which it was hard to distinguish his costume—a little spotlight projected from the prompter's box illuminating only his blanched face and flashing eyes—and improvised on the violin or the guitar strange melodies of real artistic quality.

Such was, briefly described, the act of the two clowns. I fear I have not been able in words to express its entire originality. One analyzes with difficulty those fleeting impressions, the sublime work of those who create such ephemeral beauty out of musical vibrations—a gesture, a glance, or a twitching of the face. These magicians are perhaps the only real artists, and that is why doubtless we need so many phrases to describe incompletely what they express in the space of that one intense moment during which they give out the whole emotion so that it pours out over their audience.

THE Princess Olga Alexandrowna came therefore one afternoon to the Olympia, escorted by General Kameniski and Countess Orchapoff, who, between them, constituted the military and civil house of the Grand Duchess, and they all took their places in the right-hand stage-box.

The programme, admirably arranged, during which acrobats, dancers, equilibrists, and comic singers succeeded one another, interested her greatly, but she waited with childish impatience for the "hit" of the show, the act of Michalis and Partner; and when, on the illuminated signs, placed on either side of the stage, appeared the red number announcing this part of the programme, she caught herself showing her pleasure by an exclamation, just like the crowd with which the hall was filled.

The lights were extinguished, the curtain raised, and on a black background appeared the blanched face of Michalis. At this vision the Princess was shaken by a quick shiver, inexplicable, but so violent that her attentive lady-in-waiting hastened to replace on her shoulders the cloak that she had, on sitting down, thrown on the back of her chair.

Olga thanked the countess with a smile and began to follow with passionate interest the playing of the black clown, who gave as a prelude the grand air of "Pagliacci," in which he rendered with his bow the broken laugh mixed with sobs.

Then the white clown entered, the footlights became bright, the shadow-curtain disappeared, and the young Princess felt the sense of discomfort that had come over her gradually fading away.

But during the performance of the first great scene that I described to you just now, she paid no attention to Partner's acting, being unable to take her eyes from the face of Michalis, whose fine profile, especially the brow and nose, recalled to her vaguely another profile, that of a young man whose photograph was in her room. But there the resemblance ceased, "the other one" not having deep-set eyes, hollow cheeks, and the bitter mouth of the musical clown. Nevertheless, during the space of a few minutes a rush of memories submerged her soul and plunged her into a sad and melancholy frame of mind.

A tumult of applause announced the end of the sketch and brought her back to a sense of reality. Partner disappeared, the black curtain spread once more its heavy folds at the back of the stage and Michalis advanced near the footlights, tuning his violin while casting his eyes over the spectators with an impressive glance.

It was then that the incident happened the result of which was to have such extraordinary consequences.

The black clown, while placing against his neck the base of his instrument, turned his head slightly to insure the stability of the instrument with his chin. He found himself then facing the stage-box, where the young girl was leaning forward, and suddenly he was seen to stagger; his right hand, already raised, let the bow fall and clutched at his

ruffled collar, trying to loosen it, and—for the first time—he lowered his eyelids.

There was a movement of emotion in the hall, and already Partner, who was standing behind a wing, thinking that his comrade was ill, ran up just as Michalis, whose face seemed suddenly more emaciated, pulled himself together, picked up his bow, and, calming the audience with a gesture, started the prelude with a hand trembling with emotion.

Contrary to his custom, he did not cast the sombre fire of his eyes over the hall, but fixed his glance on Olga Alexandrowna, and every one understood that he was going to play for her.

The little princess, embarrassed by this look and a trifle ashamed, for she felt herself the centre of attraction, wished to get up in order to withdraw to the back of the box or even to leave the hall, but a mysterious force nailed her to her chair; she remained there as if fascinated, incapable of making the slightest movement.

Then, under the vibrant bow of the strange clown, the violin began to play a very slow air, which none who had attended the former shows of Michalis had ever heard; a melody grave and nostalgic, the echo of a grief-laden soul.

At the very first notes Olga's face became intensely pale; she now looked with fear at the chalky face turned toward her. At last, after a few minutes, the young girl was seen to pull herself up with an effort, wave her hands in the air, and fall back with a great cry.

Some people got up, wondering what had happened, others ran toward the aisles; the doctor in charge broke through the crowd and penetrated into the box, while the manager of the music hall, who happened to be present, hastened to re-establish order, saying to the audience that crowded into the lobby, "It is nothing. A little faintness."

Michalis, still impassive, still played with an ardor that was almost mystic.

Countess Orchapoff and General Kameniski carried Princess Olga off to her carriage by supporting her under her arms. She had recovered from her fainting spell, but was still shaken by a nervous trembling. The performance, disturbed for a moment, continued without another interruption.

The frequenters of the hall scarcely noticed that Michalis and Partner considerably shortened their act on that day.

IN THE drawing-room of her little Villa Said, crowded with large armchairs, settees, and lounges, into which at any time she would sink wailing, the Grand Duchess hovered around her daughter, who had scarcely yet recovered from her emotion.

"Well, my pretty one, are you going to tell me what has happened to you? Must I really drag the words from you by sheer force? Come now, this is ridiculous! Am I not your mother?"

Marie Nicolaevna had banished Russian from her house, not wishing for anything in the world, to use the same language as those ignoble Bolsheviks, Mr. — Prenine, Lestine, Mr. — Krosky, Rosky, Mr. — Brassine, whose names she pretended to mispronounce.

Olga, annoyed by this maternal trepidation, replied:

"Nothing has happened to me, mother, I assure you. I had a slight giddy spell, that's all!—probably on account of the heat. Now it's all over."

"A slight giddy spell! She faints and she calls that a slight giddy spell! No, no, there is something else that you are hiding from me!"

"But what on earth do you think can have happened to me?"

"How do I know? You are always so secretive. Anyhow, one cannot get upset without a reason, especially you who are so strong. And, what's more, in a music-hall, to make a show of yourself! Besides, I see by your appearance that you are still quite unnerved. Isn't she, Orchapoff? Come, my dear, tell me quickly! I'm waiting."

"Once more, mother—"

"All right, all right! If you don't want to talk, I won't insist. I know very well that you have not the slightest confidence in me, and that you find me too stupid to tell me your thoughts, your pleasures or your troubles."

"Oh!"

"You consider me to be exactly like a child, in spite of the energy I showed during our flight! Oh! my heart is indeed heavy, Olga, that you should grieve me in this manner!"

The Princess shrugged her shoulders slightly. It was the eternal scene starting over again.

Marie Nicolaevna, whose childish soul could not follow a serious idea for five minutes at a time, and who left to her daughter the care of managing their daily affairs, continually felt the imperative

need of reproaching the latter, under no matter what pretext, for her own nonchalance and light characteristics. And this generally ended in floods of tears easily appeased, and followed then, for no reason whatever, by peals of laughter. To accomplish this it sufficed for Olga to take her mother's head between her hands, kiss her on the brow, and say:

"Come, little mother, why do you torment yourself in this way? You know very well that I love you tenderly, and that I have the greatest admiration for your good sense. It is all of no importance whatever, just something about which I think it is useless to worry you. But rest assured that in case of anything serious I shall never fail to have recourse to your wisdom."

The Grand Duchess then swallowed her tears, and they talked of other things.

But today Olga was too preoccupied to accomplish the habitual rite; therefore she remained pensive in her armchair. Seeing which, Marie Nicolaevna decided of her own accord to stop the sobs that shook her plump frame. But it was only to start off again on another subject, and to begin an apology for herself, which was one way of finding consolation.

"I am quite sure that this abominable clown frightened you. Kameniski told me that he dared to look at you with most uncalled-for insistence. Didn't you, General?"

Kameniski and the Countess Orchapoff, who stood respectfully in a corner of the drawing-room, chimed in with her.

"And that upset you? Ah! you have no nerves, my child, allow me to tell you. Happily I did not show such weakness at the time of our escape. If I had fainted when that dreadful muzhik forced me to embrace him what would have become of us, I ask you? Isn't it true, General? Instead of that, I did not resist. I restrained the keen desire I had to horsewhip the insolent creature and, to save us all, I kissed his horrible beard, which must have been full of lice. I did not get ill, although he smelled like a— What is the name of the husband of the goat in French, Orchapoff?"

"Le bouc, Madame."

"That's it; he smelled like a bouc. Ah! I have more character than you, Olga, thanks be to God,

although you may not think so. That is what the poor Czar Nicholas used to say: 'Marie, you must have a great deal of character to be able to hide it so well.' And he knew what he was talking about! Whereas you! just because a miserable clown dares to look at you insolently— Ah! if we were only in Russia, back in the time of the empire, I swear to you, he would leave this very night for Siberia. But I shall telephone immediately to Police Headquarters, for I am sure he is a Bolshevik, an 'eye,' as they call them now."

She was on the point of getting up, but Princess Olga, anxious to stem the flood of words, and feeling that things were going badly, decided to shake off her silence.

"Calm yourself, little mother. I can assure you that this man had nothing to do with my sick spell. If it had been that, I would have told you so, and I would have appealed to your influence to have him chastised."

"But then," cried the Grand Duchess, passing quickly to another feeling, "but then you really are ill. Orchapoff, notify the doctor. Great Heavens, my child is ill. Have them prepare her room quickly."

"No, no, don't worry, mother darling; there is nothing the matter with me. A little rest will revive me entirely; I shall go upstairs and lie down for a few minutes, and soon I shall feel all right. Go for your walk in perfect tranquility."

"Is what you are saying perfectly true, Olga?"

"Yes, mother dear."

"Then I believe you. Gracious! how you upset me! Such emotions exhaust me. Orchapoff, pour out some vodka for me and you, General, pass me the box of cigars."

A quarter of an hour later the Grand Duchess went out in an automobile to drive around the Bois, and one could see her laughing heartily as she related some story to the respectfully attentive Orchapoff.

FREE at last, the Princess ran quickly upstairs.

Her room was gay and bright, overlooking the villa's little garden, and from it you could see, through a space between the houses, a corner of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Above the bed

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At last, after a few minutes, the young girl was seen to pull herself up with an effort, wave her hands in the air and fall back with a great cry.



King, in some miraculous manner has made his way to the post

King, the Husky

By John Beames

Illustrated by P. Sweeting

"ALL I got agen him, he's treacherous." "Cock-eye" Leary spat tobacco juice in the snow and twitched his eyebrows at "Shorty" Hunt. Then he corrected himself.

"No, not so much that neither—he's independent as a hog on ice. Can't get fresh with him. Outpull any dog in the country, he will, never tired nor lazy, an' don't know what sore feet is. Never need put moccasins on him. Wouldn't want to try. Have a feller eat up an' nothin' left but a wish-bone an' a pair moccasins. That's King."

"I wouldn't let on before, but bein' as you've bought him it'd be only right to warn you. You let King Pull an' keep off him with the whip, an' let him do what he wants when he ain't in harness and he's your dog till — freezes. But it ain't no use neither to bulldoze ner try an' be friends. That's what I don't like about him—he's so damned independent."

Shorty Hunt listened and smiled and nodded, but said nothing, while King's late owner continued to ramble on about things in general and the big black husky in particular.

The five dogs, three black and two brown, lay in a string on the snow, harnessed to Shorty's new carriage. They were a fine-looking team, and the little man felt proud of his purchase. But King was the jewel of them all. A smoldering fire gleamed in his yellow eyes, and there was invincible pride in the lift of his massive head.

"See," said Cock-eye, and addressed the dog in hectoring tones, "You King, you lazy, mangy, fleabit houn' dog you."

Up came King's defiant head, the point of an ivory fang gleaming under a wrinkled lip, and the stiff bristles on his back rising.

"Get it," said Leary, turning back to Shorty. "Three more words to him and he'd have my liver out here on the snow."

Shorty's merry blue eyes twinkled and he laughed.

"Sure looks as if he was all fixed to do it," he agreed.

"Well, there you are. Keep your eye on King

an' don't try an' get gay with him, an' you'll be all right. Start any shenanigans an' you or him's goin' to be left on the trail for the wolves to eat. That's all I got to say. Well, good luck to you."

"So long," answered Shorty and whistled to the dogs. "Mush, there, mush," he cried.

King was on his feet, body braced for the starting pull, the jerk that wrenches the runners loose, almost before the words were out of his mouth. The well-trained team were hardly less quick, and in a second they were away at the quick, short trot that eats up the long miles, fifty, sixty, seventy a day. Shorty, his long whip hanging from his wrist and trailing behind him on the snow, settled down to the steady jog, between a walk and a run, of the old dog runner.

Though he was new in that part of the country, he had driven dogs for years in the Yukon and McKenzie basins, and he thought that what he did not know about sleigh dogs was not worth knowing. He had no doubt that, by a judicious mixture of firmness and kindness, he would soon bring King into willing subjection. And he was all the more desirous of bringing it about in that already his heart warmed to the peerless brute.

It was not long before the rest of the team adored him. He treated them with justice, kindness and firmness in the right proportions. It was seldom indeed that he swung his whip, but when he did the long lash bit like a snake. He knew when a dog was tired and when he was merely shirking. He had an eagle eye for sore feet, that bane of the sleigh dog.

After a thaw, when the temperature falls again, every wrinkle in the snow becomes a knife-blade of ice, and dogs with tender feet suffer cruelly. But none of Shorty's team ever had to limp along, leaving bloody footprints on the trail. He was prepared with little buckskin moccasins, and every cut had prompt attention.

But they were never needed for King. He seemed to have feet of iron. The hardest day's mushing over glare ice or through heavy new-fallen snow found him still with head and tail up, pulling for every pound that was in him.

Between him and Shorty there grew up a curious relationship. It was hardly that of master and servant, more that of two equals with little affection but great mutual respect between them, engaged of necessity in a common task. It was Shorty's place to choose the trail, decide the load, the time and place of camping, and to allot the rations. It was King's place to pull the hardest, set the pace, and keep order among his mates. And he did all these things superlatively well.

The other dogs held him in deepest awe. They fought amongst themselves as sleigh dogs will when their master's eye is not upon them, but they left King alone. The merest wrinkling of his lip was enough to appal the boldest. He did not even condescend to associate with them, nor did he stoop to curry favor with his master. In solitary grandeur, eating by himself and sleeping by himself, he dwelt apart.

The coldest night drew him no closer to his mates. And there were some terrible nights; nights when the ice on the lakes boomed and screamed in long rippling, fearsome noises in the rending grip of the frost; when the air stung and prickled in the nostrils, when nothing moved but the ever-restless dancers of the north, sweeping fantastically across the vault of Heaven in waves of lambent green and purple and crimson. Through it all King held himself aloof, the rime glistening on his back, and his brooding eyes gleaming out under ice-encrusted brows.

Shorty often wondered what went on in the mind behind those eyes. His own feelings were mixed. He felt he could love King as he had never loved any dog, and dogs were his passion. As some men love women, others power, others beauty, he loved dogs. But it was hard to love King. At times he felt an exasperation at his inability to penetrate the brute's iron reserve, but in the main he felt only admiration and respect, tinged with some of the awe in which the team held their grim leader.

IT WAS a hard winter of intense cold but little snow. Moreover the mysterious plague that periodically smites the snowshoe rabbits of the North, had been busy, and all the flesh-eaters of the wild were hungry in consequence.

In a day's march one would hardly cross a dozen of the fan-shaped tracks, and that of course meant danger from timber wolves. Doubly so because of the light fall of snow that enabled the moose and deer to outrun them. They were reduced to hunting under the snow for mice, and wolves are not so well fitted for that kind of hunting as the smaller carnivora.

Shorty noted as the winter drew on that they were forming into unusually large packs. They also took to haunting the freight trails on the lookout for scraps left at deserted camps, and that is always a dangerous sign. The fact caused the little man small anxiety at first, for though the Indians hold timber wolves in deep respect, few of the white men of the North have anything but contempt for them. It is seldom indeed that a man is in any real danger from wolves unless he happens to fall sick or be injured on the trail.

But even Shorty at last began to feel uneasy. A big pack was undoubtedly following him, and his dogs, all but King, were growing restless and frightened. They drew close to the fire at night and seemed subdued. They stopped wrangling among themselves, and were perpetually rising to stare into the darkness.

When the fire burnt low Shorty would be roused by a series of whines and snarls which would not subside until he rose and threw fresh fuel on the blaze. Then he would see paired greenish lights moving eerily on the edge of the darkness, and something like a shudder would go through him in spite of all his sturdy courage and scepticism.

But King, curled in a tight ball even in the snow, yards farther from the fire than any of the rest, never even deigned to lift his scornful head. Looking at him, Shorty would feel comforted, and return to his blankets. If King was not frightened why should he be?

The wolves were often to be seen even in the daytime, in twos and threes, generally at a considerable distance, but often on both sides of the trail as well as before and behind. It was not easy to estimate the size of the pack, but there was no doubt that he moved in the midst of a little army of gaunt and starving brutes who were only waiting a favorable opportunity or until their hunger overcame their fears to attack.

But he held stubbornly on his way, determined not to anticipate trouble until the time came to meet it. He was strongly tempted to take a shot at a wolf now and then, but ammunition is precious stuff in the North, and the brutes were wary, only to be momentarily glimpsed close at hand, and never in the open except at long ranges.

He reached the post in safety and dropped his load, and with nothing but his own gear and food for the dogs, headed southeastward over an unbroken trail to where a load was awaiting him at another post. His way led him through a different and more dangerous country, for whereas the up-trail ran mainly across open lakes where the wolves would hesitate to attack him, his new route took him across some rocky uplands, sparsely forested with spruce which provided good cover for his enemies.

All went well for two days, for though he had abundant evidence that the wolves were still close at hand, they made no hostile demonstration. It was a dreary land that he entered upon the third day, high-lying and bleak.

Jagged masses of granite thrust up through the snow, their tops swept bare by the wind. The thin soil afforded only a precarious foothold for an occasional dwarfed and twisted spruce, but in the hollows grew thick clumps of willow, blood-red against the snow. The terrain was much broken by abrupt hills and gullies and the visibility was consequently bad. It was never possible to see more than a couple of hundred yards in any direction, and the willow scrub made ideal cover for his lurking foes.

Shorty noticed that his dogs were even more restless and uneasy than usual, and even King began to show signs of disquietude. The heavy fell on his shoulders bristled and his great fangs were bared at short intervals as he lifted his head and caught the wolf taint on the air.

It was a dull cloudy day with an occasional

snowflake drifting down the raw east wind, the temperature about zero. At noon Shorty decided to camp. It had been hard going all morning even with the half-empty carriage, over the unbroken trail with its knife-edged drifts and across patches of bare wind-swept rock, and the dogs were beginning to show signs of sore feet.

He halted in the lee of a little clump of spruce. Almost at once he became aware that he was surrounded by wolves. The willows around him were alive with movements, and gaunt, fierce heads were lifted from behind every granite outcrop. He had a sudden feeling that the long-threatened attack was about to take place.

"Well, damn it," he muttered with an angry grin, "if they are goin' to start somethin' maybe I'd best let 'em an' get it over with. But somebody's goin' to catch hell if they do."

He slipped the harness swiftly off the dogs and they promptly crowded round him, every back bristling and every fang bared. Shorty caught up his rifle, thought better of it and exchanged it for

he lifted up his voice and called upon the one dog he felt could aid him.

"King; O King!" he cried.

And King heard and came. Though locked in a death grapple with a dozen wolves, by some miracle of strength and agility he wrenched himself free and sprang upon Shorty's chief assailant who had him pinned by the neck from behind.

Shorty struggled to his feet. He was blood-mad. Without attempting to defend himself, without any thought but to kill and kill until he was killed himself, he flung himself into the fray, hacking, kicking, cursing, panting, blinded with blood and sweat and fear and hatred and fury. Until upon a sudden he found none to oppose him. The attack had melted away as swiftly and as silently as it had come.

Shorty sank down dizzily, breathing in sobbing gasps, and gazed with woeful eyes on a scene of utter disaster. On the trampled and blood-stained snow lay a dozen dead or dying wolves and the mangled bodies of four of his own dogs. King only

survived, but he was in a piteous plight. He was covered with blood, one of his ears bitten off close to his head, and he lay weakly licking at a gaping wound in his shoulder.

Shorty himself looked like a butcher in a shambles. The axe he still grasped was thick with matted blood and hair, and he was himself splashed with crimson from moccasin to cap. His shoulders and the calf of his right leg had been ripped open for three inches or more by a slashing bite from a dying wolf. Of his late assailants, however, nothing was to be seen, though a network of tracks, many splashed with red, led away in every

direction. "Well, King, old scout, reckon we're up against it."

King lowly lifted his head and stared at him. There was no sign of weakness or softening in those flaming eyes. He had come to his owner's assistance when called upon not, it appeared, from any affection, but from *noblesse oblige*. Had the spirit of the haughtiest of the seigneurs of ancient France been reincarnated in a dog this black husky of the North was the fittest receptacle.

Shorty was no match for him in aristocratic and unbending pride, but he was of sound, if plebeian stock through and through. It was not in his nature to give up. Though every movement was an agony he soon had a good fire going, and made shift to dress his wounds.

His back and shoulders he could do little for, but though painfully lacerated, the bites there did not seem deep. His leg was another matter, but he bound it up with a spare shirt he had in his pack.

He would have tended King's hurts too, but that the dog would not permit. He did not whine, or flinch or snap, but he took Shorty's hand gently but firmly in his great jaws and held it fast, growing warningly deep in his throat.

"All right, you old crank," agreed Shorty in affectionate exasperation. "Go ahead and lick it. Maybe you know best anyway."

AFTER he had eaten and rested, the little man considered it time to be moving. There was not the least hope in the world of anybody passing. There probably was not a human being within fifty miles, and the barren upland where he was lay far out of the usual travel routes.

He knew the post lay somewhere to the south-eastward, between forty and sixty miles away, and to reach it was his only hope. It was neither desirable nor in keeping with his character to meditate upon the appalling difficulties of the journey in his crippled condition, drawing a sleigh loaded with a heavy and worse crippled dog. For to Shorty's everlasting honor be it said that the idea of abandoning King to be killed by the wolves or to die of his wounds never even entered his head.

Accordingly, and with a great effort, he lifted King bodily into the carriage. The dog seemed for a moment inclined to resent the liberty. No man had dared to handle him so since his puppyhood. But with a low growl and a slight wrinkling of the lip he suffered himself to be hoisted into the sleigh, where he settled down and fell to licking his wound again.

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King

his axe as a better and more dangerous weapon at close quarters.

Then the wolves were upon them. They came silently but with terrible swiftness, falling as if out of the air. How many there were Shorty was never able to tell, but there seemed hundreds to his excited vision.

With his back to a tree, his axe gripped firmly in both hands and his dogs in a circle round him, he met them. The battle was joined. On the air rose a bedlam of snarls, yelps, howls, and a ghastly worrying noise. Shorty hewed and slashed madly in the midst of a mass of leaping, raving, grey demons. There were wolves everywhere. His dogs were buried under them, gnashing teeth menaced him on every side.

A big wolf leaped full at his throat. He met it with a slash that split its skull into two halves, and pivoted on his heel to sink his axe to the eye in the shoulder of another.

A wolf sprang at him from the side and bore him to his knees. Only the collar of his heavy sheepskin jacket saved him from having his jugular torn out. Another wolf caught him by the shoulder. He thrust the handle of his axe between the open jaws of a third. A fourth landed on his back. He felt that the end had come. In his extremity

The Fighters

Pugnacious and Peaceful Pugilists Among Dogs and Men

TWO dogs bark their way up from the depths of memory when I hear the trumpet sound and hear the Day of Armistice approach.

They were great fighters, both of them, but of very different kinds, like the two kinds of nation, and the two kinds of men in the army of every nation, who fought in the Great War.

The Peaceful, and the Pugnacious.

The first was RAB, immortalized by the genius of that beloved physician, Dr. John Brown, in his exquisite story of "Rab and His Friends." The most famous dog in history—for the tale was absolutely true.

"I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. Brindled and grey like granite; his hair short, hard and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been 90 pounds weight at the least. He had a large blunt head, his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it. One eye out, one ear cropped close. The remaining eye had the power of two, and above it was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag.

"Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and, having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Caesar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity of all great fighters."

As a schoolboy John Brown first spied Rab not among his "friends" but in the grip of an enemy. A small white bull terrier, compelled—by a dose of snuff in the nostrils—to let go a shepherd's dog he was strangling, fled down the street in his battle-rage and fastened on the throat of the sauntering old mastiff. Now Rab was muzzled—he could only stand still, hold himself up, and roar—a long, serious, remonstrative roar. The strap across his mouth was tense as a bow-string. His whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise, he looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

The schoolboy borrowed a sharp knife from a cobbler in the crowd, ran it across the taut strap, and then!—One sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth—no noise—and the fierce little fellow was dropped, limp and dead.

Rab looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, turned round and trotted off to find his master, whom he worshipped and obeyed.

"When I think of that noble head," said the doctor long afterwards, "with its look and eye of boundless affection and pluck, simplicity and single-heartedness, I feel what it would be for us, who call ourselves the higher animals, to be in our ways as simple, affectionate and true, as that old mastiff."

Let me whisper, in parenthesis, that neither big dogs nor big men are always great fighters, or even always brave. Some of the worst cowards I have known among men have been splendid-looking specimens, healthy and strong of body but weak in courage. They would allow others to fight for them, but as for risking their own precious skins—no, sir! They remind me of a magnificent

By Howard Angus Kennedy

St. Bernard dog who used to live on the same street. Everyone admired him; there was not another like him in town. I admired him myself until one day my curly retriever thought he would test his courage. Then I saw the huge fellow flying down the street full tilt with his tail between his legs, as if an elephant had been after him.

But that's by the way. I write now only of the brave.

fight and seizing every other dog by the throat without provocation—has his character hit off in the same story: "Oh, sir, life's full of seriousness to him—he just never can get enough o' fighting!"

A good many men are just like him. "Men," did I say? Men and women both. They go gurring about with a chip on each shoulder, daring you to knock it off, and hoping you will. I was going to say, they trail their skirts and coat-tails behind for you to tread on, but that figure of speech is out of date; neither coats nor skirts are long enough to be trod on, nowadays, not by a yard—more or less.

In savage times, or what we call savage, such a man would bully and bulldoze and boss the whole neighborhood till someone else took the dare and licked him—to become boss in his turn.

EARLY in the Great War a man of that sort was cock-o'-the-walk in a certain English regiment of volunteers. His supremacy was not based on mere bluff and blethers. He had a hammering pair of fists and beat everyone bold enough to face him, until—until a young Canadian stepped into the ring. This lad, a native of the Province of Quebec, had been working with his father on a Western farm. Many of your readers know him well. On the first day of the war he rushed off to enlist at the nearest militia office. When the boys were sorted out in Valcartier Training Camp, he found his way into the Royal Canadian Dragoons, naturally enough, having been in the Central Alberta Light Horse before the war. As a corporal of dragoons he crossed the sea with the first Canadian Contingent, and took his full share of mud and misery on Salisbury Plain through that wickedly wet winter of 1914-15. More than his share, in fact. On account of his experience with livestock, as certified by his Agricultural College degree, he was put in charge of the sick horses. What that meant, only a doctor attending the population of a marsh and muskeg country day and night through an epidemic in a rainy season can possibly imagine.

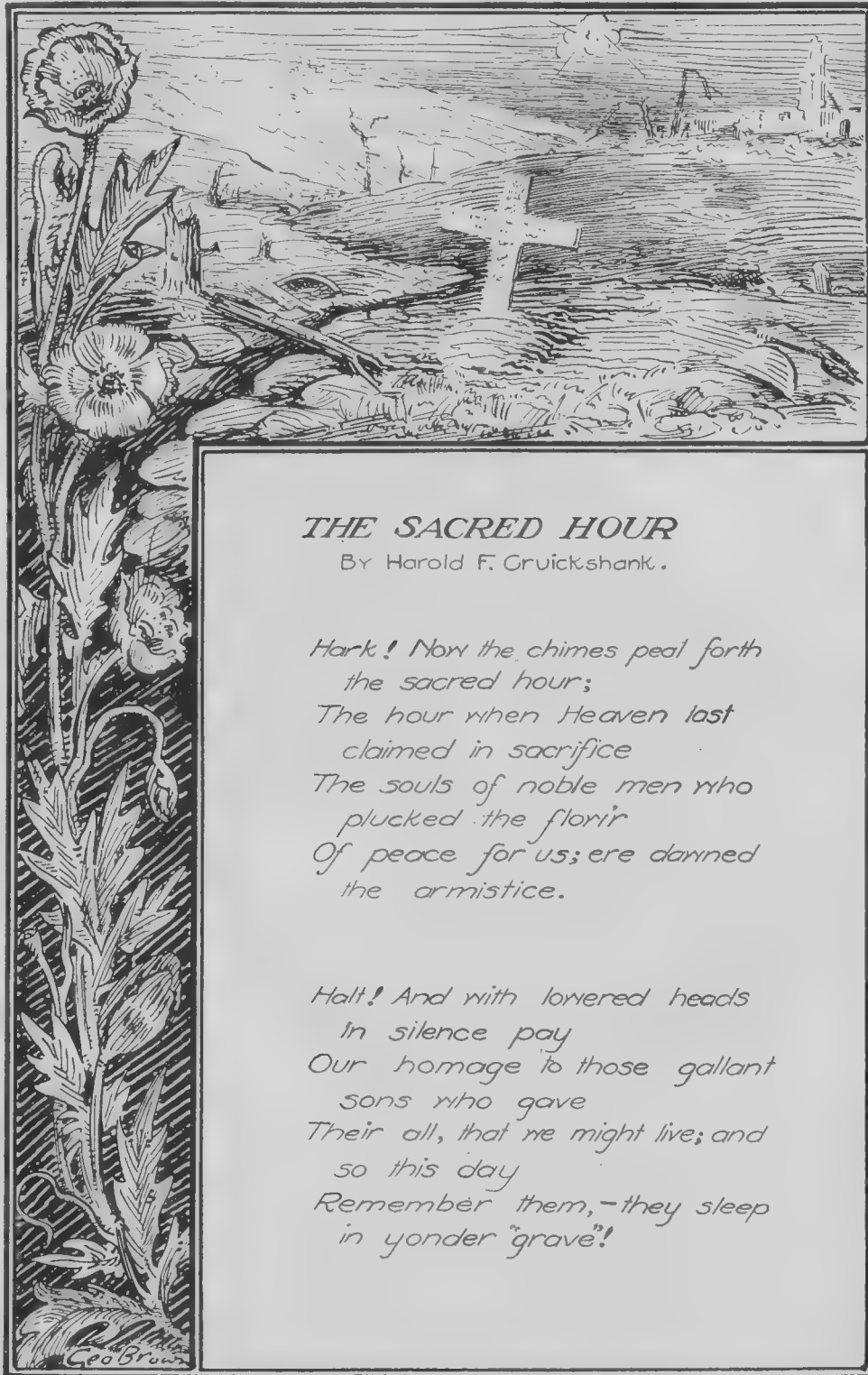
Early in 1915, as cavalry were not wanted in France and there was no fighting in England, this lad applied for a commission in the British infantry, and got it. Presently, therefore, he found himself an officer in one of Kitchener's new volunteer battalions. This particular battalion had been raised in West Yorkshire, a region noted for its fighting stock of hard heads and hammer knuckles. Imagine, then, the fistian capacity of the man who held against all-comers the boxing championship of such a force!

When the boy from the West joined up, however, and made himself at home with the Yorkshire lads, it soon leaked out that he was a handy man with his hands, and secret plans were at once laid to match him against the champion.

It was contrary to all regimental etiquette, of course, for an officer to fight a private—but somehow Miss Etiquette was persuaded to take a nap, or to look the other way, while the battalion formed a ring somewhere behind the lines.

The combat ended in a brilliant victory for the Boy from Alberta. From that time on, the rank and file were free from the domination of a

Continued on page 76



THE SACRED HOUR

By Harold F. Cruickshank.

*Hark! Now the chimes peal forth
the sacred hour;
The hour when Heaven last
claimed in sacrifice
The souls of noble men who
plucked the florin
Of peace for us; ere dawned
the armistice.*

*Halt! And with lowered heads
In silence pay
Our homage to those gallant
sons who gave
Their all, that we might live; and
so this day
Remember them,—they sleep
in yonder "grave"!*

Rab's little enemy was as brave as Rab himself, but he belonged to a totally different class of fighter. Rab would never refuse a battle forced upon him, but would not force a battle on another dog. He was not aggressive—no, not even in thought. He would have despised the man—if a simple dog could even conceive the existence of such a trickster, who professed to be all for peace while he deliberately planned a war against his neighbor and tricked or provoked his neighbor into starting it. Rab was the ideal Peaceful Pugilist.

The Pugnacious Pugilist, on the other hand—the sort of dog who goes through life spoiling for a

As it Was in the Beginning

By

Frances Marion

Illustrated by K. Allan



"Well that's nice," Peter resumed, "to tell me I've got to marry you and at the same time admit you're in love with another man."

"BERTHA LOWE can walk to the dance if she wants to come, but I'll not fetch her." The speaker was a tall fair girl, whose mouth was set just now in an obstinate little twist.

"That's a nice thing to say when you know she can't even have heard there's going to be a dance," her younger brother retorted, his lean boyish face quivering with passion.

"Well, I'm sure it isn't my fault if it was gotten up in a hurry, is it?"

"Who's saying it is your fault?"

"Guess she'll recover if she misses it," put in Tom, the forceful member of the Carpenter family, who had a way of bringing his own wishes to pass, and of making those of other people seem unimportant, if not a little ridiculous.

"I don't know what you want to go and mix up with that family of roughs and crooks for anyway, and drag the rest of us after you," the girl began again, stirring her tea round and round rapidly in the thick white porcelain cup.

"Which is to say, Julia," interpreted her father, rising from the table and stretching his long legs up to the stove damper while he filled his pipe, "that Peter West and Peter West's father wouldn't like to be linked up by marriage with the Lowes."

"Nothing of the sort," Julia protested angrily, but blushing furiously nevertheless. "Isn't it enough that the Carpenters don't want to be mixed up with them, what with their reputation for sharp tricks in trading, and the coarse things they're always saying that make everybody feel mean."

Seymour Carpenter reached across the white oilcloth-covered table, lifted a bowl of mashed potatoes, cut across its contents with his knife, and slid onto his plate a second helping that would, in itself, have made a liberal meal for a city man. When he had covered the potatoes with thick slippery brown gravy, slobbering it over the sides

of the dish in his nervousness he had gained sufficient control of his voice to speak, even though it was still in the high, almost tearful, tone of conscious impotence.

"Bertha Lowe is just as good as some people I know, who think themselves a lot smarter and better," he sneered, with a furious look at his sister.

"Meaning me, I suppose," she flashed back at him.

"Children, children, that will do," their mother interrupted the dispute, speaking quietly, but firmly, and all eyes turned towards the vivid little woman at the head of the table, whose right hand lay upon the knob of a cane, while the left gathered up the crumbs about her plate and rolled them into little pasty balls.

TO SAY that Catherine Carpenter had black straight hair peppered with white; a round face, at present deeply tanned; grey eyes that either laughed or snapped; a slight, almost girlish figure, clad in grey chambray; and a limp would be to mention all the unimportant things about her. The personality that flashed out through these material trappings was so warm and vital that it was difficult to keep them in remembrance. It is a better description of her to relate that in a business deal John Carpenter was often afflicted with a terrible thirst which took him to the house, and he returned changed in his purposes; that in a meeting the other women always waited for Catherine to speak and then adopted their opinions as their own, and she let them; that in this very instance her children had carried on their altercation with one eye on their mother in anticipation of the interruption.

"Well then, mother, make Julia go and bring Bertha out to the dance."

Catherine Carpenter lowered the lids over her brilliant grey eyes to avoid meeting the pleading in the grey eyes of her son.

"I think you are a little unreasonable, Seymour," she replied, hesitatingly. "I can't very well spare Julia this afternoon, as we have our share of baking to do for the party; and besides I don't think it's so very important if Bertha misses one dance. She'll understand it was arranged in a hurry because Peter West found he had to return to the city earlier than he had expected."

Seymour went suddenly white. "I notice the things I want are never important." There was a new quality in his voice. It had changed from a high, almost whining tone to one that was deep, cold and bitter.

"If Tom wants anything he takes it. If Julia wants anything you get it for her; but if I want anything it's not important. The only important thing about me is the work you get out of me for nothing."

Catherine Carpenter flinched under this indictment, and her son saw that she did and for once in his life he was glad to hurt her. He continued his complaint recklessly, baring to the light, as a person in a great rage is apt to do, the irrelevant festering grievances of many months.

"It's the same way with everything; when Tom's stock is sold Tom gets the money; when you give Julia a calf you give it to her for good; but you're always talking about Seymour's cow or Seymour's colt while I'm looking after them, but when they're sold it's dad's money."

"I'm sick of it; and if Julia won't bring Bertha out I'll quit work and go for her myself."

"No you won't my boy," Tom insisted firmly, as with a shuffle of chairs they left the table. "Not with the wheat shelling out. You'll stay right with your little job of stooking till quitting time." So saying he reached up a leathery right arm, and took from a rack behind the door, his yellow straw hat.

"Coming dad?"

John Carpenter took his feet from the stove damper, knocked the ashes from his pipe; spat thoughtfully once more in the woodbox behind the stove, and prepared to follow his eldest son.

"It's quitting time right now for some things," Seymour declared, addressing the company generally in that new bitter tone, which caused his mother to give him an uneasy glance.

"Maybe, but it's beginning time for stooking," Tom answered indifferently, as he went out and whistled carelessly for old Rover.

CATHERINE CARPENTER, still watching her younger son a little nervously caught his eye and smiled at him an apologetic conciliatory smile, which faded away as her eyes encountered the cold hard look in his.

Just such a look as she saw now in her son's eyes had flashed between herself and her mother thirty years ago, and for much the same reason, and that was why her children, to this day, saw little of their maternal grandmother.

She crossed the kitchen and laid her hand on the boy's arm. "Seymour, I wish you'd give that girl up," she said, "surely you know your mother wants only what's good for you."

"No you don't," he retorted hardly, "you want your own way. You're like all the other parents I've ever seen; you'd be perfectly willing to let

your children choose their own happiness if the Creator would give you a written guarantee that they would choose the way you want them to."

"Seymour!"

"Well, it's true. And there's no use pretending it isn't. How do you know what kind of a person would make me happy?"

"Anyway you're too young to judge."

"And you're too old." He flung himself out of the door, leaving his mother standing with a strange stricken expression on her face.

A moment later he reappeared. "I'm sorry I said that last, mother."

She took a step towards him, with some idea of reconciliation in her mind, but was stopped by the unrelenting look in his eyes. "No mother," he protested, bitterly, in anticipation of her caress, "that won't work this time. For years you have been handing over my turn with the horse and buggy to Tom and selling my stock to buy things for Julia, because they'd make a row and I wouldn't. And then you'd try to make it up to me some other way. You thought I didn't notice maybe, but I did, and I tell you

"Seymour is very much hurt about it," her mother continued, a frown puckering her brow.

"It would be the best thing that ever happened Seymour if she takes it as a slight and breaks it off with him."

"It seems to



Bertha cast a quick glance around and said something in a low voice that made Peter turn pale and glower at her.

what it is, mother, there isn't any substitute for a square deal, and from now on I'm going to have it." This time he disappeared and did not return.

Catherine Carpenter stood for a moment where her son had left her staring hard, with unseeing eyes, out over the gently undulating fields of golden grain. Then she put her hand down into the pocket of her grey chambray house-dress, and fumbled about in search of a handkerchief. Not finding it, she used the corner of her blue-and-white gingham apron to wipe away a tear or two, which trickled down her cheeks.

"Shall we do the dishes or the baking first?" Julia asked, to break the embarrassing silence.

"Let's get the dishes out of the way first," her mother replied, and crossing to the table, with a brisk click of her cane upon the yellow painted floor, she picked up a towel and waited while Julia filled a huge granite dishpan with hot water from the big copper tea kettle, and swished a bar of yellow laundry soap about in it.

Except for the clink of the dishes the work progressed in silence so that the buzzing of the flies about the ceiling, the lazy murmur of grasshoppers in the grass beyond the open windows and door, the occasional whisper in the poplar tree beside the wall, and even the distant hum of the binder rising and falling as the machine made the round of the field, become almost painfully audible.

Feeling the need of reassurance as to the stand she had taken, Catherine at last suggested tentatively: "I wonder if you ought to drive down and bring Bertha out to the dance."

"No use wondering about that, mother; I'm not going to do it." Julia snapped her pretty small mouth shut with decision.

me it would. I don't see how he could be happy married to a member of the Lowe family, even though Bertha is smarter and brighter than the rest." Here Catherine's particular weakness of family pride edged itself, not only into her words but into her tone.

"He wouldn't," Julia concluded, with the easy assurance of youth. "And I don't see how a boy like Seymour could ever be attracted to her."

"I imagine it's because everybody's so down on them, and she appeals to his sympathy that way. The first time he toddled away from the house alone as a baby he came back with a stray kitten in his arms. He has been finding stray things ever since."

"Do you know what I'd do if I was in your place, mother?"

Catherine Carpenter polished the bottom of a dinner-plate to a gloss and set it down carefully. "What would you do, Julia?"

"I'd forbid Seymour to go with her any more and settle it once and for all. That's what I'd do."

Catherine looked at her daughter and smiled, the wise serious smile of experience. "You inherited that idea from your grandmother, Julia. She thought you could forbid a person to care for one person and order them to care for another and they'd do it."

"Seymour would get over it, and I don't think it's fair to let him go on spoiling the chances of the other members of the family."

"Julia," her mother asked, a little diffidently, when she had brought the bake-board from the pantry and begun to make some tarts, "has Peter West said anything to you?"

Julia blushed. "I don't suppose he even thinks of me that way yet, but he might begin to if Seymour didn't drag the Lowes into everything we go to. He hates them so much that he won't go anywhere if he knows they are going to be there."

"But Peter went with Bertha for awhile himself, just after he came back from college, didn't he?"

"Oh, all the men are taken with Bertha's kind of liveliness for a little while, but it didn't take Peter long to get tired of her. She's not the sort of person a West would like."

"You care for him, Julia?" her mother asked, reverting to the main theme.

Julia broke three eggs into the brown bowl in front of her before she had sufficiently overcome her natural reserve to reply: "Yes mother, I can't remember the time when I didn't care for Peter West, but he has never paid me any attention, more than as a schoolmate until lately. And now Seymour is spoiling it all by mixing up with the Lowes, and I want you to put a stop to it. You ought to have done it long ago."

"And have Seymour run away and marry Bertha?"

A dark frown puckered Julia's fair brow. "I've thought sometimes lately—" She broke off, bit her lip until it was scarlet, and went on beating up the cake in silence.

"Thought what?" her mother asked in alarm, her hand shaking, as she trimmed the edge of a tart.

"Nothing, mother."

"About Bertha?" Catherine Carpenter's eyes were filled with uneasiness as she raised them to her daughter's.

Julia nodded her head once, slowly.

This time the grey eyes flashed dangerously. "Those Lowes are a curse to the neighborhood, and always were," she declared bitterly. "I wish they had stayed out west. I don't see what old Sam Lowe wanted to bring his youngsters back here for and begin making more trouble in the district. It was Sam Lowe who—

who—"

"Who what, mother?"

"Who spoiled my life."

"How?" Julia asked in surprise, looking up and pausing in the act of cleaning the cake batter from the bowl with her right forefinger.

"By leading the man I was engaged to, to drink and gamble so that mother made me break it off with him."

"Who was that, mother?"

Catherine made a brisk trip to the oven and back, and in the interval her habitual reserve had closed in upon her. "Never mind, my dear, it is an old story, and long past."

After a pause Julia resumed: "So you see why I wouldn't fetch Bertha, and why I want you to break it off between her and Seymour."

"But if that is true it is too late."

"Seymour isn't the only one who's gone with her. Maybe I just imagined it though."

"I do hope so."

"But you'll put a stop to it anyway?"

"I might not be able to and if I did Seymour would never forgive me."

"You can do it easily enough if you want to,"

Julia retorted. "Seymour has no money but what you give him—and he'd get over it and thank you for it in time."

"He might feel hardly towards me for it all the rest of his life, as I have towards my mother."

"But this is different; it's for his own good."

Quite unconsciously Julia uttered the true password of tyranny, belonging to a brotherhood as old as time and as wide as the world.

"That was how my mother excused herself for meddling in my affairs."

"To hear you talk, mother, anyone would think you wanted Seymour to marry Bertha."

"No I don't. There's only one thing I'd hate worse."

"What's that?"

"To lose Seymour's affection as my mother lost mine."

"And you'd be willing to sacrifice all the rest of the family to keep it," Julia complained angrily and unjustly.

"I don't think that's a very fair thing to say," her mother answered coldly.

IN THE silence that followed the busy enterprises of the grasshoppers and crickets again became audible, together with the droning of the flies, the occasional murmur of the poplar tree and the faraway hum of the reaper.

It was a mellow autumn day, windless, and with the clear northern atmosphere blurred by a warm yellow haze, as if the golden hue of the miles upon miles of ripened grain had been reflected into the sky.

Catherine glanced casually out of the window as she passed in one of her many trips to the oven and paused, her gaze concentrated upon a moving object on the road allowance. "There's Mr. West

going to town," she announced; "guess he must have had a breakdown with the binder."

"I hope that won't keep them from coming to the dance," Julia replied.

At the mention of the dance Catherine's brow clouded again. "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to get Mr. West to let Bertha know about the dance. She might find someone to bring her out."

"What do you keep harping on that for, mother? It's an awful fuss about a very little thing. What harm will it do Bertha if she doesn't get to the dance?"

"Julia, did you ever see Seymour in a rage before?"

"I don't remember. Why?"

"My mother and I had just one quarrel."

"But it's such a silly thing."

"I've hardly known anybody but myself to get mad about anything sensible," Catherine replied sententiously, as she tied the strings of her wide garden hat under her chin and went out.

She arrived at the gate just in time to hail Mr. West as he was passing.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Carpenter?" old Peter West greeted her, heartily, nodding a thick silvery thatch of hair at her, as he lifted his homely straw hat. "What can I do for you today?"

Catherine Carpenter smiled up into his square-cut, heavily lined face with its massive forehead and thick white eyebrows. "I thought, maybe, if you were going to town you would give Bertha Lowe a message about the dance."

"Sorry, I'm only going up to Dick Cameron's to get him to do a little work for me on his forge, or I'd be glad to oblige you."

"Well, I don't know that I am," Catherine confessed, heaving a sigh of relief. "For my part I'd a lot rather Bertha didn't come to the dance, but Seymour made such a row about it at noon that I thought maybe I'd better try to do something."

Mr. West laid his arm across the back of the buggy seat. "You're not going to try to break it off, are you?" he asked.

"Yes, if I can."

"After your own experience, Catherine?"

"But this is different," using, inconsistently, the very words she had refuted when Julia had said them a little earlier.

"So it is," Mr. West agreed, his blue eyes twinkling under their shady brows. "The other was the thing your mother wanted, and this is the thing you want. That's quite a considerable difference." He smiled a dry little smile as he resumed his upright position.

"There's more difference than that, Peter. Bertha Lowe belongs to a coarse common family."

"And your mother regarded the fellow that you wanted to marry as a very fast young man."

Catherine poked a hole in the dry sod with the end of her cane. Suddenly she looked up with a shrewd smile. "How would you like it if it was your son, Peter?"

Peter West, Senior, laced the leather reins between his long fingers while he thought this over.

"I wouldn't like it, Catherine, I'll confess, but I don't think I'd try to stop it, and if I did I'd be foolish, because he's a separate person from myself, and I've no right to set myself up as a middleman between him and Providence."

"Not even when you see as plain as day that it's for his own good."

"I came to the conclusion thirty years ago that nobody can ever see as plain as that."

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"If Seymour's set on having her and there's no other way of getting her here you ought to hitch up and fetch her yourself."

"And as good as throw her into Seymour's arms?"

"It seems to me Tom and Julia have been pretty selfish, and you've given in to them to the disadvantage of Seymour rather often, but if he's made an issue of this thing— Well, I'd think it over if I were you." Vaguely Mr. West had sensed the fact that it is the patient people who right their wrongs by revolution.

CATHERINE did think it over as she returned to the house and busied herself about the household tasks, and every time she thought of Bertha Lowe and the disgrace she might be the instrument of bringing upon the family she clenched her teeth. But the remembrance of the look in Seymour's eyes kept her uneasy. She knew that his compliance was that of a sensitive shrinking nature, rather than a weak one, and the knowledge made her afraid.

Back and forth she clicked, in and out of the patch of golden sunlight, making longer and longer pauses while she looked out of the window at the peaceful out-of-doors wrapped in its becoming yellow haze, and murmurous with the thrifty activities of untold forms of life. It is a season for dreams, and Catherine grew more and more thoughtful as she allowed the spirit of the day to carry her back to another autumn many years ago.

"What are you going to do?" Julia asked, as her mother took off her apron and hung it on the back of the pantry door.

"I'm going to hitch up old Jennie and go for Bertha," Catherine replied.

And she did.

She made a point of being in the kitchen when Seymour came in from the field that evening, his grey eyes smouldering with the anger engendered by an afternoon's brooding over his wrongs. She was feeling very self-righteous, now that she had done what she felt to be her duty, and also a little aggrieved. She noted her son's start of astonishment when his glance fell upon the small, stubby, rosy-cheeked, red-lipped girl by the window.

"Why Bertha," he exclaimed, "how did you get here?"

"Your mother fetched me."

His eyes turned from the girl to his mother, and in the interval all the anger had died out of them. Indeed Catherine thought she read there an apology for the perfectly true things he had said earlier in the day.

She smiled back at him, but gravely, for she had not quite forgiven him for the unpleasant alternative he had forced upon her. Also whenever she looked at the girl, who stood against the soft light of the window, her brow clouded.

There were three people at the Carpenters' supper table that evening who contributed little to Julia and Tom's animated discussion of the dance.

Catherine looked often, and thoughtfully, from Bertha to her son, and back again to Bertha. Seymour looked only at Bertha, with eyes that concealed his passionate affection. Bertha, usually so lively and talkative, looked mostly at her plate, and frequently lapsed into complete absentmindedness.

Continued on page 101



She crossed the kitchen and laid her hand on the boy's arm. "Seymour, I wish you'd give that girl up," she said, "surely you know your mother wants only what's good for you."

When the Fleet Came In

By A. H. Lambden

"IT'S not difficult, Tom, to appreciate their attitude," Joan Edgeworth claimed emphatically. "Surely you can prevail upon your father to make some concessions. Even to meet them half-way would help. It means so little—" Here the girl made a quaint pause, "—so little to him. It's everything to these others."

Old Mark Hatton had overheard Joan's voice as he came into the room. Joan was outside on the gravel walk talking with Tom, and the subdued sound of their voices had drifted in through the French windows left ajar. Not until he was comfortably seated, pipe in hand, did Mark Hatton learn by Joan's emphatic speech, the import of their conversation.

He heard his son's voice in answer:

"I know, Joan. I broached the subject yesterday. But Dad wouldn't listen."

Mark Hatton puffed at his pipe in the dim corner of the room and felt no compunction listening in unbeknown to the pair outside. He was mildly stirred by the earnest words that followed.

"It isn't fair for him to treat a vital matter with such indifference," urged Joan. "I know I'm presuming on friendship to speak like this. You must forgive me, Tom; I'm in a frightful mood tonight—but I don't think your father's treatment of the fishermen is justified in the slightest degree."

"I can make another effort, of course, Joan," Tom Hatton suggested, but his tone was far from hopeful.

"Yes, you must, Tom," came the girl's soft pleading voice. "Hartleport crews are all paid little enough; your father's, least of any. And they're all so miserably poor. Can you blame them for their dissatisfaction?"

"No, Joan, no," Tom admitted. "I can see exactly how they look at things. Wealth in the one scale—poverty in the other with the toils and risks of the sea thrown in. I don't blame them, Joan. My sympathies are all with the fishermen in this dispute."

"There are the townspeople too," argued the girl. "Your father might at least consider their opinion. They haven't a particle of patience with his attitude."

In a brief silence Mark Hatton could hear the soft rustle of leaves on the trees swayed by the wind from the sea.

"I was visiting among the cottages, today," the girl's voice proceeded. "It's too horrible for words. Children half starved, even the babies. Women hopeless. And as for the men—even your father can understand how hard it is for them."

"He hasn't been the same, Joan, since mother died." The way Tom Hatton uttered the words, so irrelevant to the subject, seemed to cover a multitude of things.

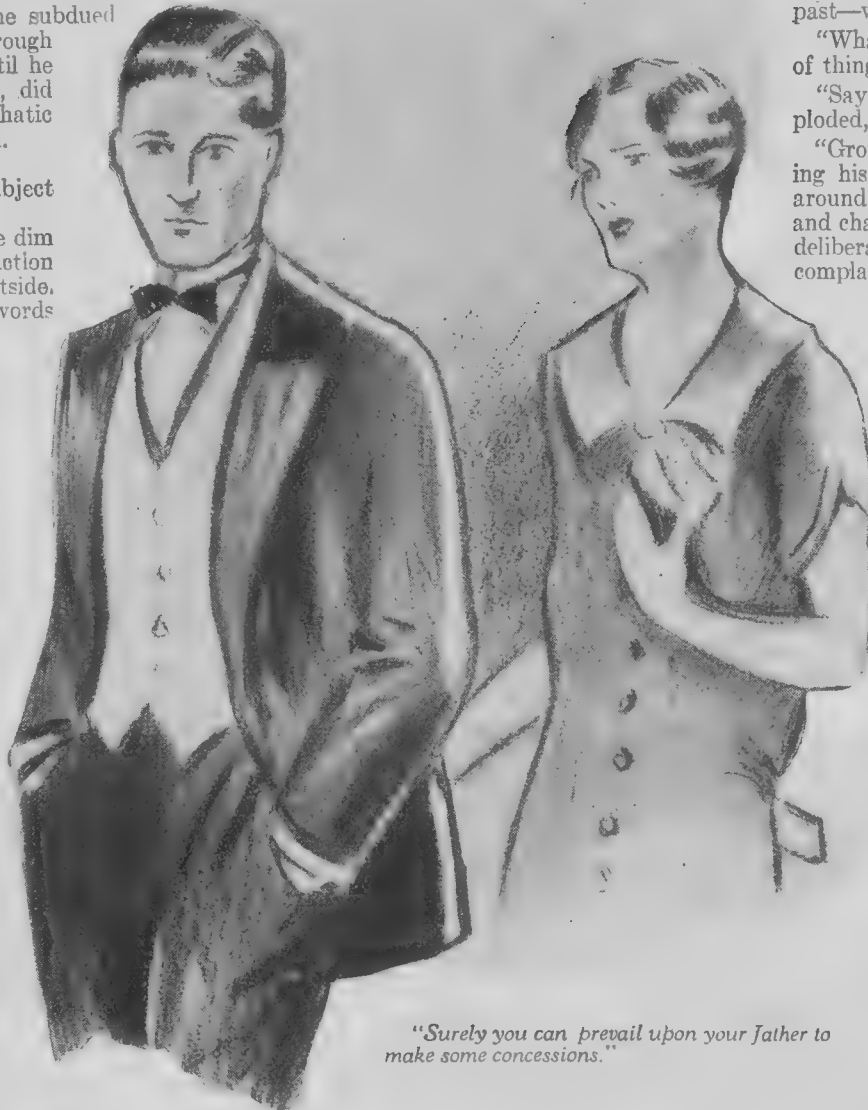
Mark Hatton was visibly moved. He rose quietly and went out into the hall. The voice of Joan Edgeworth, full of sympathy seemed to follow him:

"One feels for him. He is growing old very fast. But, Tom, where there are a hundred growing children dependent on him for daily food—"

The old man heard no more. A few minutes later, watching from his library window, he saw his son walking with Joan along the avenue towards her home.

The self-reliant daughter and young mistress of Hartleport Rectory possessed the character that Mark Hatton could not quite fathom. He was painfully unaware of the spirit of the new generation that cultivated self-reliance as faithfully as an older generation of women had embraced a clinging trust in others. He found himself wondering how both Rectory and Rector would manage when Joan married. His thoughts merged into dreams—dreams of Tom and his future, and of Joan—taking very much for granted as one does in dreams.

Mark Hatton was generous at heart, as those who knew him best were well aware. Yet, quite unconsciously he was building a wall about himself and in the bitterness of an old grief he was gradually shutting himself from the world about him. His dreams melted and left him deep in the perplexities of the fishery dispute now raging between



"Surely you can prevail upon your father to make some concessions."

the crews, on the one hand, and himself, owner of the fleet, on the other.

THE Hatton Fisheries, one of the most prosperous along that part of the coast, had been built up in a generation. Mark Hatton had grown wealthy by them—and by his oft-repeated maxim that "business is business." He made it a field for the exercise of hard-headed qualities and stern bargaining. To him, the crews he employed were simply a commodity to be bought at the lowest market figure and the fruits of their toil sold at the highest current price, represented the return on a straight investment.

Mark Hatton followed the age-old precept, "buy low, sell high," but since the demise of Tom's mother he had made it a fetish that excluded all other considerations. It brought him success counted in money, which Hartleport promptly discounted by a large public disfavor.

He wondered how far his son, now in mid-career at University, had considered these things, but when Tom again broached the subject at lunch next day, he wondered no longer. He found in his son's remarks a new point and emphasis.

"I'm merely telling you the opinions I hear expressed wherever I go, Dad," Tom explained when the discussion was well under way. "It's not just what one or two may think and say. It's a thing that every fisherman on the coast holds forth about. Even the townspeople are full of it now."

"What do you expect?" the old man exclaimed. "Of course, they're full of it. When the town needs something to talk about, anything is fair game."

"But don't you think that you could make a compromise with the men, Dad?" persisted Tom. "Seems more logical to grant a little and carry on,

than to refuse everything and precipitate a strike."

"Let them strike," Mark Hatton retorted. "D'you think I'm incapable of manning the fleet with others? I'll not be bullied into these outrageous demands by a lot of disgruntled seamen."

That's final. This is a matter of business, Tom. You're not acquainted with it. As you say, you have simply overheard tales. Let it go at that and let me settle the affair as I've done in the past—without interference."

"What shall I say, Dad, when I hear this sort of thing going the rounds?"

"Say anything you like," Mark Hatton exploded, "or, better still, say nothing."

"Groups of people," continued Tom, not heeding his father's outburst, "people I have met around town during my vacation, look sheepish and change the subject when I join them. Others deliberately maintain the old argument and complain of Mark Hatton this and Mark Hatton that,—all over the miserable question of the wages the men get."

"Let 'em talk, confound 'em," Mark Hatton replied. "I'm not running a fleet for the fun of it. We'll drop the subject. You're annoying me. I wouldn't consider—I wouldn't even listen to such arguments from anyone but you, but even for you it's out of the question. It's not a matter of the money involved—not wholly. It's the breaking of a lifelong creed of business. You'd destroy a proven policy that has made this concern what it is, for the sake of mere expediency."

"Policies change, Dad, just as times change. For the common good of humanity."

With that last thrust from an idealistic Tom, which his father ignored, the discussion ended.

At three o'clock, seated in his office at the wharf, Mark Hatton looked out across the harbor to a calm sea beneath a blue expanse of sky. He watched his son indulging an afternoon exercise, rowing alone from the harbor where lay the "Hatton Chief," latest and smartest of the Hatton fleet, wedged in among a score of older and more weathered schooners. All were preparing for sea. Tom pulled a hard and vigorous stroke.

At that moment, watching him, Mark Hatton felt a sudden deepening pride; a feeling of the fullness of life shared with such a son as his. He turned to his work with the thrill of unaccustomed cheerfulness that even softened the harshness of his feelings towards the men. In the flush of this new emotion Mark Hatton deliberately tackled his problem along new lines and that same day had fashioned in his own mind a generous scheme to meet the men's year-old petitionings.

Not until the next day was Mark Hatton aware of the absence of his son. At breakfast his housekeeper solemnly reported that Tom had not slept at home. By the middle of the forenoon it was clearly established that he had not returned from his afternoon spell of rowing in the old harbor rowboat.

Before nightfall Mark Hatton had received a dozen negative replies to as many inquiries telegraphed to points along the coast. Next day he wired the University in the vain hope that something had taken his son there before the term began. He extended his enquiries to every possible and impossible friend that Tom had cultivated. He advised the police, offered rewards and moved heaven and earth to no avail.

On the third day the old harbor rowboat was washed up along the rocks nine miles north of Hartleport and Mark Hatton, old and shattered by three trying days, went out and identified it. Men of the Hatton Fisheries scoured the coasts for days in search of the body.

SIX weeks later the old man sat idly by the open fire in his library with no other light than the flickering yellow flames that threw strange moving shadows on the walls. He had got past the stage where he fingered and fondled the possessions of

his son—the pipes, pictures, books and bric-a-brac. When night fell he was a hermit engrossed solely in his own thoughts as he sat frowning at the fire.

Occasionally he cursed the sea aloud, his misery and his loneliness. More often he vented his bitterness upon the men, cultivating a harshness towards them that he, himself, despised. He cursed their demands and yearned for a quick and savage issue to their long-drawn-out disputes. It did not ease his grief.

Joan Edgeworth, frequent visitor at the Hatton home since childhood, seldom called now. Weeks ago she came often with a sympathy that could understand the grief of the old widower stricken anew. It had not occurred to him that she, too, needed sympathy. Something of this ran through his mind that night as he looked into the gleaming fire. He felt that Joan would certainly have become Tom's wife. But now—

The door behind him opened and a hardened seaman, muffled in fisherman's oilskins, entered quickly and stealthily. Mark Hatton heard but did not heed. Surmising it was his housekeeper he continued the thread of his thoughts till the fisherman stood behind him and thrust an envelope over his shoulder. Mark Hatton was too surprised and annoyed to move. The envelope dropped into his lap. The man turned to go.

"What do you mean by this?" the old man cried, half rising from his chair.

The fisherman had reached the door, and was hurriedly departing. He had brought the smell of the sea into the room, of reeking fish and tar and oil. His wet coat gleamed reflecting the light from the fire. He paused irresolute. Then flinging the door open he left as softly as he had come.

Mark Hatton sat amazed at the man's cool nerve and effrontery. Too weak and slow to stop him, he railed at the changes time and the war had brought. He raised the envelope in his hand and walked a step to the fire to read. It was addressed to him. He noted that fact one second before he identified the writing, and then an emotion of pain swept over him, blanching his cheeks.

"My God!" he cried, "It's Tom's!"

He tore the envelope in frantic haste and fear. The note fell to the floor in his overwhelming excitement and he recovered it with hands that trembled as with ague. "Dear Father," he read. His eye caught the date at the top of the sheet—there was no address.

"Dated today," he whispered hoarsely.

Lifting the poker from the hearth he struck the coals into a steady blaze and sank weakly into his chair, breathing heavily as he leaned forward to read:

"Dear Father:

"I have been safe these past six weeks but never had a chance to send you word. Even now I cannot tell you more than that. All I can say is that by noon tomorrow you must post a bulletin on the notice-board at the wharf, stating clearly that the wages and commissions of all the Hatton crews will be raised thirty per cent. dating from the first of the month. This is their original demand and—"

Mark Hatton read on down to the familiar signature and then read the letter through a second time. He jumped to his feet in a bristling anger.

"Shanghaied by the fleet!" he cried. "The hounds. Holding a man's son for ransom. But I'll not be coerced. No!"

Even his anger, he found, could not overcome new fears that arose. He dropped weakly into his chair.

"The fight is on," he muttered fiercely. They win hands down—just until I find out who—"

Along the wharf at noon next day, women and children from the whitewashed cottages on the seafront thronged to greet their men.



Joan Edgeworth

Women crowded into groups voicing a clamorous excitement that brought a glow into their pale cheeks and smiles into deep, glowing eyes. Children dashed hither and thither perilously near the edges of the familiar piers.

Back in the offices of the Hatton Fisheries, watching them, sat Mark Hatton, waiting where he always waited, night or day, when the fleet came home. Today the women added a cheerfulness to their impatience and Mark Hatton, too, experienced a new sensation; something akin to the impatience of the women outside; a keen longing that did not concern itself with the season's catch.

THE "Northern Light" was the first of all the Hatton Fleet home. In a line that stretched to the horizon, a score of schooners were headed for the harbor, riding low, heavily freighted.

As the men of the "Northern Light" stepped ashore and were greeted with outflung arms, the babble rose hysterically louder. Careworn faces of women prematurely old flashed in unaccustomed smiles that even the safe return of their men did not account for, since fishermen's wives are proverbially hardened to the perils and chances of the sea. They pulled on the arms of their men, pointing to the bulletin, and the men, when they read and understood, gave vent to a tremendous seaman shout; and the uproar, with each succeeding arrival was renewed.

All through the brief afternoon the Hatton boats came in and the men, flushed and inspired by the news, went to their cottages. Smaller knots of women still remained shivering in their shawls. By twos and threes their numbers shrank as with each arriving crew, men and women arm-in arm went home singing shore songs, their children trailing behind.

Dusk was falling when Mark Hatton sighted the "Hatton Chief" on the horizon, the last boat home, rising and falling in the seas ahead of a wind.

Mark Hatton had nodded briefly to his skippers as they reported. He dismissed them without a word regarding their cargo or a sign of interest in the ship, the men or the spell of the sea. He was waiting; and when the "Hatton Chief" came home

"The 'Hatton Chief' Tom proceeded, 'picked me up in the early hours after first running me down in the dark.'"



he still waited! A great despair fell upon him. There was nothing he could do. The fleet was in—but Tom had not come the way Mark Hatton had expected him.

Night fell. He remained alone in the back room of the dingy offices. The harbor was quiet and deserted. The crews were at their homes, doubtless talking at their suppers of the unexpected surrender that had brought a trying struggle to an end before the crisis struck. Mark Hatton was talking too; talking to himself in a way that proved, even to himself, how deeply he had suffered.

His murmurings were swiftly checked by footsteps outside. He was shaken out of his musings by the thud, thud upon the rotten planking and knew the step intimately, though he had never in his life tried to identify it before. He was on his feet as Tom rushed in.

It was strange what a violent reaction came over Mark Hatton. He had stood up under an anguish six weeks old. He had taken it all with a phlegmatic courage that frightened those who knew him. He had borne the suspense of this last day, waiting; and when Tom came he doubled up without warning, and his son caught him as he fell. He went to pieces just as a trawler, holding together on a bank all night, battered by thunderous waves, suddenly breaks in two.

Tom led his father out and they walked home together slowly, along the sea-smelling streets and up the steep hill from the sea-front. As they passed the rectory gates, Joan Edgeworth came out, as by appointment it seemed, and took the old man's other arm. She pressed it to her side, sharing with him a joy she did not seek to restrain.

Joan and Tom kept up a cheerful, running fire of talk on matters that held no interest for Mark Hatton. His thoughts ran in another channel. The very pleasure of the hard climb up the road to his home made him bitterly conscious of the pain he had borne. Breathing the keen biting air he felt that strong urging for revenge that cannot wait. While Tom struggled to maintain haphazard conversation his father enquired with a calm he was far from feeling: "What happened, Tom?"

His son hesitated. They were nearly home. Joan was coming to supper, Tom explained, and the rector was to join them very soon, as he used to do in the old days.

"I'll tell you all about it when we're at supper, Dad," Tom replied. "Now about that letter—"

Mark Hatton knew instinctively that his son was endeavoring to shield the perpetrators. He read in Tom's harrassed and uncertain words an effort to smooth down a story that would plant the guilt where it properly belonged. The old man grimly determined to know the truth at any price.

"When I rowed from the harbor in the old boat six weeks ago," Tom began, "I expected to be back in an hour or two for supper. I suppose I pulled in a calm sea for five miles before I turned. I never doubted for a moment that I could make the shore with ease. As it turned out, the tide had a bagful of new tricks to show me. It was the heaviest ebb I ever encountered. I couldn't make headway against it. I spent the night exhausted, sitting in the boat, waiting for dawn and drifting farther out to sea."

The old man seemed to be living through the peril Tom narrated. His son's brief, uncolored sen-

tences painted all too vividly a type of incident that was no uncommon thing in the recollection of men who knew the sea.

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Don't Lose Your Impatience

The Battle-cry of an Artist Who Fought Her Way From a Canadian Farm to the Paris Salon.

BY C. B. ROBERTSON

LAURA MUNTZ LYALL, clad in workman-like smock, stood in her attic studio before an easel, upon which was the nearly-finished portrait of a lovely child. Mrs. Lyall was cleaning her brushes, and, with a bunch of them in one hand and a paint-smeared rag in the other, she gesticulated broadly as she talked to the interviewer, who sat by the north window.

Mrs. Lyall spoke a bit grimly: "So you want to know what part patience has played in furthering my career?" she said.

"Yes," ventured the interviewer. "Your experience might be of value to young artists-in-the-making. Haven't you something to say about 'art' being 'long,' and the beautiful virtue of patience. You know, all the big successes of the world in all lines of achievement talk most beautifully about patience being the guiding star in their voyage upon the sea of life!"

"They say it because it's the obvious thing to say," retorted Laura Muntz Lyall, "but don't you believe 'em!" And she smiled wisely, and flourished her dripping brushes, while the interviewer dodged the drops. "It's not patience, but impatience which is responsible for human achievement. Patience, in the once-accepted sense of the word, is a noble quality, no doubt, but the patience upon which the individuals whom I know pride themselves today, is not noble; it's futile.

"Emerson wrote, with almost omniscient wisdom: 'The sign of character is the resistance of circumstances.' I interpret that in this way: if you are a real, living, achieving man or woman, you'll be in a constant state of rebellion with

things as they are, for you have a vision of things as they should be!

"Personally, I think that patience is a noble gesture, halted in mid air," she proceeded. "When we speak of patience, we generally mean a mastering of our discontent. But is that mastery a wise thing? Is there not a 'Divine discontent' within the hearts of all those who see visions of bigger, better things over there on the heights of tomorrow?"

"Isn't it a fact that ninety-nine people out of a hundred who pride themselves upon their patience in adversity, are simply those who accept what they call the inevitable, who compromise, half-heartedly with Fate, instead of crying:

*'I am the Master of my Fate!
I am the Captain of my Soul!'*"



A Child Study—By Laura Muntz Lyall

"Your point of view with regard to the lovely virtue of patience is a new one in my experience, Mrs. Lyall. It's all rather distressing. Don't you think that, like the rest, you might quote Dekker: 'A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,' and let it go at that? You know, most good people either aspire to, or express admiration for the virtue of patience, which you evidently consider overrated."

"Overrated? I should say so! And anyhow, Thomas Dekker has been dead for three hundred years. But Shakespeare, who will never die, has put patient people in their place for all time."

The lady laughed. "Do you know the Shakespearean character which I most abominate? It is not one of the Immortal Bard's most blood-thirsty villains, but What's-her-name in 'Twelfth Night,' that lady of infirm purpose who

*'pined in thought
And, with a green and yellow
melancholy
She sat, like patience on a
monument,
Smiling at grief.'*

"The little idiot! I tell you, the individual whom we most admire, who is game to the backbone, is possessed of a large Impatience with his weakness of body or soul, with obstacles to achievement. He is impatient with things as they are, and strives mightily,

strives and prays, not that he may adapt himself to hampering conditions, but that he may overcome them.

"He does not weakly, and 'with a green and yellow melancholy' sit on a monument of his fellow-man's pity, pathetically and self-consciously 'smiling at grief,' congratulating himself upon his beautiful patience; he strives to overcome his grief, or his disability, or his unsympathetic environment, or he puts his brains to work at the solution of the problems which patience (and acceptance of them as beyond human solution) cannot clarify in the slightest degree. If he rise above these things, and conquer them, it is by virtue of that strong weapon: Impatience!

"The successful man or woman, in any profession or walk in life, may admit that 'art is long,' but never loses sight of the fact that 'time is fleeting.'

"And the Artist—the Artist early conceived a vision of beauty—a vision crying out for expression, and so is born the artistic impatience to create. When I was a child—"

THE Artist paused, and the interviewer questioned: "When did you first see the artist's vision, and grow impatient to achieve its fulfillment?"

Mrs. Lyall put away her brushes, sat down by the window, and spoke reminiscently: "I can remember things that happened when I was a baby of four years, but I can't remember when I began to draw and paint.

"My father was a pioneer Ontario farmer, you know, and our English relations used to send us wonderful Christmas boxes of toys, and there were little tin boxes of water-colors such as one buys for sixpence. I used to paint with those. I still have one of my early attempts, done when I was about five or six. It is a picture of a child on tip-toe looking over a closed gate, toward a sunrise as bright as the sixpenny colors could make it."

"Then you had a vision, even when you were a child?"

"Unconsciously, perhaps—a vision of a world full of very bright beauty!"

Continued on page 70



Daffodils—By Laura Muntz Lyall



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FELS-NAPTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Men Like 'Em That Way

AS GENEVA RIPPINGTON paid the driver of her jitney and turned to the gate of the Dale Farm the early summer odors of the Dale gardens crowded through the white

By Evah McKowan

"And why that tone of voice? If you put on airs about him, when I am only making friendly inquiries, I'll vamp him away from you as sure as that pitcher is empty."

bars to meet her, welcoming her with a cordiality that the fumes and rattle of the departing car could not mitigate.

At the end of the gravel walk, beside which red and white peonies were abloom, the doorway of the elm-shaded colonial house was hospitably open. As Geneva opened the gate for herself a slim, fair girl appeared in the doorway, her look of inquiry changing swiftly to delight on recognition of the visitor.

"Geneva Ripington! Why, its ages and ages since you've been out to see us. We were wondering—but never mind that. I'm delighted to bits to have you here!"

"Dear same old country mouse. You used always to make me so welcome. It's shameful of me to have neglected you so long. Why, I've not been down since I was a kid!"

"Which was five years ago," derisively.

"No more? It seems a thousand. My dear, you see before you a nervous wreck. Absolutely. Ordered to the country for at least a fortnight of sensible fare and decent hours."

"At twenty-two years of age! Geneva! Well, sit down and we'll begin with a glass of milk and some doughnuts."

"Allah be praised, Eileen! I was beginning to doubt the reality of country life. You've changed this room till I hardly know it: hardwood floors where there used to be rag carpets; the what-not gone; not a crayoned portrait anywhere. But milk! Unpasteurized, sweet new cow's milk! That saves the day. If you'd said tea it would have been the final blow to my shattered nervous system."

The despatching of a foamy pitcher of milk and a plate of doughnuts bridged the gap of five years since the last visit of the cousins—a visit that had been spent in lively sports on the frozen ponds and hillsides of the farm.

"I've never forgotten," the visitor said, "the whole-hearted way the boys used to flock around this place. My dear, if you could just see the baiting and maneuvering we have to do to get a decent number of men at a party, and the bored air of condescension with which even the dewy fledglings capitulate! By the way, what became of



"Geneva, you remember Elmer." Eileen was saying, "and may I present his friend, Mr. Weatherbee"

the tall good-looking one who used to adore you with his eyes while he fastened on your skates, and tuck all the robe around you so that I all but froze when we went driving?"

"You mean—Norman Wier?"

"No, I don't mean Norman Wier or Billy Bates or any of the others who would just as soon have had me as you. You know the one I mean. Where is he now?"

"If it is Elmer Holmes you mean, he is here."

"Where is 'here'?"

"On his father's farm. After he finished the agricultural course at college the government sent him to England lecturing for the immigration department. He has been back on his father's farm for less than a year."

"Is he the Don he used to be?"

"He is coming over this evening. You can judge for yourself."

The country cousin shook her rather fluffy head in doleful doubt.

"But you haven't told me yet," the other pursued, "on just what line our hero has broadened."

"Just—on general lines. He reads—and understands—so many things that are miles beyond me. In England he stayed at houses with wonderful libraries. He met women who read and think—and who can talk as well as a man."

"And who are probably old maids. You notice that he didn't bring any of them back with him. Eileen, child, I'm a century older than you in some ways. I've studied men—whilst you've admired them. Girls who want partners *must not* be brainy or opinionated or argumentative or stand-offish. They must be feminine, agreeable, charming, alluring. Men like 'em that way. There is the feminine wisdom of the ages in a nutshell."

"Then," Eileen sighed, "Elmer must be the exception that proves your rule. He likes and admires brains in women." *Continued on page 22*

"It—it might as well be you as anybody—I dare say."

The little heels of Geneva, which had been in the act of tucking themselves under their owner on the Chesterfield, came to the floor with a click."

"So! But he's coming tonight, you say?"

"Oh, yes—he comes."

"Well, then—what is it?"

"Oh, nothing. He's different, that's all. He's rubbed with the world and grown and broadened—while I've stayed at home and stagnated. He tries—I can see that—to get back to our old footing. It's my fault, of course. I'm not brainy—"

Then you have nothing to worry about, my dear. As long as you're not brainy luck is with you, where men are concerned. Take it from me, I know 'em. Why, a girl who's handicapped with brains—"

"But Elmer admires intelligence in girls."

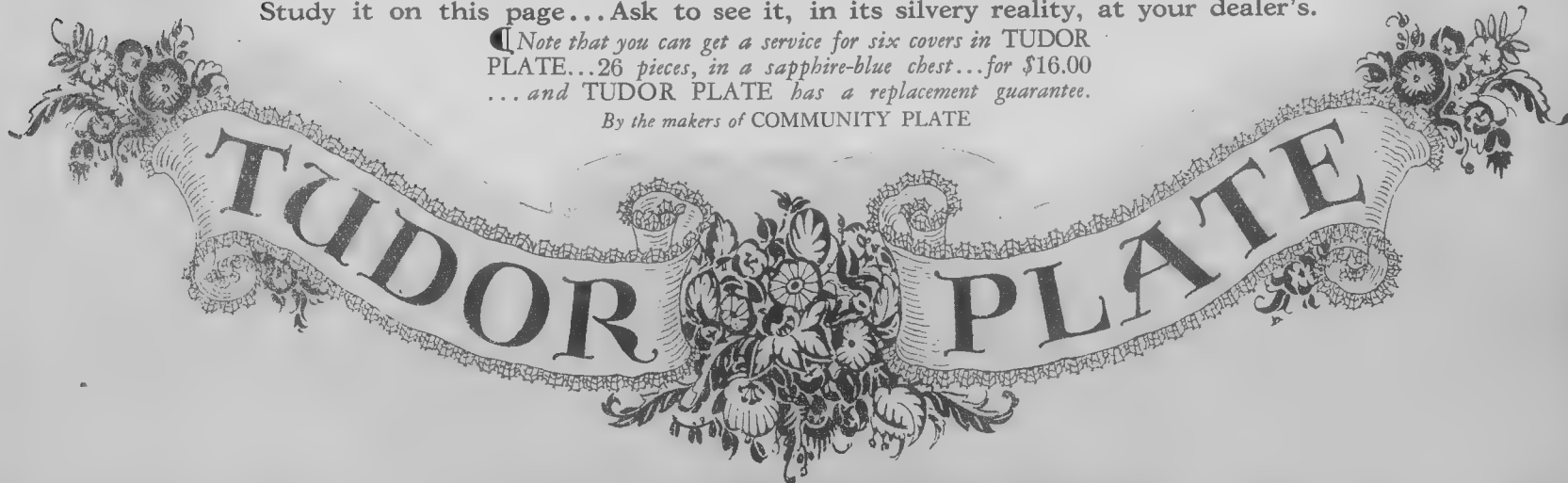
"Intelligence, yes. But a girl who has intelligence doesn't let on she has brains, if you get my distinction. My observation has been that the broader a man becomes, the fluffier he wants his wife to be. It's a law of nature that prevents the division of the race into the intelligensia and the ignorentia."



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"Then he is indeed an abnormal case; one that will need a careful diagnosis and possibly desperate remedies. My main hope is that he is still quite young. The young can be cured of almost anything."

"Cured! Of admiring girls that are clever?"

"Absolutely. By the excellent method of giving him what he craves until he is satiated. Cram brains in women down his throat till he never wants to hear of it again."

"But how?" There are no girls like that around here. There are good cooks, girls who are pretty, who are good musicians or dance well. But as for serious thought—the whole countryside couldn't furnish Elmer with one worth-while evening."

"Then there is nothing for it but for me to be the dose myself."

"You!"

"Yes, me. I really have no end of brains hidden away, and now that I'm out here where the crowd will never find it out I'll enjoy giving them some exercise. Probably your Elmer's source of superiority is what he reads. If I sniff at his favorites and begin to quote people he never heard of you'll see if it doesn't prejudice him against the kind of girl he thinks he pines for just now. What's he reading?"

"Just now he is deep in the foremost essayists. Ten volumes."

"Jove! It may be harder than I thought. Doesn't he go in for novelists? I know a little about them."

"He admires Wells."

"Good. Then I won't. Who else?"

"Oh, most of the English moderns, I think he calls them. Bennett, Galsworthy—ever so many of them."

"Hm-m. Cribbed the field there, I see. I'll have to go on the continent. Does he know anything about the Russians?"

"No, I don't think so. Do you?"

"I can in half an hour or so. I type Mother's club papers and there was one on the 'Russian Influence on Literature' not so long ago. I think a few of the awful names will come back to me. By the time one spells one of those names right it is memorized for life. I see you have an encyclopedia; you don't happen to have an anthology of continental literature, I suppose?"

"Nothing of that kind at all."

"Any history of Europe—ancient or modern. I could glean a lot from one of them. They're so concise."

"I think a teacher who boarded here did leave an 'Ancient and Modern Europe, full of funny names and thousands of dates.'"

"Nothing could be luckier! Now, when is your young man coming?"

"He is coming for supper. Somewhere around seven, I think."

"Then you stir up the very best meal anyone ever tasted. I'll browse in whatever material I can find. Where can I find a pencil and paper? I've just thought of the name 'Turgenev,' and it may escape me at any minute. He wrote 'Virgin Soil' and 'Smoke' which have to be read in their native tongue to get the full flavor of their realism. Ha, not bad, eh? How's your friend on Socialism?"

"Hates it."

"*Lucky!* Mother's very last paper was all about that. Raschoff, our best soap-box orator, helped her write it and it was pretty hot stuff, as brother Ed. says. I know it almost by heart. Also another on the 'Contribution of Women to the Twentieth Century.' Go and cook, trivial creature! By seven o'clock I can make myself so brainily objectionable that your stock will be away above par and none for sale."

ON THE stroke of seven Geneva came stealthily down the stairs, unaware as to whether the evening's guest had yet arrived. In the dining room she saw Eileen moving deftly. There was a homelike artistry about the waiting table, where well-laundered linen shone and polished silver gleamed.

Eileen's reception of her transformed cousin was a shriek composed equally of astonishment, dismay and admiration.

Geneva! How did you do it. Why, I'm afraid of you myself. I wouldn't contradict you for a farm. In that get-up you could say Mark Twain wrote 'Pilgrim's Progress' and get away with it. Where did you get that old-fashioned dress?"

"Old-fashioned dress! I should like to have Ceruit hear you say that. This may be plain, and is, but it is the last word in fashion, nevertheless. There is nothing the matter with it but the way I am wearing it. As a matter of fact, my dear, that is all that is wrong with yours. But it is really my hair and horn-rims that have worked the transformation. It was some job to get my marcel wave slicked back like this, but it makes me look as old as my own mother—and even cleverer."



When Geneva turned her head he deftly plucked the three large Spanish pins from her hair, causing it to spring back into its accustomed waves.

"You look awfully different," Eileen said, "but somehow nice and wholesome too."

"Then I must stare harder and be more grim. Turn around here till I fluff your hair more over the ears. There, see. That's better. It suits your face. And a little dip here too. Now, don't you like that? Is the guest here yet?"

"He phoned a few minutes ago to say that he might be a little late. A man he used to know in France happened along. I told him to bring him with him. Father is staying in town to a political meeting, so there will be just the four of us."

"Who is your Elmer bringing?"

"A funny name, something like Featherweight."

"Worth a conquest, I wonder?" Geneva mused.

"Now, here," Eileen protested, "forget conquesting just for once. The stage is all set for your having just the opposite effect on Elmer. Stick to business."

"Business it is. There is the bell now. Let me get in the living-room, in the straightest chair, with a copy of 'The Woman Voter' in my hands."

FROM the vantage of the straightest chair, Geneva noted that the voice of Elmer, when Eileen

opened the hall door to him, was hearty and masculine and nice—but too lacking in the brimming gladness with which a man should greet his heart's desire. She heard him introduce his friend with the strange name, something like Featherweight. She heard the stranger's voice . . .

Instantly Geneva experienced a sensation of swift sinking as the blood drained from her face. For the voice that apologized in courteous tones for intruding in such a manner was a voice well known to her; a voice moreover which had the distinction of being the only one capable of causing her heart to skip a beat—the voice of one Geoffrey Weatherbee.

For just an instant Geneva contemplated flight; flight to the sanctuary of her room and the various toilet and costume requisites to which she would certainly have had recourse had she known the owner of that voice to be anywhere in the vicinity. Geoffrey Weatherbee to catch her in flat-heeled brogues at the dinner hour! And without her halo of waving hair at any hour of the day!

For much of Geneva's study of masculine preferences had been occasioned by her desire to please this most eligible of the city's bachelors, who, as well as being a clever younger member of the bar, was a coming power in political circles. The lore which Geneva had just gratuitously passed on to her country cousin had been gathered with the conquest of this very man in view.

Up to the present her desires had been crowned with a fair degree of success. He liked her better than any of the other girls—of that she felt sure. Very few days passed without some message from him—flowers, a telephone call or other evidence of interest. But at the same time there had been an intangible something, thin as a veil of mist, between them, preventing a complete understanding.

The present visit to Eileen had been only partially undertaken for the rest of which she had declared herself in need. The more vital reason had been an experiment to see whether the old adage of absence making the heart grow fonder held its much vaunted truth.

And now to think that this had to happen! That, after all her care to be her sweetest and most agreeable self when in his presence, he should find her here, decked like a man-eating blue-stocking, with her evening committed to the role of the most man-annoying type of female!

Seeing no way out of the dilemma, Geneva closed her eyes almost in despair as the trio were heard to approach the living-room. Then, almost as they stood on the threshold, a strain of far-back Rippington fighting blood became uppermost. If die she must in the thoughts of this man—and Geneva had no doubt of it—she would do it gamely. If he were to be astounded—as most assuredly he was—let him get the shock of his life! If he were to accuse her of double-dealing, let him be convinced of the genuineness of her 'alter ego.'

"Geneva, you remember Elmer," Eileen was saying. "And may I present his friend, Mr. Weatherbee."

Geneva never knew how Elmer Holmes received the introduction. She was too fascinated by the control of expression possessed by Geoffrey Weatherbee. His start of surprise at seeing her there thus was merely a very natural start of surprise at seeing her there at all.

His face depicted nothing of distaste at her most unusual appearance; merely the pleasure he always showed at their meeting. Well, if he could deceive like that, he would see what she could do.

"You'll enjoy Geneva," Eileen was telling Elmer. "She has such a wonderful grasp of modern trends of thought."

"One does not grasp the modern trends of thought," Geneva stated, "one is grasped by them. Do you not agree, Mr. Holmes?"

"Er—yes—quite," Elmer agreed uncertainly.

Continued on page 78



Christmas is Coming

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The Rockies From a Motor Car

By Lawrence J. Burpee

THE time is coming, and I do not believe it is so very far distant, when it will be possible to travel in an automobile for hundreds of miles through the very heart of the Canadian Rockies. A beginning has been made with the excellent motor road from Banff to Windermere, which gives easy and quick access to some of the finest scenery south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The next step will probably be a similar highway from Banff or Louise north to Jasper. And some day people will travel by automobile from the American Glacier Park north through an enlarged Waterton Park, and on through the rest of the Canadian parks to Jasper.

"God forbid!" say some of our friends. Nor can one altogether blame them. Hard working professional and business men, they escape each year from the nervous strain of the big cities to find rest and refreshment for mind, soul and body in these alpine solitudes. To them the crowds of restless tourists are a constant source of irritation, the vast hotels at Banff and Louise an eyesore, and the very smell of gasoline an abomination. I saw one of them the other day, with his pack on his back and his pipe in his mouth, standing for a moment on the edge of the Banff-Windermere highway while a motor-bus filled with noisy people tore by in a cloud of dust. He said nothing as he disappeared down the trail, but I never saw a face more eloquent of blistering profanity.

And yet, there is another side to the question. The Canadian Rockies are not a private estate. They are the property of the Canadian people, and the parks within them are maintained and paid for by this same people, for the benefit of anyone who may wish to go there, and who will obey the simple and necessary regulations. You and I may have one idea of what the mountains mean to us, what we can get from them for our own spiritual and physical well-being; our neighbors may have quite a different idea. Are we to shut them out because their ideas are different? One man goes to the Rockies to climb difficult peaks; another to camp in some spot that appeals to his imagination; another to ride the trails; another to fish; another to photograph inspiring scenes; another to gather alpine flowers; another to paint or try to paint mountain scenery. Some go for a rest; others for excitement. Some prefer to travel on foot; others find more pleasure in riding a sure-footed cayuse; many are content to drive in a motor car.

Hundreds of quite worthy people and good citizens prefer the luxuries of a mountain hotel to the comparative discomfort of a mountain camp. The compensations that you and I may find in the camp do not exist for them. They are content to admire Lake Louise from a hotel window, or Takkakaw from the seat of a motor-bus. Well, if that satisfies their aspirations, why should we quarrel with them? It's a big world and it's getting rather crowded as we know it today, and there is only one way of living in it with reasonable contentment, and that is by recognizing the right of the other fellow to follow his own trail in the way that seems to him best, so that he does not interfere unreasonably with my right to do the same. He surely is entitled to squeeze the juice out of his orange in his own way. We may think his fruit looks more like a lemon, but that's his affair; he thinks it's an orange, and that is all that matters.

After all, the groucher has no real grievance. If the Canadian Rockies were restricted to a very small area, and there was no possibility of getting away from the obnoxious tourists, hotels, dance halls, automobiles and other excrescences of civilization, he might have some real cause to complain. But in a region of mountain peaks, lakes, rivers and waterfalls, glaciers, alpine meadows and forests large enough to absorb a score of Swiss Alps, there is surely room and to spare for every one to whom the Rockies make an appeal, however remote.

All of which brings me to what my friend Bill, Rocky Mountain guide and best of companions, was saying not long ago. "This," said he, "is the end of the first leg."

"Whose leg?" I interrupted, with inane facetiousness.

Bill treated the remark with the contempt it deserved. "The first leg," he continued, "is what some day will be a trunk road for automobiles along the backbone of these Rockies, and through the finest scenery in the world, bar none."

WE WERE standing on the shores of Bow Lake, one of the loveliest of Rocky Mountain waters, and had travelled about twenty-five miles over a very easy trail from Louise. Bill proceeded to elaborate his theme, but what impressed me at the moment was the fact that the possibility of a motor highway could have any interest for a Rocky Mountain guide, anything in fact except contempt and bitter opposition. But Bill, like many other members of his

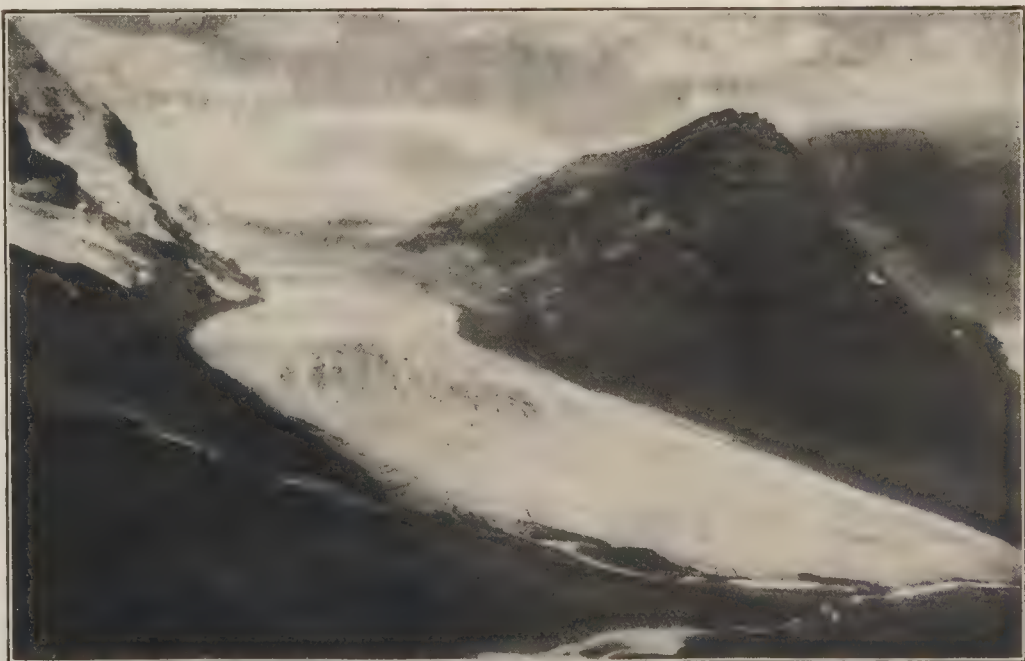
Continued on page 38



Beautiful Bow Lake, source of the Bow River. 25 miles from Lake Louise.



Pack train on the Columbia ice field. By crossing this ice field a roundabout journey of three days was saved. Waters from the ice in the immediate foreground flow into the Saskatchewan River and Hudson Bay.



Athabasca Glacier, 500 feet from the proposed motor road which will pass the glacier in the immediate foreground. The waters of this glacier flow into the Athabasca River and thence into the Arctic Ocean.

S W I F T



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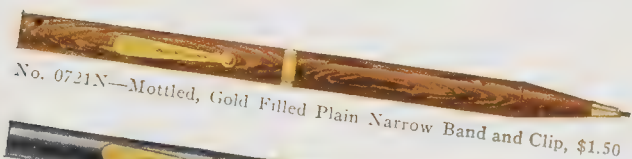
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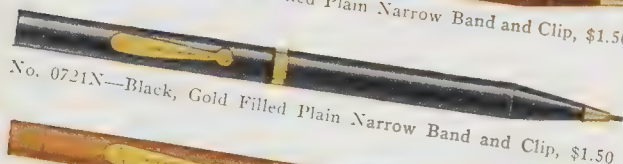
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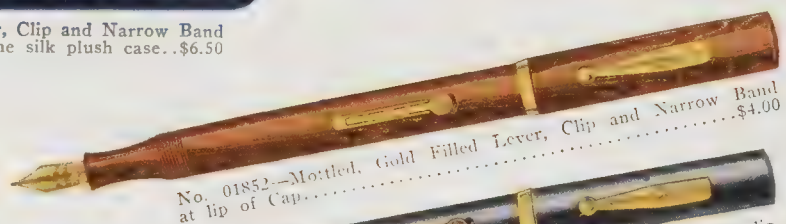


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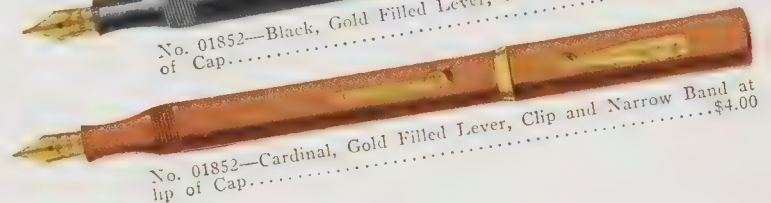
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PX-0752—Chased with Gold Filled Plain Band, Lever and Clip—pencil to match in handsome silk plush case.....\$7.50



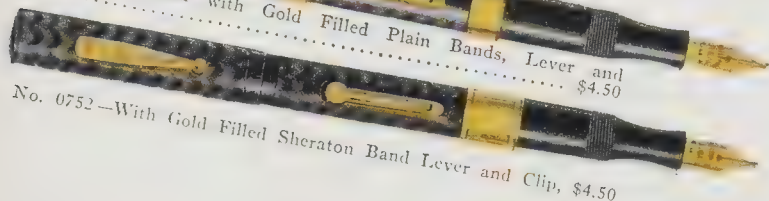
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Readers from Coast to Coast

EVIDENCE of the increasing nation-wide circulation of *The Western Home Monthly* comes pleasantly to *The Philosopher's* table in the form of letters from readers. In writing these words, *The Philosopher* likes to try to imagine the varied circumstances in which these words, when they stand in print on this page, will be read. One of the best pleasures in life is to think of your friends and try to see them, if they are distant from you, with "that inner eye which is the bliss of solitude." Pleasure and satisfaction come, too, from the knowledge that you have friends you have never met, but with whom, for all that, you have ties that are real. *The Western Home Monthly* has a character so intimate and particular that its readers are like a family, and *The Philosopher* is in such close communication, month after month, with the readers of this page that he likes to think, as he often says to himself and may have said before now, on this page, that he can feel vibrations passing both ways, from them to him as well as from him to them. He cannot begin to visualize with his mind's eye all his friends who will read these words, but he has great pleasure in thinking of the relations of intimacy established between him and them. Here are some paragraphs from a letter which arrived a little while ago from a reader in Whitby, Ontario, who signs his name Archie Campbell:

"Your comments on 'Old-fashioned Juicy Pies' have set me thinking of some of your readers in the West who in childhood days helped me to demolish thoroughly enjoyable juicy pies. Recently it was my lot to visit one family in the settlement from which they went to the West. On leaving I found on the back seat of my old car a basket of apples. Out on the road, through the swampy hollows and up over the sandy, water-rutted hills, my little daughter-companion was silent. Swinging onto the smoother highway, I turned and questioned her: 'Why so silent?'"

"'I didn't want to talk when you were so busy watching the rough, crooked road,' she said, 'but, Daddy, I was just thinking about what you read us from that magazine. Didn't Aunt Mary's pies taste good to you? My, they were juicy and fresh. And Mother's pies are just as good. I cannot get enough of them. Daddy—and there was real concern in her voice—don't they taste so good to you?'"

"I have often wondered whether the pies of today were the same kind of pies I enjoyed so much in my youthful days. But now I know. I agree with you. I know that I have changed. The juicy pies which the young people of today enjoy are just as temptingly appetizing and as good in every way as those pies of forty years ago."

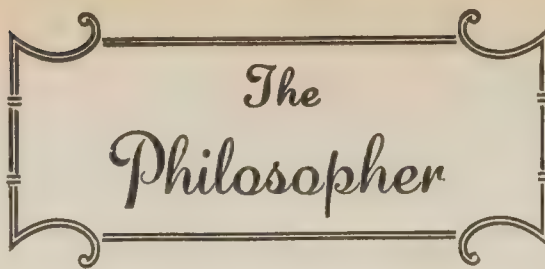
"One day during the recent election campaign a neighbor who was having dinner with us at my house was talking gloomingly about the country, and I pointed out to him my son, who was just tackling a large slice of luscious, thick apple pie, with abundant golden-brown juice. And as I helped both our visitor and myself to generous portions, I said: 'Canada is not doomed, so long as we can have apple pies like this!'"

From Whitby, down in Eastern Ontario, to Grande Prairie, out in Northern Alberta, is a long, long way. If the proverbial crow that is supposed to fly in a straight line were to start out northward from Whitby, it would have to keep going without stopping for more than two thousand miles before it came to Grande Prairie. If Mr. Campbell were to start from Whitby to travel to Grande Prairie by railway, he would have a journey of some 2,200 miles before him. From Grande Prairie comes a letter from Miss Annie G. Temple, who writes:

"In writing about the present fashion in women's clothes, you speak largely from the standpoint of hygiene, health, etc., as most men do when writing about women's clothes nowadays. You think it impossible that women will ever go back to such attire as they wore twenty-five years ago. They surely will, if it becomes the fashion again, for fashion, style, is the curse of women today. I was talking to two young women friends the other day and said that if the pendulum should swing back to the other extreme and long skirts become the style again, they would wear long skirts again. And the girls said, 'Sure, we all would, germs or no germs!' The factories are making clothes which no women of taste and refinement would look at, but everybody buys them. As for bobbed hair, it is becoming to some, and makes one look young. But I am an artist, and to artists the shingle is ugly. It seems to me that with all the movements and organizations there are in the world today to fit young women for life, they are not being taught that the sensuous mode of dressing of recent years is contrary to good taste, refined instincts and self-respect."

"I am one of the 'old people,' with a life full of trouble behind, and out of touch with things as they seem to be. But I try to cultivate a sense of humor and to find the bright side, which I know there is. My hearing is not good, but I thank God for sight, and I find many 'visions' of beauty, and many a 'sight' to laugh over. I can paint, and I can enjoy good reading."

If Miss Temple were to start to travel by railway eastward from her home in Grande Prairie to Whitby, and on to Sydney, down on the coast of Nova Scotia, she would have ahead of her a journey of nearly 3,500 miles across Canada. From away down in Sydney, on the Atlantic coast, comes a letter from a *Western Home Monthly* reader, Robert M. MacLeod, who writes: "You are right in saying that the first duty of every true Canadian is to do everything in his power to promote Canadian unity." From Sydney to Vancouver, from which several letters have been received during the past month, is a journey of more than



3,800 miles back across the continent. Truly we Canadians have received from the Canadians who were the makers of Canada a great inheritance. It is for us to develop a strong spirit of united Canadianism, which alone can make Canada great.

Adjusting Our Differences

IN LOOKING over the newspapers from all parts of the Dominion, it is encouraging to find that while there is not yet a complete disappearance of expressions of sectional discontents and grievances, there is increasing evidence of the growth of Canadian unity. True it is that the geography of Canada confronts us with some serious national problems. We Canadians are distributed across a continent. There are not as many of us yet as the Fathers of Confederation threescore years ago hoped and believed there would be by this time. Our country extends from ocean to ocean, with the Great Lakes and a large unsettled area separating Western Canada from Eastern Canada. But when we consider our advantages and weigh them in the balance against our disadvantages, we must say that there is no other country in the world which is so fortunate in its situation, its circumstances, its resources. What other people under the sun have as much reason as we have to face the future with confident optimism? In this spirit all the sectional differences and complaints we have in Canada can be smoothed out. As a matter of fact, Canada has no such internal discords and troubles as the United States has had in the past, and has in the present—for example, in the color problem. We have nothing that begins to be comparable with the dissention and acrimony between the Hindus and the Mussulmans in India, in regard to which Mahatma Gandhi said in a recent speech: "I would summon the representatives of the Hindus and Mussulmans, search their pockets and deprive them of all eatables and weapons, if they had any, and lock them together in one large assembly hall, and open it only after they had settled their quarrels and adjusted their differences." When our Dominion Parliament meets, there is no need of searching the pockets of the representatives from the different sections for weapons. As for shutting them up without food, that would not be practicable. Moreover, well-fed men are more likely to adjust their differences—unless they are suffering from indigestion. But seriously the adjustment of our differences must come, of course, not from Parliament, but from the people.

Who Can Keep Up With World News?

EVER since the beginning of the Great War there has been such an immense crop of news almost every day, sufficient, indeed, almost to make what would have been a year's harvest of news twenty years ago, that it is practically impossible for any individual to take it all in, even when it is arranged neatly for him in columns. One now dismisses the affairs of whole continents with a brief glance at the headlines. It is simply impossible to keep up with it all. A friend of *The Philosopher* says that for his part he has decided to give up reading about certain parts of the world and certain subjects. He says he has to do so, in self-defence. He hasn't time to read all the news every day. China is one of the countries he has given up reading about. He has not the least idea of what is happening in China. He is quite willing to believe that hundreds of millions of our fellow-beings are going through some crisis in that vast country, and quite possibly the ultimate fate of the whole world may be bound up with the outcome of what is going on in China now. But there are too many other complicated crises with which the fate of the world seems to be bound up. So that unless he protects himself somehow by ignoring some of them, he can never have even a moment's peace of mind. "Our civilization has produced so many disorders," he writes, "from cancer to communism, which all, as we read, threaten its very existence, that bewildered and baffled and unable to get a clear view of civilization at all, I have had to begin shrugging my shoulders at all this riot of startling news that we call the world."

Expounders of "Prophecies"

WITH the excessive rain in the West during September and the extraordinary storms which have visited several parts of this continent, it is remarkable that nobody on this side of the Atlantic, as far as *The Philosopher* is aware, has proclaimed that these disturbances were foretold by carvings on the Great Pyramid at Ghizeh, in Egypt. There are many books about the Pyramids in Egypt, especially about the Great Pyramid at Ghizeh, books full of reproductions of the carved hieroglyphic inscriptions on that ancient, massive structure, in which minds of a certain kind can find clues to all events past and future. Superstition will never die, as long as humanity lives. It is older than the Pyramids, and it exists in every land. Rev. Walter Wynn, of Chesham, in England, a minister of the United Free Church, is the latest expounder of the Ghizeh Pyramid as "a masonried cryptogram," a key to buried civilizations and to the history of generations yet to come. He announced early this year that he had found in that "divine clue to the historic record," as he declares it to be, predictions of British history since 1844, including the Great War and the general strike in May last. He proclaims also that he has found in these hieroglyphic inscriptions prophecies of another world war to begin in 1928 and to last until 1936, when it will end and be followed by the dawn of the millenium. He foretold that dire world events would occur on July 20 last. When that day came and went without any world catastrophe, he pointed to the death of Dzerzhinsky in Russia, the fall of the French franc and the religious trouble in Mexico, as fulfillments of his prediction. Later he explained that he had made a mistake in deciphering the hieroglyphics, and should have announced August 22 as the great day. But August 22 brought no world catastrophe either. Mr. Wynn, however, pointed to the disturbances in Greece, and his followers, it seems, were satisfied with that. It is strange that expounders of such "prophecies" always find people to take their vaporings seriously.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

IT SEEMS only yesterday that we were reading occasional paragraphs in the newspapers, about experiments that were being made by inventors who believed that a means of transmitting pictures by wire could be devised. The thing is now one of the scientific marvels of our time, which we accept as a matter of course. We have all seen in the newspapers pictures which were transmitted by wire as part of the news of the day. They were spotted and blurry, but you can make them out. It is now announced in an English scientific journal that the transmission of moving pictures by wireless is no longer a dream or an experiment, it is a fact. The inventor, whose name is Baird, is keeping his invention a secret. But before long, we read, it will be possible to purchase at a cost of "about thirty pounds"—say \$150—a magic box which will have not one aperture, like a camera, but two apertures, with eye-pieces through which you will look in and see the lighted screen on which you will behold the images and movements of distant persons. It will be possible, we learn further, to attach this box to a radio receiver, so that in addition to listening in you can look in at the same time. In a few years we may have become so accustomed to listening in and looking in at the same time—as we are accustomed now to the telephone and radio transmission and electric light and a hundred other marvels—that we shall take it as a matter of course when we turn the knobs and adjust the screws and arrange the other gadgets and then see as well as hear a great singer singing a thousand miles away, or two pugilists punching each other for a million dollars in front of an immense assemblage in New York, or a debate in the House of Commons at Ottawa, or whatever our choice may be of the things to be seen and heard. Such an invention, of course, will be made use of in connection with long distance telephoning. "But will all these wonders make the world any better?" a cynical moralizer may ask. "Is the millionaire child whose nursery is full of the costliest and most wonderful toys really any happier than the child with a few simple toys?" The cynical moralizer is wrong. These wonders are not toys. Those we have already are helping to make the world better. The ones to come will help to make it still better.

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Advice to Young Men

IN 1829, one William Cobbett wrote a book under the title of "Advice to Young Men" and the favor with which the work was received has continued to this day, so that in the general lists of a number of publishers, reprints of Cobbett's books are included.

Copies of "Advice to Young Men" may be procured of any large bookseller. The edition published by Ward, Lock & Company is of convenient pocket size, and attractively printed. In the hope that some young men may be stimulated to the purchase of this book, the following sentences are reproduced from its pages. These alone do not do justice to the work and style of the author but they will indicate something of his arguments.

1. It is the duty, and ought to be the pleasure, of age and experience to warn and instruct youth, and to come to the aid of inexperience.

2. Start, I beseech you, with a conviction firmly fixed on your mind, that you have no right to live in this world—that, being of hale body and sound mind, you have no right to any earthly existence, without doing work of some sort or other.

3. The sports of the field are best of all, because they are conducive to health, because they are enjoyed by daylight, and because they demand early rising.

4. "Show me a man's companions," says the proverb, "and I will tell you what that man is," and this is, and must be true; because all men seek the society of those who will think and act somewhat like themselves.

5. It is said by country people that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than two are worth after midnight; and this I believe to be a fact; but it is useless to go to bed early, and even to rise early, if the time be not well employed after rising.

6. Men fail much oftener from want of perseverance than from want of talent and of good disposition: as the race was not to the hare but to the tortoise; so the meed of success in study is not to him who is in haste, but to him who proceeds with a steady and even step.

7. Now then, in order to act well our part as citizens or members of the community, we ought clearly to understand what our rights are; for on the enjoyment of these depend our duties, rights going before duties, as value received goes before payment.

8. There are always men enough to plead the cause of the rich, enough and enough to echo the woes of the fallen great; but be it your part to show compassion for those who labor, and to maintain their rights.

9. Be obedient where obedience is due; for it is no act of meanness, and no indication of want of spirit, to yield implicit and ready obedience to those who have a right to demand it at your hands.

10. It is the mind that lives; and the length of life ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days.

Choosing Your Life Work

ARTICLE No. 9.—In this month's article, consideration is given to certain standards of selection and planning that have been prepared by experts who have carried on investigations in large cities or over extensive areas. The sources of information are indicated at the close of each section.

1. How is the occupation important for the welfare of society?

2. What kind of tasks does the worker perform?

3. What are the advantages of following this occupation?

4. What are the disadvantages and problems?

5. How can a person prepare for this calling?

6. What other qualities and characteristics must he have?

7. What income may be expected?

8. Does the occupation help the worker to live a good life as a citizen and as a private individual?—From Gowin and Wheatley's occupations.

1. History, development and future of the occupation.

2. Relation to other occupations.

3. Comparison with other occupations.

4. From what occupation may one enter this calling?

5. Does the occupation lead to a better vocation?

6. Instances of successful service in this occupation.

7. Are the workers organized into unions or other associations?

8. What laws influence or control the work or workers?—From Gowin and Wheatley's Occupations.

Ask a group of men: "Why did you choose this occupation?" and the answers will be:

"Because that was what the other boys did."

"Because I happened to get a job at that trade."

"Because I could make more money at that than anything else."

Many could not answer this question at all, for the simple reason that they had never chosen a career, but just happened into it, and were without any definite purpose in following it. The impossibility of good results under such circumstances is self-evident. It is not putting it too strongly to say that it is every man's duty to get into the right place, no matter what the sacrifice in the beginning.—From Rosengarten's Choosing Your Life Work.

The whole problem of employment is to find the right man for the right place. Clearly, the right place for a man is where he can do the best work, earn the most money, and be the most contented. Since a man can do best the work he likes best, the safest rule for choosing a vocation is: Follow your liking. Your natural liking for a certain line of work is a pretty safe indication that you have some natural ability for that work.—From Barrett's Getting a Good Job.

Ordinarily, you learn of possible jobs in one of five ways:

1. Through answering Help Wanted advertisements in newspapers, trade journals, or general magazines.

2. Through answers received from Situation Wanted advertisements placed by you in the same publications.

3. Through notices of civil service examinations for municipal, state, or federal positions.

4. Through sending circular letters of application to concerns that might have a vacancy in your line.

5. Through being notified of a vacancy by some one with inside knowledge—as an employer, friend, or employment agent.—From Barrett's Getting a Good Job.

To prove you worthy of consideration, your letter of application should cover six general points:

1. Your ability to fill the job, as shown by your training and experience.

2. Proof of your ability, as furnished by the recommendations of present or former employers.

3. Your reason for leaving your present place, if now employed.

4. Salary expected, and when you can begin work.

5. Personal information showing you to be of good character.

6. Proof of your good character, as shown by character references.—From Barrett's Getting a Good Job.

The books mentioned in these references are recommended to young men who wish to make a more thorough study of vocational requirements and possibilities.

On Reading

READING without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.—Bulwer-Lytton.

If I were to pray for a taste which would stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown on me, it would be a taste for reading.—Sir John Herschel.

Answers to Enquires

INQUIRIES continue to come in with reference to some of the problems confronting young men. Perhaps the majority of these inquiries relate to the problem of entering upon a life career. This is but natural and it is gratifying to learn that so many young men wish to plan definitely for a life work rather than to drift into any position that may appear to turn up.

At the same time, it is interesting to speculate upon the problem of whether we are completely masters of our destinies in the choosing of the work we would like to do. To quote Shakespeare from memory: "There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." Many a young man has found work in an unexpected way. Perhaps the work has not been altogether congenial and perhaps there was the intention to abandon it at the first opportunity, and yet in the passing of time the work has presented new interests and new aspects, so that one may look back and say: "I am not so sure that I would have chosen such work but it has given me many opportunities to serve society, and I am fortunate to be in the position that I am today."

Others may think that they have been square pegs in round holes and that had they planned and chosen more definitely they might today find their situation more attractive than it is.

It seems to be common sense, however, in these days of competition and specialization to plan and to prepare for a place in the world of affairs. But the thoughtful youth should, and no doubt does, realize that a higher will than his own is also at work, and that while he may have plans of his own, it may be necessary to set them aside for the fulfilment of purposes which God may reveal in due time.

The correspondence service will be continued during the fall and winter months. As a rule, answers will be forwarded promptly, but there may be some delay whenever it is necessary to write away for information or to consult with experts or specialists in particular branches.

Readers who forward letters of inquiry concerning vocational or other problems, are asked to include a stamped addressed envelope with their letters.

The Young Man and His Bible

ARTICLE No. 10.—In the Bible Reader's Companion, to which reference has been made previously, in an interesting section known as "First Aid" Scripture reading. "These portions of scripture that are selected are for you in your emergency."

When men fail you, read Psalm 139.

When you worry, read Matthew 6: 19-34; Psalm 43.

When in sickness, read Psalm 41.

When you are in danger, read Psalm 91.

When you have the blues, read Psalm 34.

When you are discouraged, read Isaiah 40.

When your faith seems failing, read Hebrews 11.

When you want courage, read Joshua 1: 1-9.

When the world seems bigger than God, read Psalm 90.

When you want rest and peace, read Matthew 11: 25-30.

When you leave home for travel, read Psalm 121.

When you grow bitter or critical, read 1 Corinthians 13.

When you think of investments, read Mark 10: 17-31.

The Bible abounds in plain truth, expressed in plain language; in this it surpasses all other books.—Whelpley.

The Word of God is solid, it will stand a thousand readings; and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and the most carefully, is the surest of finding new wonders there.—James Hamilton.

If you are ever tempted to speak lightly or think lightly of it, just sit down and imagine what this world would be without it. No Bible! A wound and no cure, a storm and no covert, a condemnation and no shrift, a lost eternity and no ransom! Alas for us if this were all; alas for us if the ladder of science were the only stair to lead us up to God!—R. R. Meredith.



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

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BY running your tongue across your teeth, a film will be felt—a slippery sort of coating. Recent dental research reveals this film as a chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums—the source of most dull teeth, a chief cause of many gum disturbances.

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Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and of most gum disorders.

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Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel. At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today.

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form. It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. And thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and

form acids. No other method known to science embodies protective agents like those found in Pepsodent.

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Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go.

Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.



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Winning to the Arctic

How I Won My Way
By Donald Gillingham

ALL through my young days I had secretly nursed a desire to see that vast white land, the Arctic. My appetite for books of romance and adventure about the north-

land was insatiable. Scott, Peary, Stefansson, Nansen, Franklin and others were my boyhood heroes. Far into the night I used to lie with my head buried in one of their volumes. My mind journeyed away from my little room and rode with the explorers across endless snowfields, or hunted with Eskimo the floundering walrus in foam-lashed waters. Between my twelfth and my seventeenth years the longing to travel to the Arctic became all-consuming. Then one day in February, just shortly after my eighteenth birthday the chance came from an unexpected source. I was in the street car on my way home from the University of British Columbia, which I was attending, when in the newspaper of the day I saw an announcement which woke stronger than ever my fever for Arctic travel:

"Hudson Bay Steamer 'Baychimo' Is Overhauled for Arctic Cruise."

Briefly the article set forth that the steamship would be taking supplies to far northern points never before reached by a large vessel—fur posts in the very land of the primitive Copper Eskimo.

The "Baychimo" was a large steel vessel replacing the schooner "Lady Kindersley" which had perished in the polar pack the previous year, its crew only escaping with their lives after a terrible journey over the ice. At once I was hopeful that on so large a vessel I might secure a position; it mattered not what, so long as I could journey to that land of my cherished dreams.

The next day I got a boat and rowed to the ship, which was anchored half a mile from shore in the harbor of Vancouver. To me there seemed to lurk about this rusty steel ship an air of antiquity, romance and mystery born of her many years of voyaging along the Siberian coast. The captain was away, but the mate received me kindly and told me to come back in a few days. There followed days and days of returning, but the captain was always away. At last I caught him one evening just as he was alighting on shore from his launch. He was a short, thick-set man with a red face. I introduced myself timidly and explained my mission. He was a tough customer indeed. He kept on walking ahead of me in a provokingly indifferent manner. On learning that I had no experience whatsoever he waved me aside with gruff dismissal. "You're no good to me." Still I tagged along at his side in a hot sweat, arguing, entreating. Perhaps my earnestness appealed to him, or he chose this method to be rid of me, for after I had followed him for about a block, he whirled around: "I may take on two deck boys; look me up in two weeks."

At the end of that time I again saw the captain. He said: "Come back in a few days," and his manner was not encouraging.

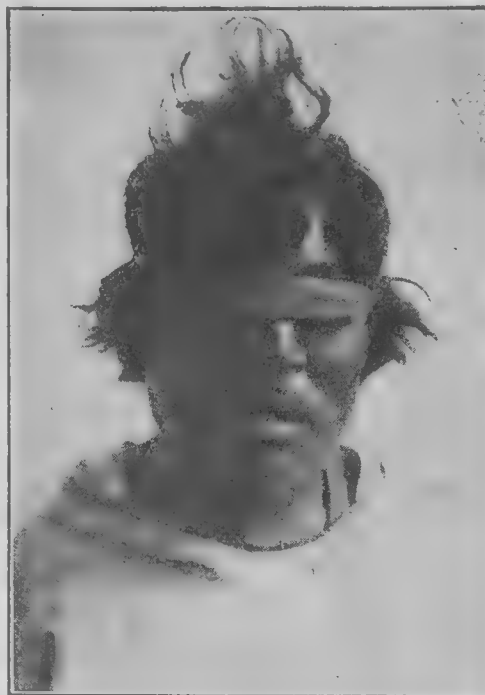
Time sped rapidly. The overhauled ship drew in to the dock to take on cargo. Hope failing of the captain hiring me, I turned to the chief steward. He was an irritable little man, and told me plainly he wanted a real experienced "he-man," no soft high-school boy.



1—Donald Gillingham on board the "Baychimo"

Introduction

In recent days the eyes of the world have been turned toward the Arctic as never before. So at this time the following story of how a boy of 18 years of age won his way to the farthest outposts of the north on the first large ship ever to enter the North-West Passage is of particular interest. For within this boy burned the same spirit of adventure that has animated the hardy Arctic explorers of all time. And on the remarkable voyage of the trading steamer "Baychimo" he found hardship, excitement, danger and thrills, and contact with the primitive Eskimo at the top of the world. I recommend his true recital to every boy reader, and adult ones as well, feeling sure that in the following tales they will find, as I did, a greater interest than in any work of fiction. (Francis Dickie).



2—Wooden snow goggles used by the Eskimo to prevent snow blindness

In a few days the ship was to sail. For the tenth time I returned and met the captain on the wharf. He tried to pass, but I blocked his way. He swore vehemently, and to squelch my persistence yelled: "Why should I take a college boy when I have the whole waterfront to choose from."

Still persisting, I later slipped aboard and again saw the steward. But once more he refused me. Utterly crushed in spirit, I walked along the steel deck . . . nothing, nothing for all my days of endeavor. I had just stepped upon the gangway, when from behind me a deep voice asked, kindly, it seemed: "Did you get fixed up?" It was the mate who had been very friendly on my first visit nine weary weeks before. "No; no luck." I moved

young fellows, the vessel sailed a few hours later. Toward midnight of that day I got my first view of the ice-locked polar sea. It was still bright daylight as the ship began threading through the broken ice pack.

Acres of white pans, huge dripping snow capped bergs and dirty masses of old, undermined ice floated quietly past.

On the third day of the four hundred mile battle with the ice, I was down in the fo'castle cleaning out the dingy room. Above me and all around came the thunder and roar of ice as it rolled along the steel sides of the ship. Suddenly from the crows-nest the ice-pilot cried: "Starboard a bit . . . slow!" Then the telegraph bell tinkled and the engines ceased. A terrific jar shook the whole ship. I was hurled against the wall amidst a shower of chattering plates and pans. On deck

someone shouted; the ship rolled drunkenly. Instinctively I rushed on deck. Along with other hurrying members of the crew I ran to the fore-castle head and gazed anxiously over the starboard bow. The captain stormed on the bridge.

"Twenty feet of her side smashed in, sir."

Orders were hurriedly given. The ship backed away from a solid pan of ice, and headed rapidly for shore two miles away. Anchoring in shallow water a boat was lowered to determine the extent of the damage. Soon the report came from below: "She's not leaking; no rivets sprung; only plates pushed in and ribs cracked. We're quite safe."

I learned from those who were on deck at the time of the accident that the ship was rammed by a flow of sea ice, glanced off and struck a pan from the Mackenzie River. Fresh water ice is very much harder than ice formed of salt water.

Proceeding on through the far-stretching ice-field we reached Herschel Island, remaining four days unloading cargo. At an Eskimo home of palatial proportions I secured my Arctic outfit and donned it and took a photograph of myself, as seen in photograph 1.

The ship had orders to steam several thousand miles eastward, farther than any large vessel had previously been. To cover all this treacherous and for the most part uncharted water within two months and get back around Point Barrow before the immense polar pack swung down and sealed the ship in for another year, necessitated unusual haste in unloading the cargo

at the eight Hudson's Bay posts. It was not uncommon for the crew to labor twenty-four hours at a stretch, with only half an hour off for each meal. In the Arctic there are no wharves to tie up alongside, and the water near the posts is so shallow that our ship had to anchor several miles offshore from each place. Two large scows and a towing launch, all carried on the steamer's deck, were used to overcome the transportation difficulties, as shown in photograph 3. We slaved day and night through freezing blizzards and howling gales, with spray freezing to our clothes, during almost every August day. Besides handling cargo on an average of eighteen hours a day for many days at a stretch, other things, far more appealing to me, cried for my attention. I had brought with me a reflex camera and two hundred films. But the captain told me I was not to take photographs

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3—Two large scows and a towing launch were used to overcome the transportation difficulties

on drearily. "Wait," he called. "I've been watching you coming here. As you're so anxious to get on, I'll give you a deckboy's job at \$25 a month. Of course, you'll have to rough it with the gang in the fo'castle."

ON JULY 7th the steamer departed for the Arctic, and 19 days later reached Point Barrow, the most northerly tip of Alaska, where I got my first view of the Eskimo. Thirteen modern young Eskimos, brilliantly clad in blue, yellow and red snow shirts came aboard, and shook hands all around. They were handsome fellows, immaculately dressed, with nicely parted hair and clean-shaven necks, entirely different from what I had imagined, and, therefore, a bit disappointing. They spoke English fluently, and could read and write legibly, having attended the splendid mission school at this point. Taking on as extra crew six of these



November days, crisp and bracing, ideal for the week end cross-country jaunt, make the Tudor sedan doubly enjoyable. Large disappearing windows make it as airy as any open car; or if desired, the snug fitting windows and doors give a delightfully cozy and comfortable interior. Pleasing upholstery harmonizes with the optional body colors of moleskin and gray.

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P R O D U C T S O F T R A D I T I O N A L Q U A L I T Y

Magic Casements

By Lyn Tallman

"THE closest friend I have," says my views on pictures and picture framing have "new slants." This encouraged me to attempt this article telling about my own shadow-loves, pictures, in their sunny "magic casements," gilded frames. Not that there are more than a modest few pictures on the walls of the small living room; but the individualized few and framing of the few might interest the average home person more than a description of the choice and framing of a large collection.

Rich dull gilt for picture frames suggests "Charmed magic casements opening on . . . fairy-lands . . ." For etchings, Japanese prints, and pictures with dark and sepia tones the slight but telling and sufficient accent of narrow dark frames surrounding white or creamy mats, is used. With narrow or no mat such pictures seem dim. The wide light mat supplies the prim but cheering influence of a white pinafore against a dark dress; to use an old-fashioned comparison. Thus etchings are framed with almost a starched dignity, with just an edging of severe clerical black.

I like a generous width of mat on almost all pictures framed with mats. The pictures with all the mat their size or boldness of detail can occupy without being lost, have the effect to me of being generously treated; of being considered of enough importance, as pictures, to be treated with this dignity of space. There is less temptation to crowd pictures treated like this in hanging them. They have to be hung with some space between them, or, with light wide borders, they seem cramped. All this draws attention to the importance of the picture which if it is a picture of any distinction at all it deserves; apart from that, if it can take the wide mat a picture becomes more decorative in bringing light-accent to a room. This does not apply to little prints tucked here and there like gems in the setting.

As "magic casements" picture-frames are windows through which the pictures, the enchanted scenes, lead the eyes and touch and rest the imagination, the pictures, of medium size, should be scattered somewhat evenly about the room, so that, without being conscious of them, the eyes gently encountering them on every side, the imagination will be continually refreshed. I have small or average rooms in mind. The vivid large painting or distinguished portrait in oils I would keep—if I owned it—in my dining-room, where, a stimulating treat, it would be seen a few times in the day. In a small room or any living-room a large imposing picture arrests the attention too much for day-by-day comfort; not but what there are large pictures which are not imposing in rooms which suit them.

The owners of rooms with pictures large in proportion in them, are able to employ two life's settings at once because of a usual form of furnishing and decorating, the creating just for comfort's sake of a little room within a room with fireside groups of Chesterfields and easy chairs and smaller objects pleasant to look at on incidental tables near, combining the close at hand comfort and details of a smaller place with a background of size. Morning rooms, dressing-rooms, sun-rooms, are also used for hours of comfortable relaxation.

Some period rooms seem to call for special pictures; some rooms to require the dignity of oils.

The point I wanted to make was that a small place may be quietly distinguished without the use of pictures and objects out of proportion to its size.

As a rule it is said, pictures should be hung with their tops in alignment. It seems to me that the artist's viewpoint should be considered. If he saw his picture at a certain angle, painted it lying below the level of his eyes, or above, ought not his picture to be adjusted slightly out of alignment with the pictures painted seen on the level? This view has been corroborated by an artist's opinion. Putting up pictures with this idea as a guide presents problems. The pictures are to be hung "scattered somewhat evenly." The wall itself becomes a simple design when problems of relating colors, apportioning space, and avoidance of all unusual effects, have been solved. When pleasantly exercising one's taste, at the picture framers—he has developed tastes of his own—with his help, trying on a picture different widths, thicknesses, and shades of mats with different designs, widths and depths of mouldings, calling to mind the picture-hung walls of the room into which the picture

is to be brought may influence the choice of a frame, possibly toward simplicity.

Pictures hung in a line, up high, give a funny or cold effect of pride; so not too far either below or above the level of the eyes accordingly as the artist visioned his subject, "below or above," and, if possible, on a level with our eyes, was my choice.

Certain pictures are attractive hung in nicely balanced groups, for instance, reposeful scenes, or pictures in which design is more important than sentiment of subject. A picture group may express a mood or a contrast.

The first pictures we bought were a number of small prints of good paintings; these first pictures have been put away. They were, after all, reproductions of reproductions of nature, sometimes once or twice removed by printing processes; reduced to a small scale, the composition, arrangement and form, the glory of the great masters, become obvious, in some cases, florid; if printed in colors, the varying effects of the original warm tints, crowded in little space, extinct—hardened. In other words, they were cheap prints. I would prefer, myself, one little two-by-four inches, original water color of a characteristic bend of the fields near our city; or the recognizable portrait of a little dancing ash tree painted from life by someone who could handle his medium with sympathy even if not wholly with mastery.

Some good large prints of large paintings are as expensive as little originals—these were not the kind we owned—and these carefully made prints are effectively decorative as well as appealing. All some people ask of a picture is that it be decorative. I see I am arguing against a maxim in decorating, to "buy good prints rather than cheap originals." I agree with this when "good prints" mean prints made almost wholly by hand process. But pictures of merit by Canadian artists can be bought by the average purchaser.

There is one kind of a reproduction of a painting or sketched design that does not lose in the process of being re-faced, as it were; that is, the prints copied by the artists themselves from their own works, such as color wood-block prints. In the color wood-block prints of Mr. W. J. Phillips the composition of the original water color comes into new prominence in the print. The fewer details and clear blended colors add an Ariel effect to a scene, now seemingly glimpsed in a moment of simple happy insight, while the original water color shows the conscientious "drawing" which made both it and its fairy successor, the print, works of art.

I look on, first, color wood-block prints, and second, etchings, then, color etchings and black and white line prints or wood-cuts, as being as satisfying to the imaginations of their daily observers as almost any small pictures that enlighten walls.

I would like to introduce the pictures on the walls of this little living-room—in their frames. We would like to own some time a number of Mr. W. J. Phillips' color wood block prints. At present we have one print, "Morning." I saw the photograph of "Morning" in an advertisement in a magazine. It answered a requirement of ours of our picture-possessions, that they should remind us of the known, the well-liked, or the romantic. "Morning" reminded us of the known, the well-liked and the romantic, fulfilling our three tenets by which we avoid the skin-deep effect of the room lined with pictures bought for decorative purposes only.

"Morning" is a picture of a sky; mauve-slate clouds shuddering up in the East to almost the height of purest morning blue. They cower beneath rafts of opalescence, the sun's pallid yellow light, which permeates them through their thin ragged gaps. The cool dawning light-slants, promising greater warmth, across a morning-misted blue lake. A plume of pine needles hangs down and crosses the line of view of the beholder—the one looking out the "magic casement," at morning.

In this case, the magic window-frame is a pale narrow gilt frame, lightly patterned, surrounding a wide white mat.

I have a picture, a gift from Miss Kristine Frederickson, drawn by the loosely-held pen and colored with palest aqua-tints. It is a picture of a little girl seated on cushioning grass. In the background are wind-blown white western trees. In the foreground is a twisty "knowing-looking"

tree; beside it, peering around and into its bark-secrets as if the tree had pockets with sugar-plums inside them, are "leggy" fairies. Fairies might be understood to be included in any picture. These fairies are but plain to be seen! Because of the fairies of which the little girl is day-dreaming as they hover near, the frame window-casing through which they are glimpsed is a plain bright gold frame with a slightly beaded edge and a dim gold mat; gold for fairies.

A small water-color all in moonlight shades of blue has a scalloped gold frame narrowly accented inside with another plain black moulding, but no mat.

Two water-colors of Western scenes by Miss Frederickson, one depicting a midsummer hazy duck slough, the other, prancing farm horses, are framed in heavy but not wide, dull gold, little worked, with cream mats touched inside with black. Gold mats are pretty but seem to boldly out-face the delicacy of many water-colors.

Miss Frederickson, the Christmas before last, gave us a delicate sepia pencil sketch, exquisitely executed, of a wide-skirted lady with a fan stepping out of a path of tall white lilies. Blue sky is like the ramparts of the fair lady's heaven. A green shadow hovers on the grass at her feet. An opal yellow tint billows on the dress of the lady with the fan. I wondered how I could frame this picture-dress. No mat was needed as the drawing was fittingly placed in the midst of a fine white egg-shell paper. If I chose a gilt frame even lightly rosetted or figured, design in it would be belittling of the finer shades of this little work of art. I chose the moulding in which the "Morning" print by Mr. W. J. Phillips is framed; of narrow, palest gold, with an almost indistinguishable tracing of design.

To friends I gave away all but two of a sheet of Le Blond tiny needle box prints. I kept for ourselves the young Queen Victoria, and her Prince Consort, in their royal robes and of course we look at them—penny doll size—through appropriate deep shadow-box frames with their reserved black severity curving like a bow to their majesties between rows and layers of gilt.

There is an old Japanese print which we chose from a roll of many old prints, sold, the Japanese dealer told us, by impoverished Japanese families. This, we bought at Toyo's in Vancouver. It has the conventional narrow black moulding outside, and wide white mat, surrounding a cross-looking murderer, the murderer's son, and the murderer's "noble" assassin, an avenging former servant of the murderer's victim disguised in Buddhist priest's dress. Their terrifying faces appear in gourds whose vines and leaves wander over the dark background of the print. It is all in colors too darkly vivid to go any place in a living-room but high up, half-hidden on a dark corner shelf. The faces glare down typifying hate, fear, and nobility.

A tiny etching of Notre Dame Cathedral, which Miss Eva Clare sent me from Paris when she was there recently, I had framed in the usual way, with a narrow black moulding and cream mat. It hangs in the hall beside the telephone, where our conversations should be nobly inspired by the fairy-like beauty of the rose window.

A vigorous black-and-white pencil drawing by Miss Annie Collie—a pupil of Mr. A. J. Musgrove's—is framed in bold black and white like an etching. I had to have a gilt frame painted black to get the strong running design required in the moulding. In this picture, a boy and girl run hand in hand down a windy woods-path resembling a road known and loved on the treed river bank of one of Winnipeg's suburbs. The moulding will have to be painted again as the gold is beginning to show through.

Another treasure, though tiny, here in the living room is a hand-colored steel engraving, "By the Cottage Door." There is all this and more in a print measuring an inch and a quarter by an inch and a half.

The little cottage is vine-covered. The woman sitting by the open door with her bird in a cage sunning above her head is attending to some needle-work. There is a bunnies' house, a sort of tent of sticks with three plump green cabbages nearby, for the shyly-hidden bunny inmates. There are hens, and the rooster, and trees, and the shingles can be seen on the roof, the leaves on the trees, as well as the suggestive broom leaning against the door-sill.

Continued on page 86



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By W. H. M. Librarian

It is a Long Road to Happiness

I WONDER if May Sinclair was thinking this when she chose "Far End" for the title of her latest novel (Hutchinson & Co.). There seems to be a tinge of allegory in this title, seeing that Hilda and Christopher, after much sorrow, find happiness again in the home they had deserted for twelve years. But "Far End" had remained faithful, and when they returned, the house stood "shining and firm, most real among realities."

I loathe reading reviews of books that I intend to read for myself. But every once in a while, so anxious am I to know something about books by writers who appeal to me, I allow myself to be tempted. I then read the literary pages of several papers, and I come across something like this for instance:

"May Sinclair Disappoints. . . The story, which is almost entirely told in short clipped sentences, as if the author had meant to write a play and changed her mind at the last moment, is about an extremely dull novelist who deserts his equally dull wife in favor of a sensual pretty typist. This is the book of a brilliant writer who for once is tired."

I realize that I have laid a trap for myself. If I loathe reading reviews of books I intend to read, then perhaps the readers of the Western Home Monthly dislike this page of mine! But I put forward this plea. As a professional book reviewer, I do not like to risk being biased by another reviewer's opinions—for then I would not be giving my best work to my own readers.

For instance, I have an entirely different tale to tell about "Far End." Had May Sinclair been "tired" as the reviewer I have just quoted said, she certainly could never have written "Far End." She could never have given us that exquisite description of the house and garden nor could she have painted that shining picture of the golden Cecily, whose goodness is extraordinarily felt as one reads about her and her short-lived mortal happiness, for one feels that when she dies she enters upon some state of happiness we can't understand. But we know it is waiting for Cecily and her dead soldier husband.

Then let us turn to the other young couple, Christopher and Hilda, who must carry on. They have been crushed by the death of Cecily (Christopher's sister) and her husband Maurice. Their own great happiness seems broken by their grief. So they leave "Far End" where they were all so gloriously happy together and make their home in London.

Christopher, the novelist, is not dull. He is an egoist as all creative artists must be. He is a normal man and therefore one is not altogether surprised that his body is unfaithful to his wife while his mind remains loyal. Had there been no screaming baby, had Hilda been free to remain his constant companion, had the typist not decided to seduce her employer, had Christopher not been emotionally starved at a period of his life when the physical was clamorous—well, the story would not have been written. But no one can accuse Christopher of being dull, nor Miss Sinclair of being tired, because circumstances were such and her psychology, as always, perfect. Nor is Hilda to be passed over as an equally dull wife. She is a fine thinking, well balanced woman, with a great desire to be just to her erring husband. Jealous? Of course she is. But her jealousy is not degrading. It fills her with righteous anger, and she behaves accordingly. The righteous anger has its effect. Christopher puts an end to his liaison with Mona. But Hilda is still a long way from happiness: for now Christopher is to remain faithful in body, unfaithful in mind. The sophisticated, clever Mrs. Templeton becomes his mental companion, receiving all his literary confidences, becoming the source of his inspiration and the name on the dedication page of his novels. Hilda

finds this second infidelity harder to bear than the first.

I do not find this the work of a "tired" woman. It is a fine alert picture of two disloyalties. I do not find Hilda a "dull" woman: were she dull she would have been quite satisfied that her husband, after a final adieu with Mona, the typist, had brought her his caresses. But she suffered more deeply when his mind—or shall we say his spirit—went astray with Mrs. Templeton. It was not "weariness" that forced May Sinclair to send Christopher and Hilda back to "Far End." It was the sure stroke of an artist, who was quite aware that despite all surface blemishes the love between Christopher and Hilda was sweet at the core; nor was May Sinclair permitting herself, as one reviewer suggested, "fatal facility" when she gave us this magnificent concluding passage. "Far End" stood shining and firm, most real among realities; the house was faithful: it remembered. It kept all their memories, made tender and sweet with time. It reunited them and they were at peace. It brought them back to themselves and to each other. Back to reality, to love and trust and the good happiness of every day: to the kind and simple things that endure forever."

The Unseen Influence

BEING a lover of Robert Hichens, I hastened after his latest novel, "The God Within Him" (Methuen & Co.). I

am greatly disappointed with this extremely long novel—528 closely printed pages.

Most of you will remember either the book, or the play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." You will remember how the mysterious man who takes the third floor back influences for good all the inmates of that drab boarding house. You will remember how this man (those who saw the play must always say Forbes Robertson) shows the Jew that it is wrong to cheat: teaches the unhappily married couple to love again; prevents a sweet young girl from selling herself to a man whom she does not love, and compels, without saying a word, a middle-aged woman to wash the paint from her face, the dye from her hair and to face the world for the first time in many years as Nature intended her to be. Such in brief was the plot of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by Jerome K. Jerome.

Now Robert Hichens gives us in the place of the lodger, Peter Kharkoff, the Jew. No one knows from whence he has come, who he is, what is his work, whether he is going. But Imogen, a very young but sadly sophisticated girl of wealthy parentage, feels compelled to wash the rouge from her lips. Miss Creswell, a spinster of irreproachable character, living her life in the shadow of the cathedral walls, is suddenly smitten with an irresistible impulse to rush off to Switzerland, that she may be near this Peter, whose eyes met hers for the

space of a second. Canon Barrimore, brilliant, self-satisfied, autocratic leader of his aristocratic flock, is forced—cause unknown—to add a verbal postscript to his sermon contradicting everything he has said so eloquently five minutes before. Peter Kharkoff is at work! Just as one knew from the minute the curtain rose on the first act of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" that the mysterious tenant, with his romantic cape, was going to affect the lives of all who came in contact with him; was, in fact, a materialized conscience, so one knows from the very beginning of Robert Hichens' bulky novel that Peter Kharkoff was but an allegory dressed up in coat and trousers.

Someone said to me this morning, "What is 'The God Within Him' like?" I replied, "It is 'The Third Floor Back' rehearsed." In the place of the gentleman with a cape wandering through a small tenement house we have Peter Kharkoff in ordinary clothes doing far more astonishing things all over Europe.

Ship Ahoy!

I HAVE never looked through the window of a shipping company without wondering who was responsible for the building of the model ships, and without feeling a great desire to own one. A book has just reached me that answers my first question and makes possible my ambition, "Ship Model Making," by Capt. E. Armitage McCann (The Norman W. Henry Publishing Co., New York), tells us just how to make a perfect model of a C.P.R. ship, or, be we more romantically minded, a picturesque Spanish treasure galleon of the 17th century. This is a most unique and fascinating book. It inspires one to lay aside the pen and immediately take to ship modelling. A drawing to scale of every part required has been given by the author, and he tells us how to make these parts and how to fasten them together. Personally, I now feel quite competent to make spars and sails and rig a ship!

Next Saturday afternoon I shall wander through the historic Kensington Gardens until I come to the Round Pond. There I shall find without a doubt dozens of white-haired men with youthful eyes racing their model ships. With Capt. McCann's book under my arm I shall engage one of these bold pirates in conversation in order that I may display my nautical knowledge. In all probability I shall soon gather around me a crowd of interested listeners; for in Hyde Park one has only to mount a soap box to draw a crowd within a few moments, so why not in Kensington Gardens? Perhaps I shall not do this after all. But shall build first a model, according to Capt. McCann's plan, of a Barbary Pirate Felucca, and when it is completed I shall take it to the Round Pond; astonish the ducks, and cause great envy in all the ancient mariners. But joking apart, this is really a fascinating book for men who love ships, and for all boys who have a passion for building.

For Mental Specialists

I HAVE just received a very impressive book, "Mind and Its Disorders," by W. H. B. Stoddart, M.D., F.R.C.P. (London: H. K. Lewis & Co., Ltd.). Medical men of Canada will doubtless be well acquainted with this book, for this is the fifth edition of what has become the standard work on the subject. It has, in fact, been the leading text book in England for many years. Dr. Stoddart, whom I have the good fortune to know, personally, tells me that he has revised the whole of the book for this fifth edition, added a few more illustrations and brought it thoroughly up to date. The author had a letter from a medical man who had been reading "Mind and Its Disorders" in Thursday Island! The University of Reykjavik in Iceland lists Dr. Stoddart's book as the official text book. Not so very long ago an English medical student resident in Berlin was

My Beautiful Land of Thought

By A. E. Wilton

WANDERING at twilight in a fragrant, ferny glen, I espied a sparkling rill a-murmuring its lullaby to the noisy creatures of Day, and seeming to beckon to the soft-footed denizens of approaching Night, I, being only human, answered the call to drink of its nectar, and hied me to a mossy bank nearby, where, instead of reading the message that this bubbling brook sang to the shadows of twilight, I sailed away, upon its joyous breast, exploring into the Land of Thought. Whether it was that the song of the brook blended so well with the purpling shadows and slender ferns, or whether the waters I had quaffed so eagerly were some mysterious elixir of enlightenment, I know not; but the music of this land was so soothing, and, withal so delightful, that I feel it my bounden duty to relate my experience for the happiness of someone who may be less fortunate than I.

Merrily, joyously, it seemed to me,
My sparkling brooklet danced on to the sea.

Gradually, all in harmony, the song of the brook blended with the chimes of beautiful bells to the thrill of a grand refrain, and I began to appreciate the Land of Thought. My first impression was that Paradise and this land were one, and I stopped to listen, responding mutely to a wonderfully soothing and glorious peal of chimes that delighted my heart and awakened a great longing for—I knew not what. Ah, I thought! If the world were only like this!

While these sweet chimes are pulsing on the air,
This heart of mine would harbour not a care,

And oh, how I envy the people who live here!

As I concluded my train of thought I was startled by a rasping discord in the peal of the bells, and it seemed that many happy faces were turned to me in alarm; but just then I did not understand, for Time alone can give us Understanding, so I wandered on, oblivious to the fact that I was the cause of the discord in the chimes. My exploring revealed to me a faint path through exquisite gardens of numberless beautiful blossoms, and I could hear the little brook singing merrily somewhere ahead, seeming to beckon me on. Full in the glow of a dancing sunbeam I found a cozy little cottage almost hidden by a mass of clinging vine, and a glad chorus of singing birds bid me to observe and to understand the full import of a delicately scrolled sign, which read (Enter in and be Content) and the name of the nest was Happiness. Minutes are hours in the Land of Thought, and after quenching my thirst from the singing stream, being weary, I retired to a couch of Reflection ferns. The first sunbeam of a dewy morn drew me into the smiling garden, my garden to cherish and care for. The chimes rang out with my first exclamation of delight, and again a discord crashed in when I grumbled that it was not my luck to live in this wonderful bower of beauty. I began to Understand, for I perceived that in my garden the weeds grew with amazing rapidity, each flower, each weed a living thought of mine, and when I learned to reject an unpleasant thought a weed would wither and die, and the Brass Bells ceased to bring discord in the chimes. What a task for me, a mere human! But at length I cleared my garden of weeds, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of my Flowers of Thought. The chimes rang out in glorious harmony, for I realized that for the sake of my companions in the Land of Thought, as well as for my own contentment, I could not allow the brass bells to steal in and spoil the music, for the birds refused to sing for me then, and the weeds flourished. Flowers that I treasure and chimes of bells of Silver and the purest Gold thrilled my soul with the Harmony of Understanding in my Beautiful Land of Thought.

seeking English books to palliate his homesickness. He went to a second-hand bookshop, noted for their stock of English literature. On demanding to see what selection they had, two books only were handed over to him. One was "Hamlet" and the other Stoddart's "Mind and Its Disorders." I suppose the German bookseller thought that whoever bought "Hamlet" would buy the other book also, to prove whether or not the Prince of Denmark was insane! A few years ago Dr. Stoddart startled the orthodox alienists by becoming a Freudian. It is quite clear from the volume under discussion that Dr. Stoddart has been in his time not only a disciple of Freud, but much influenced by Hughlings Jackson and Kraepelin; much that he sets forth in this book reflects the teachings of these three great minds. Those of my readers who are not interested in the book itself may like to know that Dr. Stoddart is about 6 ft. 3 in.; has the mildest of tempers: a wife who looks like a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds: a garrulous parrot and a passion for playing Patience. He is a member of the Savage Club, where his robust voice and his delight in using it make him a great acquisition. Should he see this review he will doubtless subject me to psycho-analysis and say I have a "complex"!

The Beloved Romanticist

W. J. LOCKE is at it again. More lovable, if possible, than ever. What have we got in "The Old Bridge"? (John Lane, the Bodley Head). We have the dashing, audacious, charming Anthony Blake of 26 years; the diminutive, fascinating, flame-like Perella of 23; the brilliant, wealthy, managing, cultured and withal good-hearted Mrs. Ellison, widow, of 41; Silvester Gayton, scholar, sweet and gentle soul, a perfect Locke creation, bachelor of 55. What more do we want? Surely nothing when it is W. J. Locke who has the ordering of the lives of this fascinating group of people. Only this novelist could have married the debonair Anthony to the mature Beatrice Ellison; the will o' the wisp Perella to the old-fashioned, middle-aged professor Silvester—at least only he could have done it successfully, could have embroiled them in such difficulties and rescued them so that our feelings are saved. Of course, you think that the middle-aged woman and the middle-aged man politely and considerately die, leaving the young Anthony and Perella to carry on their love story. Nothing of the sort. W. J. Locke thinks of a much more unusual, humorous, pathetic solution. Perella and Anthony kiss as young things like to do. Alas! Silvester, the husband, and Beatrice Ellison, now the wife of Anthony, observe this kiss. Silvester feels he had no right to marry so young a girl. Mrs. Ellison knows she has made a fool of herself to marry a man 15 years her junior. They are high souled people: they cannot let youth suffer. Nor can they both contract pneumonia and die just for the mere wishing. Shall they elope? Once they have compromised themselves the young things can be freed and all will be fair in the garden again. But, unfortunately, although Silvester Gayton and Mrs. Ellison are very old and very dear friends they have no desire to elope, and, therefore, no will to become compromised. No! I am not going to tell you any more. Why should I spoil your enjoyment of this most delightful romance?

The Call of the West Across the Sea

By John Bathurst

*I answered your call when ye gave it,
I sent ye my best and then,
Ye gave them a place of honor,
And ye deemed it was held by men.*

*So answer the call that I send you,
As I sent, send unto me;
For my need is, the best and the strongest,
For the task that is yet to be.*

*There is room for a million home fires,
Then room for a million more;
There's a greeting and welcome waiting
For the best that ye have in store;
But remember! the West is a tyrant,
If ye play not the game and score.*



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The Captivating Nursery

One of the Most Important Rooms in the House

WHAT does the nursery stand for in the life of a child—apart from being a harbor from the elements and a place where such routine things happen as food and clothing and sleep? These are things the very young person takes for granted; they have always been; some of them he likes and some he tolerates, sometimes at considerable persuasion. In themselves, however, they do not register in any very particular way.

There are other things that the nursery may signify if it is really playing the part that it might. There is a chance for it to lay the foundations of a sense of responsibility; to gradually instil some knowledge of the law of order; to bring to the child's consciousness all manner of interests that are suited to the youthful intelligence.

These are important functions indeed, for a mere room to fulfil; but that it can do all this and more, has been long since established beyond dispute. But it is not to be expected that results along these lines can be got in anything like the same degree, in a room that is dominated by adult interests—a room in which the child is accommodated, more or less cheerfully, its personal belongings amounting as a rule to "muss" or "clutter" for which apology or condoning is thought necessary.

If there is a room anywhere in the house that can be turned over *entirely* to the child—then let other interests be sacrificed as far as may be necessary to accomplish it. What does it avail to have a guest room, ready for the very occasional transient—if the kiddies have no corner to call their own? Perhaps there is an attic room that could be made quite charming for the occasional visitor. Why have a "den," allotted to the grown-ups (who already occupy most of the house) if rooms are scarce. I have known more than one wise mother and father who have combined living and dining rooms, in the very successful way that is becoming quite common nowadays, in order to make a day-nursery downstairs, where the busy mother could oversee the children's activities, with the comfortable knowledge, however, that they were on their own ground, occupied with their own possessions—to the infinite advantage of hers!

It is easy to see how naturally there would grow up in the child a sense of responsibility for his toys and belongings, if from the beginning he accepted the fact that a certain box would be expected to receive them at night, just as surely as his own cot would receive his small, tired self. A window seat, built in and painted, or one of the cushioned boxes so long familiar as "shirt-waist boxes," made to stand beneath the most interesting window in the nursery, answers a double purpose; or perhaps there is a low cupboard that would house the playthings acceptably. The delightful cupboard with the

By Katherine M. Caldwell

drawers on each side of it, that stands in one corner of the room illustrated, is low enough and has capacity for a great many personal belongings, if there is another one for clothes. Here, too, the room that is deliberately built around the child will provide a clothes closet that will be within reach of short arms, and the youngster can be taught very early that it is the place for clothes that are not in use. A low shelf in it for shoes will provide the means for the first lesson in care of the clothing, for a very tiny child will toddle to it and, with perhaps a good bit of wobbling at first, learn to place two little shoes side by side on it; think, you mothers of untidy half-grown youngsters whom you "pick up after" regularly, what a boon of self-reliance might be developed from this small beginning!

AND apart from training ideas, the possession of a spot where he is king, is good for the child. He sees other people ruling other rooms; if he has none of his own, he soon finds that his horse and wagon on the living-room floor, his blocks in the armchair, are somehow objects of anonymity on a moment's notice. By all the rules of fairness, there should be a place where he may play horse or circus or keep shop without incurring anyone's criticism; these are his normal occupations, the

help him to expand in spirit; he responds to them like a little plant. So he must be given first call upon the sunny, well-ventilated winter-heated room, no matter what other purposes might claim it. That it should be placed conveniently for mother's unobtrusive oversight during busy hours, is also very desirable if it can be managed.

There is no better fun than fixing up a nursery, whether it is being without price limits or must be contrived out of odds and ends. There are a few points that are equally important in either case and quite easy to manage.

Sanitary treatment of all surfaces, finishes that are easy to keep clean, are fundamentals in the child's room. So, no matter how elaborate the plan of decorating and furnishing,—let us keep these rules in mind. Our illustration shows how well this may be done, even in the room that has been developed without regard to anything but its suitability and its delightful character. Yet analysis shows that the walls are painted; the furniture is painted; everything is *made to fit* the occupant; all the things are so simple that you feel you could make every one of them yourself—and observe how easily they could be cared for, how sweet and fresh everything could be kept.

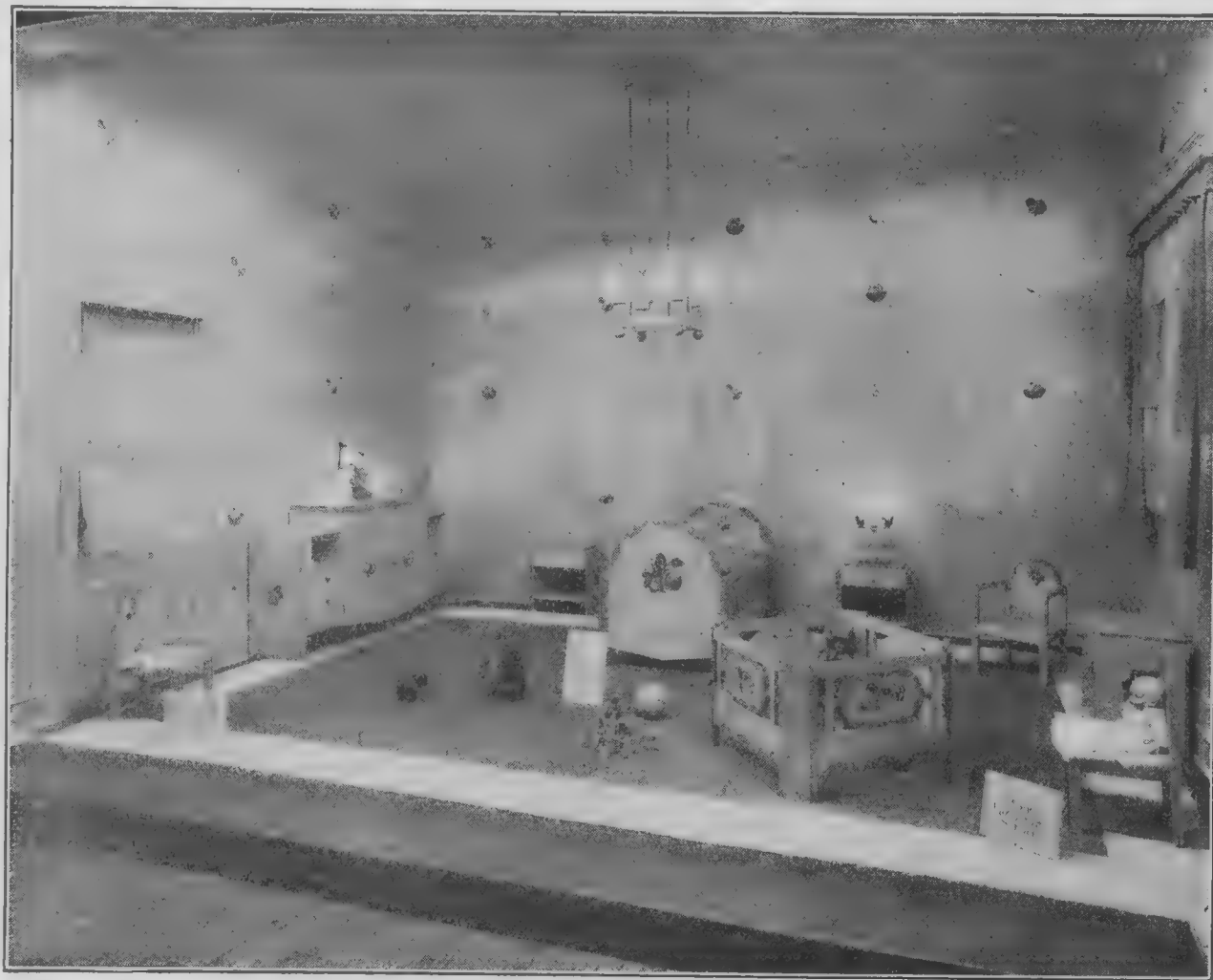
This exquisite nursery was one of the most attractive exhibits at the whole of the Canadian National Exhibition this fall. Originally, it was planned and executed in France: so delightful was it, and so universal in its appeal, that it was duplicated exactly by the Robert Simpson Company and proved from the outset that its charm knew no national boundaries.

Thousands of Canadian parents saw in it a perfect setting for their Bobbies and Bettys—and as for the children themselves, they found it irresistible!

THE photograph shows the graduated shading of the walls. They are in tones of rosy pink, paling as they ascend. Placed at regular intervals are small conventionalized flower and bird decorations, showing touches of yellow and green, with the predominating pink. The woodwork is soft pink, in a velvety smooth finish. A pile rug in rose color, has an ivory border and the ivory tone reappears in the furniture, which is decorated

with the same stencilled rose that features the walls. The glass curtains are interesting—three tiers of very fine voile, shirred quite full, and the side curtains are silk, in big, odd-shaped squares of the softest pink, maize, green, peach and mauve, that you can imagine, with a ruffled valance falling from beneath a pink-painted wooden "valance." The details are enchanting. The low-hanging centre light is a pink and ivory wooden frame supported by long brass rods; on this frame there stand at attention four wooden soldiers, each

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This exquisite nursery was one of the most attractive exhibits of the Canadian National Exhibition this Fall

things that fill his busy day. They are *important affairs!* And they need to be out of the range of the barrage of "don'ts," that too often attend their pursuit.

Moreover, this room is perhaps the room in the house "most fraught with consequence." We choose the brightest and largest room for our living-room, we allocate the other rooms in the house according to their usefulness; but in selecting the nursery, we have this to remember: the child needs air and sunshine just as the flowers need them. They help him to grow; they help him to be well; they

"Red Seal" CEDAR CHESTS

A Fragment from Italy

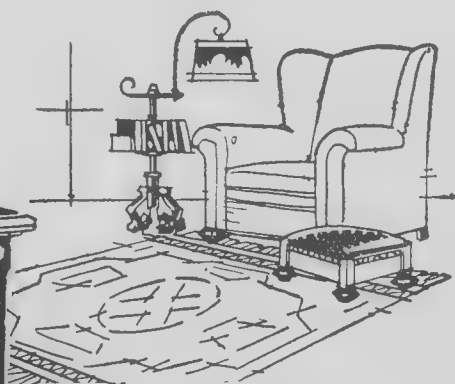
MANY periods of European history left their mark on the household furniture of their time, and the works of these earlier masters have come down to afford us varied opportunities of enriching our home environments in a manner to catch the whims of changing tastes.

The model illustrated herewith comes to us from Southern Europe. The bold richness of the early Italian period is well exemplified in this adaptation of an old credenza embellished with moulded panels, projecting overlays and carved frieze moulding, typical of furniture made in Italy in the 17th Century.

But no matter what your taste, there is a Red Seal Cedar Chest to suit it. Utility and beauty find a happy combination here and no line enjoys such a wide variety of designs in walnut, mahogany or red cedar as does the Red Seal line. There is a Red Seal Chest for every need and every purse. Ask your dealer. Look for the seal on every chest—it is the maker's guarantee of quality.



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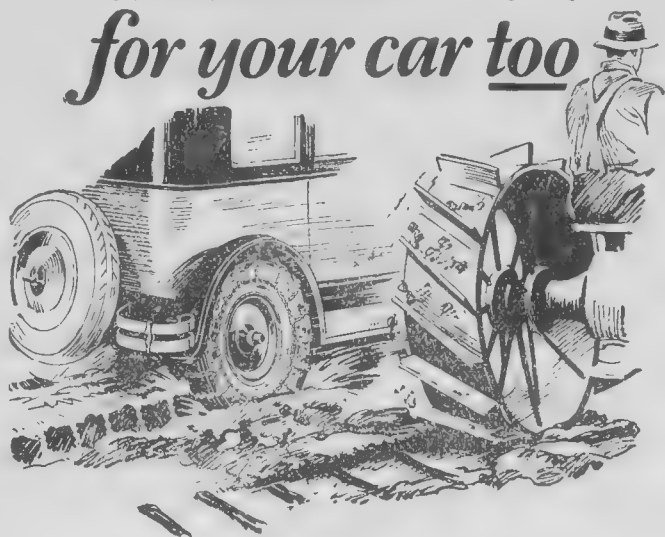


Do you remember the Graustark stories?

"The Princess and the Clowns," commencing in this issue of "The Western Home Monthly," is the first story paralleling those romantic novels of years gone by. It is the most fantastic of royal romances. The heroine is none other than Princess Olga, the second cousin of the late Czar Nicholas II, of Russia, while the hero appears at one moment to be the Grand Duke Michel III and in another but a music hall clown. In the latter role he is known by an admiring public as "Michalis."

The romance of this new serial will completely carry you away. If you have not already read the first instalment, turn immediately to the front of the book and prepare yourself for a delightful thrill.

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The Rockies from a Motor Car

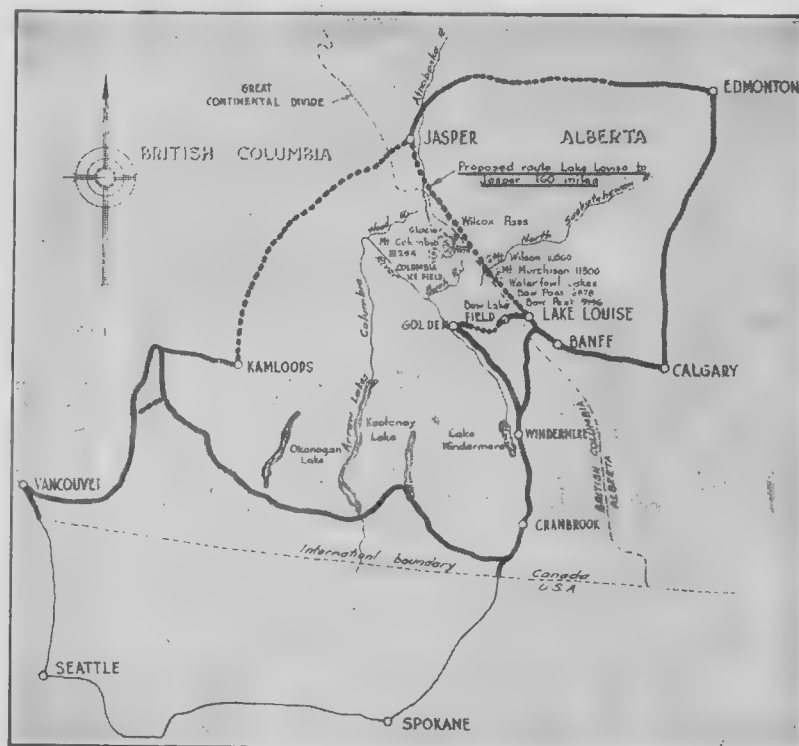
Continued from page 24

craft, is a philosopher and thinker. He thinks it better to lean against a wall than to strike his head against it. In an age when every fifth or sixth citizen owns his own car, or at any rate drives it, and when the old gipsy instinct is carrying them and their families into every remote corner of the continent, it is, he knows, idle to try to keep them out of the Rockies. They have discovered that the Canadian Alps are worth visiting, and they will see to it that the way is made smooth for them and their cars. Bring them into the mountains, argues Bill, and I'll see to it that some of them at least park their cars under a tree and come out with me on the trail.

to exquisite Bow Lake, then over this easy pass, and down the long Mistaya Valley to the Saskatchewan.

"What about the Saskatchewan?" I asked Harmon. "No trouble at all," he replied. "The Saskatchewan can be bridged very easily by crossing the canyon, which is only about a hundred feet wide."

The road would then run up the North Fork of the Saskatchewan to Graveyard Camp, at the junction of Nashan River, which has also borne the impossible name of "West-Branch-of-the-North-Fork-of-the-Saskatchewan," and the North Fork. The gruesome name of the camp was given by Mrs. Schaffer some years ago, because



And Bill's idea that the Louise-Jasper Highway must come, and come soon, I found was shared by a good many thoughtful men in the mountains. Byron Harmon, who has ridden every variety of mountain pony over every kind of trail, and has carried his trusty camera for thousands of miles through the Rockies and Selkirks, is an enthusiastic advocate. He has been over the proposed route, knows every inch of it, and is confident that a road could be built from Louise to Jasper, one hundred and sixty miles, with no greater difficulty and at no greater cost than the Banff-Windermere Highway.

The road would follow the eastern slope of the continental divide, along four successive valleys that lie approximately in a straight line, with no serious engineering difficulties. It would run up the valley of the Bow, past the gigantic battlements of Mount Hector, and Hector Lake, Bow Peak, and Bow Lake, to Bow Pass. Over that low, dry summit, it would be carried into the valley of Bear Creek, or, to give it its Indian name, Mistaya Valley, after winding through meadows brilliant with Indian paint-brush, columbine and anemones, and down that valley for another twenty-five miles, past Peyto Glacier and Peyto Lake, the beautiful Waterfowl lakes, to those giant peaks Murchison and Wilson.

As one stands at the summit of Bow Pass, looking down the deep valley of the Mistaya, with its easy gradients, which had been the route of Sir James Outram, Collicie, Stutfield, Howard Palmer, Thorington, Mrs. Schaffer, and many other alpine climbers and mountain lovers, and, long ago, of Sir James Hector of the Palliser Expedition, it is not difficult to conceive an automobile road winding up the valley of the Bow

of the quantities of bear, sheep, goat and porcupine bones strewn on the ground. Here the motorist could leave his car for a time, and make a short side-trip to Pinto Lake, where he would get what Bill calls "the greatest fishing anywhere in the Rockies."

A few miles farther up the Saskatchewan, the automobile road would run within a few hundred yards of the Saskatchewan Glacier a gigantic tongue of ice running down from the Columbia ice-field. Outram, who was the first to climb Mount Columbia, has described this extraordinary region. "The crowning feature of the panorama," he says, "was the survey of the immense area of the Columbia icefield, possibly the largest known outside the arctic regions and their fringe." It covers about two hundred square miles, and "occupies the geographical centre of the water system of one-quarter of the continent of America."

A few miles farther the road would pass near Panther Falls, a lovely water fall that seems to burst out of the solid rock. Then on to Wilcox Pass, the apex of the Continent, where the waters divide, flowing in one direction down to the Saskatchewan and ultimately into Hudson Bay, in another down the Sun Wapta and Athabasca and finally into the Arctic, and in a third direction, to the Columbia and the Pacific.

"But," I said to Harmon, "a motor road could not possibly be taken over Wilcox Pass, with its nine thousand feet of altitude." "Not necessary," he replied. "All that would be needed would be to carry the road down the canyon, and build a few 15 or 20-foot bridges."

"It's a wonderful country, around Wilcox Pass," he cried. "No one who

Continued on page 68

THE PURITAN

The very latest Line of
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Top of the morning!

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Built of 1½-inch Continuous Square Moulding Style Posts, 1-inch Fillers, Decorative Centre Cane Panel. Sizes 4ft. 6in., 4ft. 3 ft. 3in. Walnut finish.

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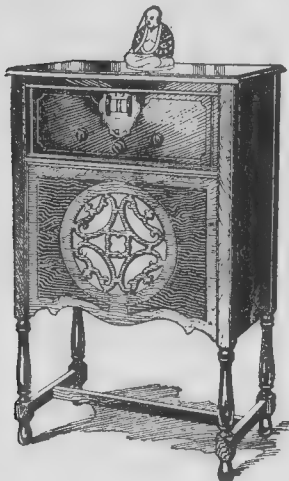
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Famous C-5 Circuit in McLagan Console. Built-in speaker. Rejects unwanted stations. Controlled by one hand. Unsurpassed tone quality. Canada's greatest radio value at

\$115.00

(All Prices F.O.B. Toronto)



Confidence

YOU step aboard the Limited—are whirled through space—without giving a thought to safe arrival at your destination. You have confidence in the engineer and in the organization guiding the train.

You can purchase from the DeForest & Crosley Authorized Dealer with equal confidence in obtaining complete radio satisfaction.

DeForest & Crosley sets meet the variations in Canadian climate and overcome great distances from principal broadcasting stations peculiar to this country because they are de-

signed and built to meet these conditions. They are sold and serviced by dealers who have studied local conditions and who will advise you as to the set best suited to your own requirements.

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TORONTO ONTARIO

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The complete D-C line consists of:—The Trirayn \$49.00, The C-5 Compact \$78.00, The C-5 Console \$115.00, The C-6 Compact \$185.00, The C-6 Console \$245.00. (All prices F.O.B. Toronto).

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BUILT IN CANADA TO MEET CANADIAN CONDITIONS



Play on the Shores of the Pacific Where salt breezes are caressingly mild!

The mild Pacific Coast climate is one of the healthiest in the world - - - long days of bright sunshine, swept by invigorating salt sea breezes, and enough mild rain to keep the land green - - - the average winter temperature 42 degrees above zero. An enticing place to spend the winter months! Vancouver and Victoria are a delight to the tourist, abounding in scenic charm. Sport - - - golf, fishing, hunting, boating, motoring, riding - - - are enjoyed the year round. Less than an hour's motor climb above Vancouver is the wonderful Grouse Mountain Playground, and skiing, tobogganing, snowshoeing, skating - - - one of the most magnificent alpine views in the world. Victoria! Famed far and wide for its boulevard streets, beautiful residences, the stately Parliament Buildings and wonderful Crystal Garden, with salt-water swimming pool. Beyond Victoria, the lovely scenic drive over the Malahat Mountain - - - the magnificent Island Highway. Two modern, cosmopolitan cities, throbbing with life and activity - - - steadily expanding to power and prosperity. Vancouver, Canada's Pacific Gateway - - - a great world

port. Victoria, key to the rich hinterland of Vancouver Island - - - the first and last port of call for ocean shipping.

Splendid accommodation for tourists in these two cities; opportunity for those who desire to stay; amusement and recreation for everyone. Unlagging interest for sightseers to hundreds of points of scenic and historic charm. Come West where warm welcome awaits you!

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VICTORIA & VANCOUVER

Lightened Darkness

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

IN one hand he held an artistic little basket, the other he extended uncertainly toward me like a man feeling in the dark. But once his hand had found mine there was no wavering—in his clasp was warmth and vigor. In his face, too, was a light that comes only from the joy of living.

Yet that uncertain motion had told the story. He was in the dark. The brilliant patch of sunshine in which we stood warmed him but gave him no light. Sunrise and sunset with their gorgeous coloring and the joyous light of noonday were not for him. He was blind.

Another glance at his animated face showed lines etched by a greater artist than Time. Here was a man still in his prime who had met and triumphed over one of life's most cruel blows. His unconquerable spirit and the understanding aid of his fellows had enabled him to emerge victorious from his Gethsemane. Yes, not merely resigned but a victor, for he talked like a happy man, he

acted like a happy man and he looked like a happy man. Happy to be among his fellows, a busy useful member of society! Ah, there's the test! A handicap that sets a man apart—that fills his life with useless hours—that is a blow of fortune before which the bravest spirits grovel and shrink.

Such was the fate of many of the blind before their more fortunate fellow citizens realized their latent power. Idle hours, days, months, years, in endless procession bearing on their leaden feet only dull monotony added to dull monotony with no gleam ahead, nothing to lighten the gloom, no ray of hope. There was no opportunity to meet those similarly afflicted, no chance for social intercourse, with those who by the very nature of their handicap could understand them as no one else could. And it was so unnecessary!

These men in training receive an allowance for board and laundry. Usually they spend from four to six months



Blind men receiving, training in Basketry and Furniture making under capable blind Superintendent

learning the Touchcraft methods and then they return to their own homes to work. But to their homes they are followed by the care of the Institute.

After-Care Service

They are able to procure the necessary raw materials to carry on their work from the Institute at cost. Their completed product may then be returned to the Institute, where it is bought for cash and placed on the market. Some men prove such good salesmen of their own product that they do not need this service, but many do.

By using the Institute marketing facilities they get immediate cash returns for their work and are thus saved all the worry and strain of finding suitable markets. In fact it would be impossible for many to sell their products, as they live in isolated localities. Indeed the output from the blind workers has increased to such proportions that the sales end of the business is becoming a real problem.

For not only the men trained in the Institute but also the men and women trained in the Homes, by the Home teachers, are sending in their quota. There are not only baskets of all kinds piling up on the shelves, but lovely knitted and crocheted woolen cuddly things for baby—sweaters and underthings for grown-ups—household articles of many kinds—beautiful things that can be made by deft fingers with an abundance of time.

It is illuminating to note in the annual report of the Institute that \$8,954.27 worth of raw material was supplied to 53 blind workers at cost last year and \$20,829.95 worth of finished articles were purchased from 44 Home workers for cash and offered for sale to the public. It will be seen that a number who purchased raw materials did not require the services of the Institute in disposing of their products.

Brooms and Whitewear

So interesting is the work already mentioned, that but short space is left

And what an expression it is sometimes! Bits of beautiful work—a picture in the soul that gives eyes to the fingers. It is almost incredible what can be

for the broom factory and whitewear departments. These factories give steady employment to as many blind men and girls as it is possible for the Institute to accommodate.

Seven blind girls work power sewing machines, making the beautiful Touchcraft garments, that may be purchased in some of the better stores. Again one can but marvel at their wonderful adaptability. Surely nature has some touch of mercy and when one sense is taken, the others rally around eager to give what help they can.

Needles to thread—seams to keep straight—hems to turn and all so perfectly done, that many of us who have our sight wouldn't dare to enter a competition with those blind girls.

And were they happy? They seemed so, and so did the men in the broom factory. Not a joyous carefree happiness exactly, but something more mellowed, something ripened by experience and struggle. Less high lights perhaps, but something steady and sure, for it had been bought at a price. We couldn't escape that realization, but what a magnificent challenge they were throwing down to life!

We wanted to grasp the hand of the man who defied his handicap by talking of color. We wished him to know that we understood. When fate deals us a blow we will try and remember him and throw out the same bold challenge, for you cannot beat a spirit like that.

Amelioration and Prevention

Amelioration of the condition of the Blind in Canada and education in the prevention of blindness are the objects of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Just eight years ago the Institute secured its charter, and during that time it has registered over 6,000 of the 7,000 blind people originally estimated as resident in Canada.

Teachers are engaged in giving individual instruction to blind persons in their homes. They teach them to read and write Braille as well as giving them training in light handicrafts. Books are circulated for the blind from two libraries, one in Toronto and one in Winnipeg. The Institute's own magazine and other magazines are secured for those who wish them, also such conveniences as Braille desk slates, Braille checkers, Braille playing cards, Braille watches, etc.

Naturally there are many cases of blindness requiring individual assistance. This is given as fully and generously as possible. People not fitted for any of the occupations outlined are placed in positions that suit their particular need or they are given special training for the work they are capable of doing. Of course there are the exceptions, people who do not seem to fit into any place in our system, but as they are not confined to the blind, such is to be expected. The hopeful thing is that the work the blind can do is broadening out at such a rate, almost anything seems possible just around the corner of to-morrow.

Much of the energy of the Institute workers is devoted to education in the prevention of blindness. Those in a position to know state that 50 per cent. of blindness is preventable. If such is the case it would seem that too much emphasis cannot be placed on this phase of the work.

Depends on Public Support

Like all great philanthropic enterprises, the extent and scope of this work depends largely on its friends. Fortunately like all organizations that meet a real need, it makes friends of all who understand the work being done.

Sixty-five women's organizations in the Western Division have requested consignments of baskets since January 1st, this year. The value of such help is inestimable, for the Institute cannot continue to pay cash for a product that it cannot readily market. But such help will come, while new activities are sought out, to enable the blind to produce goods generally in demand.

Only eight years since this great work began—what may not another eight years produce in new methods of lightening the darkness?

It is the appreciation, not of the indulgent, but of the exacting, that counts.



to hear, to see, to operate
it is a new adventure in radio

JUNIOR MODEL—\$127.50
without accessories. Solid Mahogany cabinet. Same 5 tube circuit as all other Magnavox models.

RADIO entertainment and ownership take on new meaning with a Magnavox single dial set. First you are surprised by the simplicity of operation. Just turn the dial to any available station and the program starts. It is just that simple—no tedious tuning.

Next you are amazed by the power, the clearness, the sheer life-likeness of the incoming sound. Perhaps for the first time you are hearing a perfectly tuned set—for every Magnavox is pre-tuned at the factory by a tuning meter.

And then the simple beauty of Magnavox sets! That also is a result of single dial control. You may be certain that today's Magnavox will endure and grow in your esteem.

Magnavox created the original loud speaker and perfected the single dial set. The name carries the prestige of fifteen years of conspicuous achievement in radio. Magnavox models range from \$112.50 to \$390.00—

the \$112.50 model fits right into your phonograph Let the Magnavox dealer demonstrate—if you don't know him, write us.



MODEL 10—\$145.00 without accessories. Magnavox 5 tube circuit encased in handsome mahogany cabinet.

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Simply heat and serve,
for a complete meat and
vegetable course: Beef,
potatoes, carrots and
onions in a tasty beef
gravy.

"Canada Approved" on
the label guarantees
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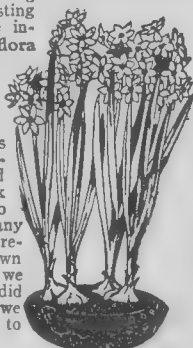
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PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.



Minard's is an enemy to pain. It penetrates to the root of the trouble, soothes and disinfects.

Splendid for neuralgia, backache and stiffness of the muscles and joints.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT



In a Jiffy!

**Steaming Coffee and
Crisp Toast with the
Sterno Double Burner
COOK STOVE 75c.**

INTRODUCED only a few months ago—now thousands on thousands of homes the country over enjoy the remarkable convenience of the Sterno Double Burner Cook Stove.

For all kinds of cooking—for the business girl in her home—for warming Baby's milk at night—for light ironing, heating water for shaving, for soldering radio parts—for the sick room, nursery, office—wherever instant heat is needed—you can depend on handy, compact Sterno Canned Heat and the sturdy, efficient, reliable Sterno Double Burner Cook Stove. Made of sheet steel and folds flat for traveling.

Get a Toaster FREE!

Go to your dealer and buy a Sterno Double Burner Cook Stove and send us the guarantee slip you will find in the box, and we will send you an improved toaster free. Makes delicious crisp brown toast quickly. Has convenient folding handle. Or send us 5 labels from Sterno Canned Heat and we will send toaster free.

If your dealer hasn't the Sterno Double Burner Cook Stove, send us 75c for the stove and we will send you the toaster with it.

STERNO CANNED HEAT

THE CONVENIENT FUEL



Double Burner Cook Stove 75c
Small Size Canned Heat 15c
Large Size Canned Heat 35c

STERNO OF CANADA, Ltd.,
Dept. 525, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

I enclose (check one of the following)
[] Guarantee slip, or
[] Five Sterno labels, or
[] 75 cents for Double Burner Stove,
to comply with your conditions for a free
toaster. (This offer expires Dec. 31, 1926)



The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 7

an ancient icon cast into the shadow of an old-rose canopy the scintillations of its dull gold, under the faint flickering of an altar-light that the young girl tended personally.

Against the wall, on either side of the mantelpiece, were hung two men's portraits, the first wearing the Byzantine ducal coronet, the second the crown of a reigning prince. Beneath each of these photographs one saw on the broad white matting two upright official signatures: "Alexander," "Michel."

The one on the left represented the Grand Duke Alexander Dimitrievitch in his uniform as Ataman of the Cossacks of Adour: a large bulldog face, on which wore the dark line of a drooping moustache, cold-looking eyes half hidden by heavy eyelids, a mouth with sensuous lips, and a large jaw ending in a prominent chin.

The other was that of a man of about thirty years of age, whose hair, brushed up in front, framed a high brow and whose full blond beard covered his cheeks. A distinguished face, that of an artist, extremely sympathetic, with dreamy, slightly melancholy eyes, a straight, well-cut nose, and a mouth faintly shaded by a small moustache.

All over the room, on the furniture, on the mantelpiece, against the wall, was an innumerable quantity of souvenirs, knick-knacks, rare or valueless, coming from Russia, even little rustic wooden toys, all of which denoted in Olga Alexandrowna a passionate love for all that recalled her far-away country.

As she entered she made before the icon, as was her custom, three rapid orthodox signs of the cross, and then let herself fall into a chair with her head between her hands. Then she went over and leaned upon the mantelpiece, where she gazed for a long time at the man with the blond beard, and finally threw herself on her bed, a prey to a cruel perplexity. Her mind was so absorbed that she repeated several times aloud:

"How can this clown know that melody? Who could have taught it to him?"

For that had been the true cause of the violent emotion that she experienced during the act of Michalis and Partner—the hearing all of a sudden that piece of music composed formerly for her, and which she thought she alone knew, since it had never been published and since the one who composed it was dead.

And now she found herself drawn back, by this astonishing incident, to years gone by. Before her eyes lay all her former life with its alternate joys and sorrows.

She saw herself back at Saint Petersburg in the magnificent palace of her parents, on the Nevsky Prospekt, at the court where she went to play with the imperial princesses; at Tsarskoe-Selo, where she spent long weeks, treated by the sovereigns like one of their own daughters. She recalled the gentle, rather sad face of Nicholas II, the more enigmatical one of the Empress, the little Czarevitch, so pale and so pretty, and finally her dear friends, the Princesses Olga, Tatiana, Maria, Anastasia.

ONE day, in the early part of 1914, when her sixteenth birthday was approaching, the Czar said to her father: "Alexander Dimitrievitch, you must soon think of marrying off this charming child. I have a suitor in mind for her; we shall discuss it shortly."

And one month later her mother had told her, half laughing, half crying, that she was engaged to Michel III., reigning Grand Duke of Georgia, that

little principality on the border of Roumania which has since been made into an independent state at the treaty of Versailles, as my readers well know.

A diplomatic marriage, certainly, by which the Emperor tried to attach to himself Michel III., who never came to court, or left his splendid palace of Tcharkowla, so full of works of art, except to take long trips round the world under the name of Michel Pro-vinkoff—but also a great marriage that was going to make little Olga Alexandrowna into Her Highness.

The Grand Duke of Georgia, respecting the wish expressed by his sovereign, though he had, they say, to break off a proposed alliance with a young French widow, arrived a few weeks later at Saint Petersburg for the official celebration of the announcement of his engagement.

He was just like the photograph sent by him formally to the future Grand Duchess, that photograph that she had questioned at length, trying to discover in it the secret of her future, and which was now hanging on the right of the mantelpiece in her room in exile.

In spite of the shade of sadness that had spread over his face, and the reason for which she could not guess, Michel III had instantly charmed the Princess by his intelligence, his very varied talents, and his artistic tastes. As for him, after a few brief conversations, he had seemed surprised to find in Olga Alexandrowna a young girl with an alert mind, not, like many others, solely interested in personal adornment and pleasures. Then, having cut short as much as possible the series of fetes and dinners arranged in his honor, he had hastened to return to his small state.

Very simple, an enemy of etiquette, detesting hollow social gatherings where none but the mediocre, the commonplace, and the pretentious get together for worldly entertainment, Michel of Georgia was happy only in the company of artists. A music-lover—he had himself written a very charming symphony—he received, at Tcharkowla, virtuosi from all over the world, and when an illustrious composer was willing to be his guest, he welcomed him with princely honors.

He left the care of administering his principality to his minister, Yvan Dobrowski, and only showed himself to the people on rare occasions, and he never occupied himself with so-called public affairs, which did not get on any the worse for that. One must explain that Georgia was, in fact, governed by the ministers of the Czar, and that Dobrowski, a retiring man, almost as invisible as the Grand Duke, limited himself to promulgating the laws and decrees sent from St. Petersburg.

In the early part of the summer in 1914, Olga Alexandrowna had come, in her turn, accompanied by her parents, to return the visit of her fiancé. The latter, according to rule, first reviewed the Cossacks who composed his guard, accompanied by the Grand Duke Alexander, and the young girl had noticed that he did not ride horseback very well, and that he seemed ill at ease in his uniform. Today all these details came back to her memory. She recalled that she could not help smiling when she saw Michel nearly unseated when his horse shied.

Then concerts had succeeded concerts, to the great joy of Olga, who was passionately devoted to music, but to the intense boredom of the Ataman. The latter would have infinitely preferred his future son-in-law to arrange a bear-hunt for him in the mountains. Therefore, vexed and sulky, he had decided not to prolong his sojourn in Georgia, where he began to be bored

Continued on page 74

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Renew Strength Daily

It is not the volume, but that portion of food that is assimilated and incorporated into blood and tissue that causes renewal of strength.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is a factor that makes for strength, that ought never be overlooked by those with tender lungs or who perchance through frailty must needs utilize every means to keep up vitality and maintain body-weight.

Scott's is concentrated, easily assimilable nourishment that builds strength.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 18-36



Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



SIX GOLD MEDALS
Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents. in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.



Lucky the sack's so big! —and such a bargain! for youngsters, too, can tell fine raisins

Plump, meaty seedless raisins—so good the family enjoys eating them right from the bag.

And 4 lbs. of them—or 2 lbs.—at a genuine bargain price!

Ask your grocer for the "Market Day Special"—the blue bag with the Sun-Maid girl on it. Be sure you get it, for only Sun-Maid can offer this value in raisins.

It is a result of exclusive Sun-Maid methods of selecting for its

packs only the finest raisins in the crop—of perfecting these raisins for your use in cooking—and of profitably disposing of raisins that do not meet its standards.

In your pies, cakes, puddings and cookies you will find a score of ways to use these raisins. But children know one more way.

They eat them by the handful, and there's conclusive proof of goodness.



And (new size) 2 lbs.

Your grocer also has:
A wonderful new kind of seedless raisins—Sun-Maid Nectars, with the fragrance, flavor and plump tenderness of fresh grapes!

And Sun-Maid Puffed—seeded raisins that aren't sticky! With all the flavor of the Muscat grape!



"Congress has what they call a Ways and Means Committee, but every woman who feeds a family has to be an expert Ways and Means Committee all by herself."

I wish I could quote all of Mrs. G. C. L.'s letter—let her tell you how she uses "Market Day Special" raisins to make new, easy and inexpensive treats.

But here's about what it came to: Plain puddings, apple pies, cakes, cookies, *all* are improved with good raisins. You just add raisins to everyday things and get surprise dishes without extra work. And good raisins cost mighty little in the "Market Day Special" bag.

Well, thousands of women agree with Mrs. G.C.L. I'm helping some of them on the cooking part. Maybe I can help you. Write me in care of Sunland Sales Association of Canada, 137 McGill Street, Montreal, Quebec.

Mary Dean

SUNLAND SALES ASSOCIATION
OF CANADA, LTD.

Sales Agents for
SUN-MAID Raisin Growers of California

*"Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Mo,"
—say the children—
and they take what they get*

Childhood's selection is left to chance! But it's hardly the way to make "grown-up" decisions. Especially in the choice of canned fruits. There are too many varying qualities, too many different brands, to trust to luck. You *must* know in advance the brand that guarantees satisfaction—then see that you get that brand. On canned fruits the name is DEL MONTE, every time—a sure guide to quality and flavor, no matter when or where you buy.



Write for "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Contains the favorite recipes of America's famous cooks. Free. Dpt. 37-L California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.



Over a
Hundred Varieties
Fruits & Vegetables
& Specialties



Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

Thanksgiving Foods of Today and Yesterday

IN WESTERN CANADA, as in most parts of the world, the celebration of time-honored festivals is more or less emphasized by abnormal culinary effort. On one day in the year our plebeian flapjacks become patrician pancakes; on another, our dinner rolls are marked with the sign of the Christian faith and take on indefinable dignity. There is a notable anniversary, in mid January, whereon certain douce burghers do track the rotund haggis to its lair. And, just prior to Thanksgiving

By Dan McCowan

THE Earl of Southesk, while on a hunting trip through the Canadian Rockies in 1859, carried no store of provisions, but relied upon the produce of the land, or rather on the spoils of the chase. Seldom his party feasted—oft-times they fasted. Food animals were scarce and resource was frequently had to the flesh of birds and beasts whose nutritive value, expressed in vitamins

JAMES HECTOR, of Kicking Horse Pass fame, had considerable to say regarding the food animals of the plains and mountains of Western Canada. At Jasper House he mentions enjoying "an excellent supper of big horn sheep's heads and trotters." Of the Canada lynx as food he said: "The flesh of these wild cats is excellent eating when fat," and further, "As the mountain mutton was very lean at this season (January) while the cats were fat, we used to combine them by stuffing the cat with minced



BIG HORN SHEEP, CANADIAN ROCKIES

Sheep's head and trotters appeared on the table in the Hudson Bay Forts when Hector and Southesk were guests

Day, the heads of households may be observed loitering in the vicinity of the meat market noting, with Falstaffian pleasure, the orderly pendant rows of geese and turkeys that are there displayed to view. Even as at an agricultural fair the man who does not know a Percheron from a Hackney yet, secretly and at heart believes himself to be a most excellent judge of horseflesh, so too, at this particular season of the year, are we connoisseurs in choosing a bird which has been delicately nurtured, one that is tender as a child's caress and full of promise as a political manifesto.

In the above old days ere yet the prairie sod was profaned by barbed wire and tumbleweed, there must have occurred many noble feastings, these, of necessity, being more often movable than fixed. Scanning the now historic records kept at trading posts and by the leaders of exploration parties, one is forced to conclude that the men, women and children of former generations were abnormally carnivorous and, happily, were profoundly ignorant of duodenal disorders. They plied a particularly deft knife and fork. Here is proof. For many years the normal daily ration issued to each man employed at the Hudson's Bay Forts consisted of ten pounds of beef, this being considered equivalent to sixteen or eighteen pounds of buffalo meat. Women were allowed five pounds. Children, even children in arms, were entitled to three pounds of flesh per day. Sir William Butler, who traversed the Great Plains about 1870, dryly observed that many of the Scotch servants in the employ of the company must have seen in such a ration the realization of the poet's lines:

"O Caledonia, stern and wild,
'Meat' nurse for a poetic child."

and calories, was yet an unknown quantity. In spite of poor health, the noble Earl was somewhat of an epicure and, in a voluminous journal, made many entries regarding the extraordinary roasts, joints and savories which, at irregular intervals were proffered him. Indeed, the otherwise commonplace pilgrimage of this pioneer tourist might well have been termed a series of Adventures in Gastronometrics.

Near the Red Deer River the Earl shot two muskrats (one hardly dares write of them as a brace or couple), and had them cooked as part of supper. His observation on this form of food is brief and pithy—"Like rabbits with a duck flavor" is the terse comment. In the Rockies he found a great variety of small mammals and at least sampled the flesh of most species. The porcupine he found to be much better boiled than roasted—it tasted rather like fat delicate mutton. Beaver tail, partaken of at a camp west of Edmonton, must have deeply impressed the Scottish nobleman, for he wrote: "It is like fat pork sandwiched between layers of finnan haddock." Following this, one experiences a feeling of relief in learning that "The mountain lion or cougar is considered the most delicately flavored animal in the Territories." That unknown hero, he who first swallowed an oyster, had of a surety a worthy successor in this intrepid Earl. At McLeod River, not far from the present-day town of Edson, our nobleman, out of curiosity, had the hind leg of a skunk for breakfast. Had it been the mid-day or evening meal one would not have so marvelled at his temerity, but, for a man of indifferent health to blithely "short order" a portion of this mephitic animal for breakfast—well, it made a notable entry in the daily journal and was assuredly a daring experiment.

mutton and roasting it whole. This made a very savoury dish." In regard to the then much-lauded flesh of the beaver, the noted geologist and explorer thought that it was but indifferent food, being oily and "mousey" flavored.

WHEN old timers of the prairie provinces foregather the conversation sooner or later veers from journeyings to and fro, from place names and notable dates, to the ever-fertile topic of "What we used to eat." Then it is that one hears pemmican spoken of reverently and as a sort of food for the gods. In face of this it is indeed singular to note that Butler, Hector and Southesk were outspoken in voicing an intense dislike for this primitive meat extract. Southesk said: "The best pemmican is nearly good," and from experience found that the stuff was "most endurable" when uncooked. Butler, when asked what pemmican tasted like, said: "Like pemmican; there is nothing else in the world that bears to it the slightest resemblance." He further added: "Pemmican is palatable, provided the appetite be good and there is nothing else to be had—this last consideration is, however, of importance."

Casually surveying the provision stores and markets in the towns and villages of this western land today, one cannot but marvel at the abundance and variety of foodstuffs there displayed. Good old days there may have been, days of high feasting, days of good plenty. But there were also famine days, the like of which please God, we of this age shall never see. To us this Thanksgiving festival should be memorable. Within our borders there is food and to spare; without there is beating of national swords to ploughshares. There is flush of a new dawn on the mountain tops; there is promise of lasting peace over all the earth



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A Sahara in Scotland

By N. Tournear

A GREAT waste of shimmering sand dotted with sand hills and their tufts of bent grass, and specked with a loch and its barrier of rushes. You walk onward for hours and hours, and not a sign of human life as far as the eye can reach—not a bird nor a rabbit—nothing but the miles of silent stretches of desolate sand, and a solitary seagull afar off winging toward the coast as if fleeing from the place of devastation and tragedies. That is the picture remaining in memory of Scotland's Sahara. Yet, less than three hundred years ago here was an historic estate, far-famed and much envied for its traditional prosperity. Elsewhere, bad seasons might ruin farming folks, but here their labors brought plenty and riches. A smiling land it was with its comfortable laird and "bien and couthy" folk—farmer and fisherman alike—until in the twinkling of an eye, or very little more, its doom came rushing.

It fell upon a day in the late autumn of 1694. Life, that afternoon, was going on placidly as usual everywhere on the lands of Culbin, for the years of little wars and forays were far bygone in this part of Scotland—so far bygone, that the Lairds of Culbin were famed for their orchard. The family dwelling itself was of note in those days, and was a large, compact house, squarely built of dressed stone. Surrounded by trees, it with the orchard and a large garden stood in the middle of what is now all desert. The laird himself, mayhap, was out with some of the fishermen of his village, dragging the nets, and his wife against the making of preserves for helping her fruit-pickers in the garden winter. Culbin House, like numerous others on the coast, would lack not in sugar, which had paid no excise dues; and, doubtless, the guid wife's lace and ribands and silken gowns, as well as the contents of her guid man's cellar, had paid no tithe to King William's Scottish Commissioners. The private conscience has usually fallen to smuggled goods.

Work, that fateful afternoon, was as ordinarily on the surrounding farms. Here a man was ploughing up stubble, and there harvesters were carting the barley to the stack-yard, and in the thatched farmhouses farls of oatmeal were being baked on the girdles cleeched above the hearthfuls of peat embers; while down on the shore Auld Findhorn Village pursued their tasks—men seeing to their boats and tackle, or their nets, lines and hooks, and crab kreels—their women "reddin' up" the clay-built biggins, and setting the porridge pot on the fire against meal-time, and gossiping.

Second-sight there was, and is, in the North of Scotland, and surprisingly accurate forecasts have some of the seers given. But, either Culbin and Findhorn lacked a soothsayer, or the laws of nature took a sudden twist of initiative.

All that hot autumn forenoon a pleasing cool breeze had been steadily coming off the Moray Firth. As the afternoon passed it heightened, blowing up into a gale, and, with its heightening, came the end of Culbin and Findhorn. Of a sudden daylight waned, and sand fell down the wind like a blizzard in the North—

stringing, lashing, blinding and suffocating. The harvesters had to leave their work, and seek cover; the fishermen, to flee from their boats and nets; and the ploughmen unloosed their beasts and ran from their ploughs. One of them had to desert his implement when half way down a furrow; and a piece of his plough today testifies to him, having been recovered from the waste. As the blizzard overwhelms, so the sand overwhelmed all, piling itself up where it could not pass, and forming drifts and plains against the cots and houses and on the surrounding lands.

The sand blew and drifted and swirled, dense as a winter fog, until early the next morning the wind dropped suddenly. Then the panic stricken folk had to clear away the sand to get out of their dwellings.

A few hours later, the simoom began again as suddenly as it had stopped; and now the folk, including the laird's household, had to trek for life itself, for the sand was covering up house and byre and barn, and the Findhorn River, blocked to seaward by the bar of sand now forming, was overflowing the land for miles around. When it did find its way to the sea the village was swept away. The doom of Culbin and Old Findhorn was completed. Today, relic-hunters find in the sands all sorts of remains of human occupation, for many of the folk had to leave their belongings behind them, so swift was the disaster.

The explanation of it has never been given adequately. One is based on the suggestion that the bent on the coastal sand-hills had not sufficed to hold together the sand, and the high wind had piled up and scattered it. Another relies on the theory that, the sea having gradually receded through the coastline having gained upon it, a vast expanse of fine sand had become exposed to the hurricane. Something of the same nature brought about the Goodwin Sands off the coast of Kent, according to medieval chroniclers. The Scots themselves of that time looked upon the catastrophe as due to that which as interpreted by the British Board of Admiralty has cleared many a shipwrecked officer at his court martial—as "an act of God."

A small part of the Culbin estate on the north-west side escaped the cataclysm of sand, but other subsequent tempests completed the entire destruction of it. Occasionally after several days of prolonged gale the wind discloses some part of the old buildings for a short while; and sometimes a lusty fruit tree has pushed itself up, and borne fruit in the barrenness of this appalling waste. But, except for the relics in local museums and with collectors, that is all which has ever been seen since of this once lovely locality.

If you care to take a longish walk along the coastline east of Nairn, one of the snuggest towns in Scotland, you cannot fail to find what was once the "Garden of Morayshire," and property of the Kinnaid family—a Sahara in Scotland. Today, however, efforts are to be made to reclaim its miles of desert, and experts are very hopeful. What says Isaiah—"They shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations."

God's
Own
Garden

By
Albert Wilton

Whilst the moon rides high in the arc of the sky,
Come, roam the fair valleys with me—
For the care and the strife in the turmoil of life
The peace of my garden is waiting for thee;
Ye may live if ye drink of my nectar,
Refreshed by the rarest of wine;
By the stars that enfold all the priceless in gold,
Ye will worship with me, the Divine.

Peace, perfect peace, in my God's Own Garden,
Balm to my soul in the glories above;
Calm, soothing calm, in my God's Own Garden,
Watched from afar by the angels of love.

The peace that will live this fair garden can give,
Come, roam the free hill-tops with me;
Where the Spirit of Time peals a silvery chime,
For peace o'er the mountain, the valley and sea;
Ye may glory with me in my garden,
Delight in thy sight evermore,
And thy heart be imprinted with a wonderful rest,
Ye will treasure the gems I adore.

This Is Ending Women's Greatest Hygienic Mistake

—the hazardous use of makeshift methods



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

FROM the standpoint of modern social life, with its activities and full days, its filmy frocks and often ill-timed exactments, millions of women urge this new way.

From the standpoint of health, highest authorities urge it. Virtually every great hospital in America today employs it.

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A Canadian Grace Darling

By N. Torneau

THE name of Grace Darling, the heroine of the Longstone Lighthouse, is yet well remembered on both sides of the Atlantic for her assistance in the rescue of the crew of the "Forfarshire, which a heavy gale had driven on one of the Farne Islands near the Longstone—a light warning seamen off this dangerous part of England's east coast. But few folk today recall the name of Anne Becker and her equally gallant rescue of a crew on wintry Lake Erie.

No story of last year is this concerning Mrs. Becker, yet, like all other stories of heroism, it is none the worse of age.

On the morning of November 20th, 1854, the American schooner "Conductor" left the port of Amherstburg for Toronto with a heavy cargo of corn. A hurricane blew up out of the southwest about five in the afternoon, and all the canvas was snugged down, the vessel driving before the gale. Toward midnight the topsail sheets were carried away, her two boats smashed into matchwood and the decks swept clean of everything, all the hands having to lash themselves fast. The ship refused to answer her helm, and lay helpless in the trough of the sea. A little before four a.m. she was driven ashore a few miles from Long Point, as was found afterwards. But, although not more than 200 yards from the land, none of the men could pick up the shore, owing to the darkness and the thickly drifting snow. In despair they climbed up into the rigging, and lashed themselves securely.

Not till two in the afternoon did the blizzard blow itself out. The crew then saw a woman and two boys approaching along the beach. She and the children soon had a huge fire built on the shore, and persistently made signs to the sailors to swim ashore. The tumult of waters was so great that they were afraid to venture—ice, too, was fast making all the time. At last the captain, thinking the risk of drowning was less than that of death through cold and exposure, struck out from the wreck. He had almost reached the shallows when his strength failed, and, caught by an under-tow, he would have been carried away and drowned, had not the woman come to his assistance.

She at once understood his critical situation, and came to him as speedily as the deep water and ice would permit, walking in, as the captain afterwards stated, up to her mouth, with the waves breaking over her. She gripped him in

the nick of time, and, though she herself was several times beaten down by the surf, she got the skipper ashore. With the assistance of her two small sons, Mrs. Becker tugged him along to the blazing fire, and resuscitated him.

The mate then struck out, but he also failed to reach the shore, and sank. The captain, thinking himself strong enough now, went to his rescue, but again himself gave way; and again the woman went into the angry waters, out to the utmost depth at which she could stand, and succeeded in fetching the two men to the land. Five several times did the gallant woman face death in Lake Erie's waves, and each time she brought an exhausted, drowning seaman ashore; until seven lives were saved.

It was evening now, and the last man of the crew—he could not swim—still kept himself lashed fast to the rigging. During the whole night Mrs. Becker walked up and down the shore, keeping a keen lookout in case the man made an attempt to reach the land. Already her boys had brought food and warm tea from their shack—Becker himself was a trapper and fisherman, and absent in the woods—and set them before the shipwrecked mariners. As soon as daylight came, the captain and his men, strengthened and invigorated by the food and warmth, set to and made a small raft, and by means of it they rescued their comrade. Insensible he was, and nigh frozen, but still alive. The "Conductor's" crew remained at the Beckers' dwelling for some six days before they were able to depart.

Oddly enough, a week later, two other American vessels were lost in the same neighborhood, and their crews, who managed to get ashore, were greatly comforted by Anne Becker's hospitality and kindly attentions. Subsequently, the American Government sent her a letter of thanks, together with a handsome present of money.

In ten years or so, a century will have lapsed since Grace Darling helped her father to save the men of the "Forfarshire," yet, even at this length of time since the vessel piled herself up on the reefs of the Farnes, many boat-loads of visitors are attracted hither who otherwise probably would never have felt any interest in visiting this group of rocky islets. Famous, too, is Grace Darling's tomb in Bamburgh Churchyard, opposite the Farnes.

Canada, however, appears on the whole to have forgotten her "Grace Darling." Brave Anne Becker deserves a better fate than oblivion.

Beggared

By Hilda Hesson

The trees are stripped
Of all their wealth untold;
The golden harvest
Lies upon the ground.
Their flowers, fruit and nuts
Have gone, and now their leaves
Have fallen victim
To the frost-thief's wound.

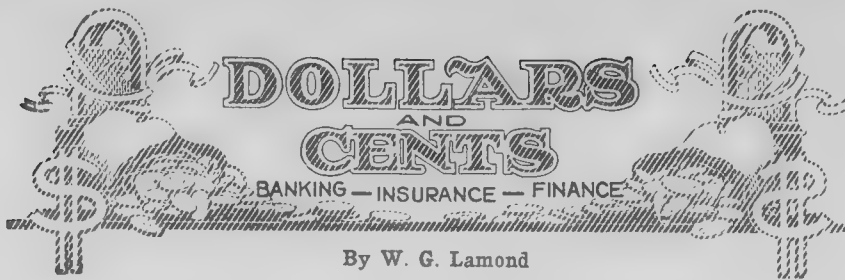
Beggared they lift
Their barren arms aloft;
Beggared they rustle
As the cold winds blow;
Beggared they bend
The sullen blast before,
That weighs them down
Beneath a mound of snow.

No birds companion them
In their dull days;
No nests make gay
Their branches barren brown;
Nothing but cold and silence
And the feet of little beasts
That mark the shadowed snow
On which the ghosts look down.

And yet within the heart
Of each poor ravaged tree,
There lies a secret
That no cold can kill;
Something that only needs
A waft of April breeze,
To tell the world again
Of leaf and daffodil.

So pity not
The beggared winter trees;
Hold them in envy,
For they have a treasure rare;
They know there is no death,
But only sleep;
And we—forget our secret in
Our dull and weary care.





By W. G. Lamond

Business Outlook

THERE are indications that manufacturers and distributors are proceeding warily with their programme for the fall and winter, until they can determine just what effect the recent damage to the crops will have on business in general and in particular on the purchasing power of the farmer. So many contradictory reports have been received that it is difficult to state what loss has been sustained, but with improving weather there should still be a good "dollar" harvest. And while the farmer is not likely to receive as much for his labors as he did last year, in view of the improvement which has taken place in his financial position in the last two or three years, it is reasonable to assume that his spending power for 1927 will be just as great as it was this year, if not greater.

Goods Moving Well

One of the best indices of the trend of business are car loadings. Figures issued, covering week ending September 18, are particularly informative, as the situation during that period is similar to the one just ended. Grain loadings registered a decline owing to the lateness of threshing; live stock moved in a large volume, and coal and coke recorded a substantial increase. The stability of the wood-using industries is disclosed by the loadings, which show little variation from those of the same week last year, although recording a gain compared with the previous week. The most significant item in the report is the loadings of L.C.L. merchandise and miscellaneous. These loadings combined were greater by 10 per cent. than in the previous week and nearly 9 per cent. above the loading figures for the same week last year.

Newsprint Paper

The production of newsprint paper in Canada for August amounted to 162,545 tons, about 500 tons less than in the record month of July; 92 per cent. of this output, with a valuation of nearly ten million dollars was exported. The importance of this great industry in our foreign trade may be realized from the fact that if Canadian paper mills produced only for home consumption the favorable balance of over 40 millions for the first five months of the current fiscal year would be entirely wiped out and replaced by a substantial unfavorable balance of trade.

The new paper machines brought into operation in Canada this year have added very materially to the output in recent months and have permanently established Canadian leadership in the production of newsprint. For the first eight months of 1926 Canadian mills produced 23 per cent. more paper than for the corresponding period of 1925. The increasing demand for newsprint has not only absorbed this huge gain, but has consumed more paper of American production, the increased output in the United States amounting to 12 per cent. Canadian mills have been operating at an average of 97.7 per cent. of capacity this year, compared with 95.5 for United States plants.

Butter Production in the West

The remarkable improvement in the quality of butter produced in the Prairie Provinces during recent years is indicated by the results of provincial exhibitors at the leading dairy shows held in Canada last year. The percentage of all prizes won by Manitoba in 1925 was 34.4, Saskatchewan 17.8, and Alberta 38.6. Next on the list came Ontario, with winnings of only 4.7 per cent., followed by British Columbia with 2.4 per cent., Quebec 1.4 per cent., Prince Edward Island .3 per cent., and Nova Scotia .4 per cent. Substantial progress was made by the dairy industry of Manitoba during 1925, as shown by the

annual report of the provincial dairy branch. The production of creamery butter was 13,663,312 lbs., an increase of 1,030,508 lbs. over 1924, and, in addition, a conservative estimate places the butter-fat shipments to the United States from Southern Manitoba at 1,000,000 lbs. for twelve months. The total make of cheese last year amounted to 765,407 lbs., an increase of 264,774 lbs. over the previous year. Exports of creamery butter last year, mostly to Great Britain, amounted to 315 carloads, or 126,000 fifty-six pound boxes, valued at \$2,416,680.

C.P.R. Earnings Reflect Business Improvement

Earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway for August and for the first eight months of 1926 very clearly indicate the improved condition in general business in this country. The gain in gross and net revenue during recent months has been striking, even after making allowance for seasonal improvement.

Gross revenue for August at \$16,630,173 was the largest for that month since 1921, while net at \$4,305,375 has only been exceeded on two previous occasions during the company's history in August, 1912 and 1916. A review of 8 months' operations is equally impressive. For that period this gross totalled \$118,456,380 compared with \$105,765,016 for the corresponding part of 1925, while net at \$22,183,198 showed an increase of 44 per cent. over the previous year. These net earnings for the 8 months are greater than for the comparative period of any year since 1917.

Apropos of Fire Prevention Week

The following story carries its own message. The story is told by J. A. Thomas, Fire Marshal of British Columbia:

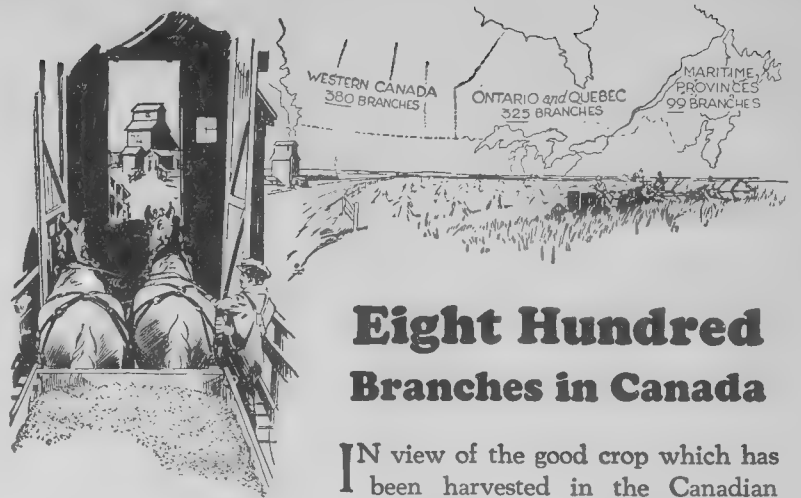
I was in a man's office one time and we were discussing fire hazards, the causes of fires, and so on. I was telling him about the loss from smokers' carelessness. He said, "Oh, that sort of thing is an obsession with you people; you don't think about anything else but fire hazards. I have been smoking for twenty years and I never set a fire yet." Just then he took a cigarette out of his case and lighted it; he leaned back in his chair and let the match drop, and it fell into the waste paper basket. I saw it fall and I saw it start a fire. I didn't say a word. The fire burned up and as he was leaning back the flame took him right across the back of his neck. He jumped out of his chair and hurriedly stamped out the fire in the waste paper basket, using both feet in the process. He said, "Did you see that fire start?" I said, "Yes, I did." "Why didn't you tell me about it?" I said, "The only way to teach a damn fool like you any sense is to burn it into his hide."

I can give an intelligent reply to a man who comes into my office and asks how to handle a fire hazard, but when I am asked what to do with a boneheaded fool on the end of a cigarette butt, I cannot answer; I do not know what to say in a case of that kind.

August Life Insurance Sales Show Increase of 14 Per Cent.

Fourteen per cent. more ordinary life insurance was purchased last month in Canada than in August of 1925, according to a report just published by the Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau, of Hartford Connecticut. During the month \$36,010,000 of new business was delivered and paid for by companies having in force 84 per cent. of the total business in Canada. This is an increase of \$4,286,000 over the sales of last August. The report includes the production of new paid-for business, exclusive of revivals, increases, dividend

Continued on page 59

**Eight Hundred Branches in Canada**

IN view of the good crop which has been harvested in the Canadian West, it is of importance to manufacturers, wholesalers and all other business interests to know that we provide banking service at 380 points in Western Canada.

With the largest number of branches in the Dominion and over 100 abroad, this Bank offers unequalled facilities for handling collection business.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Resources exceed 700 Million Dollars

G541

**Women**

Thoughtful attention is given to the personal welfare of beneficiaries—especially women and dependent children—by this Corporation. Our officers consider it a duty and privilege to become helpful advisers to our clients whenever their assistance is needed.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

Established 1882

W. G. WATSON, GENERAL MANAGER H. M. FORBES, ASST. GEN. MANAGER
TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG SASKATOON VANCOUVER

Ordinary Life Paid up in 19 years!

Policy 31434
Amt. \$3000
Prem. \$93.30
Issued 1906
Age 39

This policy called for premiums payable during the policyholder's whole life time, but because of the profits earned by The Great-West Life, less than 19 premiums were required.

This fully paid-up policy will continue to participate in profits every five years.



32

THE Great-West Life COMPANY
ASSURANCE HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG



Reputation

Where reputation for accomplishing the given purpose is spoken of, who can deny the right of precedent to our Mounties. They always do their job—they never fail.

The purpose and aim of a loud speaker should be to reproduce any program exactly as broadcasted. After all, it is the reproduction you hear and if you would enjoy it, it must be good. Baldwins do this job—always—with any radio set.

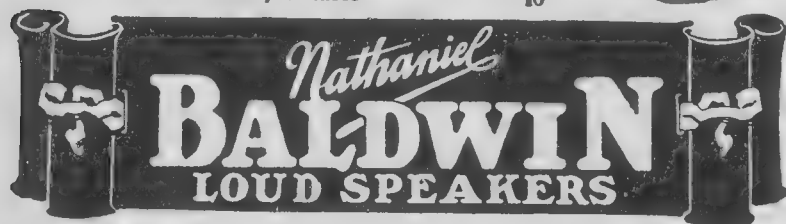
Your dealer can demonstrate the Baldwin in horn, cabinet or cone type. Notice this feature. The Baldwin patented principle eliminates the necessity of adjustment. There is no adjustment. Many of the leading manufacturers of the finest cabinet radio sets are installing Baldwin units as standard equipment. When buying such a set, make sure it is equipped with Baldwin built-in unit.

All Baldwin products adapt themselves perfectly to the new Power Tubes, using the higher voltages.

Before you decide—hear the Baldwin

Baldwin International Radio of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

10



keep a bottle of

BOVRIL

in the house

*it is so useful when
nourishment is
needed in a hurry*

57

Nothing But the Best!

Recipes offered through the

Better Cookery Department

are all kitchen tested—each issue contains appropriate dishes for the season.

**Williams "ARTIST"
Band Instruments**

Moderately Priced—Fully Guaranteed
and Sold on Convenient Terms.

Send For FREE Catalogue

The R. S. Williams & Sons Co. Ltd.
421 McDermot Ave. - WINNIPEG, Man.

Radio News

THE results of the Federal Election reached millions of people through North America by radio. In each of the larger cities of Canada there was one station engaged in sending out election returns, the eight newspaper-owned stations giving an especially good service.

Everyone, no matter how distant—even people in the subarctic, could pick up the results, if possessed of a reasonably efficient receiving set.

One factor which contributed greatly toward speedy broadcasting of the results was the improved land wire service, by means of which the broadcasting stations in various large cities are supplied with the returns as fast as the latter are received and tabulated at national headquarters of the political parties and Canadian Press.

In letters received during the past year it has been brought out by missionaries and police who inhabit the far northern parts of Canada that last year's election results were heard very plainly.

TODAY we think nothing of an evening's entertainment by means of radio music. It has become a very common occurrence indeed. But the chap who was in the game in 1920 and 1921 will tell you of a time when a radio concert was considered a great event.

In those days the few who had radio sets, mostly school boys, kept that evening once per week sacred. True, they were at their sets every night, but music was different and more novel than the dots and dashes which coursed so noisily through the air then.

The studio of a broadcasting station at that time wasn't much of an affair, nothing like the awe-inspiring, heavily carpeted and deadly silent studios of today. This one in Toronto could be seen from the street, the noise of the street cars and vehicular traffic marred what might have been quiet, if quiet there could be with people coming in and out, telephones going and stenographers ticking away.

Inside the office, in the middle of the floor stood the set.

It was housed in a large cabinet resembling somewhat the present day combination bookcase and writing desk. In front of the set, suspended by wires from the ceiling, hung a megaphone with a microphone in the small end. This was the "mike."

When the concert was being broadcast, the various players grouped themselves in front of the set so that their music would reach the microphone. There were no elaborate amplifying sets then as now, and the music went straight from the microphone to the transmitter.

The set was considered a very good one. It was capable of transmitting over a range of 300 miles by voice and far greater distances by telegraph key. Its power was far less than that consumed by any station in Toronto today. It was only a half kilowatt set operating on 1,200 metres. It must be remembered that the higher one goes in wavelength assignments the harder it is to get a signal to cover good distance with low power.

As stated, the set resembled a combination bookcase and writing desk. Within the latter, when the cover was placed in position for a writing desk were found the complete transmitter and receiver. The receiver, seven tube standard type using the regular small valves, was in the centre, with transmitting control panels alongside. On each side was one of the large transmitting tubes used, the key, phones, and a few pigeon holes. Underneath was housed the complete power plant and batteries.

A COMPETITION sponsored by the Johannesburg Rand Daily Mail, between South African, Canadian, American and Hawaiian amateurs is the latest novelty in amateur radio. The prize will be a silver South African Springbok, a trophy well worth competing for.

To promote more reliable communication on amateur wavelengths between South Africa and the North American continent is the aim of this competition. Stations in Canada, United States and Hawaii were trying during September and October to get in touch with as many South African stations as possible, although communication more than once per week between any two stations will not count, the idea being to communicate with as many different stations as possible.

Reports cards for each contact are to go to the headquarters of the South African Radio Relay League and the American Radio Relay League, marked this competition.

The judges will consist of an international committee, comprising members from the S.A.R.R.L., the newspaper and broadcasting interests in South Africa and executives of the American Radio Relay League.

G. A. WENDT of Montreal, whose attempt to give those in the far north a regular series of messages, met with success, recently, received the following message of thanks from the dean of Arctic navigators, Captain J. E. Bernier, F.R.G.S.

"I am very glad indeed to know that your efforts in connecting with the people that we left on our northern islands have been successful. I am sure you deserve the most credit for having us connected with our northern friends and Northwest Mounted Police. They must have been delighted to have received news from their friends, mothers, wives and children, and to know that their friends at home have not forgotten them.

"Please accept Captain Bernier's thanks for your fine efforts, and may God make your business successful."

THE past month has seen the opening of a new studio, acclaimed to be the best in America, at station KDKA, Pittsburgh.

This station celebrated its sixth birthday at the new studio, having given listeners in Canada and the United States, as well as in many other countries, five years of excellent musical entertainment.

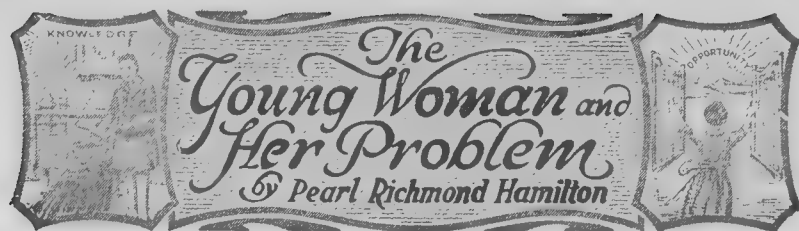
A composition wall for deadening and absorbing sound has replaced the draperies which used to cover the plastered walls at the old studio. With this innovation clear programmes, reproducing exactly every tone of every musical instrument, will be clearly broadcast. A new reception room has been equipped with an amplifier which allows the artists, awaiting their turn to "go on the air" fully to enjoy the programmes.

The new transmission room, from which the broadcasting is done, will hold nearly one hundred musicians, and the new position of the microphone will at last enable the sounds to receive their proper proportions. Bass tones will be fully reproduced.

The dedication programme, given on September 20, included band, symphony and vocal numbers as well as speakers of great renown in the radio field.

"What makes you say he is a conceited man?"

"It was his own birthday today and he sent his mother a letter of congratulation."



Western Canada

PERHAPS love association unveils beauty unknown to the sense of the casual visitor. A place full of memories days rich in blessings may be a magnetic force that draws one hundreds and thousands of miles. Else what is home?

Lake Winnipeg is home to me. Its name is charged with power and beauty and magnificence. No other name of place has for me its magnetic charm. I have seen here so much of God's handiwork in sky and water—all the glories of the Universe at times gather in one triumphant march of color and picture.

Yes, and in the hearts of its people I find reflected beauty of mind and character such as Nature's environment in Divine sublimity creates.

He sat in front of the little store one evening this past summer playing a violin as the mood of the atmosphere touched his soul. This man from farther north, native born from generations of men and women who breed appreciation of bush, tree, lake and sky, and human brotherhood.

"No," he replied to my question, "I have never taken any lessons on the violin. It is just in here, I must play," and he touched a fine strain as he expressed the music of his soul.

"I cannot read or write," he added, "but there is so much else to learn. My mother taught me lessons in nature and since her death twenty years ago I've learned to know the woods, the grasses and the lore of the wild. I don't belong to any creed, but I believe there is something wrong with anyone who does not believe in a Supreme Being." He spoke in tone of voice rich in the quality of one who feels sensitive to beauty of sound.

I turned homeward under the spell of the strains of the violin as it throbbed with the expression of a humanity nurtured in an environment where men live in recognition of Divine Power.

Night hovered over us with its dark blanket of protection. But pointed fingers of Northern Lights quickly lifted the covering and changed the place into fairyland. Across the sky heavenward the Master Hand painted in glorious sudden strokes revelations of color and form. It was as if heaven opened and showed us visions of beauty and promise, reminding me of my Scotch friend who told me one time that when she saw the skyline the first time in Western Canada it made her feel that Canada was near heaven.

I stood on the beach entranced with with convincing proof of Divine Presence, when across the water just where the great Canadian lake touched the sky—when I felt that more beauty could not be crowded into this handiwork of God—the round full moon tipped the far horizon, then boldly rose and stretched a path of gold straight to my feet, inviting me to come where the source of all beauty is blended.

Magnificence supreme! This is Western Canada!

Overwhelmed with the experience of so much proof of the Divine Presence everywhere, I turned and walked to the door of my neighbor, Mrs. McLellan. I looked in and saw her with her husband before their fireplace. Bright warm flames from storied driftwood of the north flashed on the walls of the cozy room, a poem of the symphony of well earned rest in a home of love. Their faces reflected the peace and contentment that bespeak victory over life's struggles. There before me was revealed the secret of the strength of the fine Canadian home.

I intended to call. I could not. That picture was charged with an atmosphere too sacred to disturb. They were my neighbors. Good neighbors means sacrifice, sympathy, tolerance. Years of asso-

ciation had tested their position as true neighbors. I had seen their daughters grow to beautiful young womanhood until they married and started new Christian homes of their own. Husband and wife—a father and a mother—genuine neighbors—life's experiences had crowned them with the loveliness of respected citizenship.

These neighbors of mine for many years I loved. But this evening when the Divine Artist was painting sky and lake and all outdoors and allowing His colors to splash over into the interior of this home, it was not fitting that I should call. Yes, there is a God. If you do not believe it come to Western Canada for proof of His creation in Nature's wonderland and in the brotherhood of humanity.

Woman in Advertising

SEVERAL young women of my acquaintance are making a success in various phases of advertising. Some are advertising managers in department stores. Young women who have had newspaper experience or who have had courses in journalism are sought by mercantile firms for these positions. But a young woman must bear in mind that such a position requires resourcefulness, education, enthusiasm, personality. These positions lead into other positions of exceptional opportunity. For example, I know personally young women who are enjoying their work in interesting positions in Europe and the islands of Hawaii, because of their training in newspaper work. These positions are not gained without struggle. I have heard so many girls say they hate reporting, both in the newspaper offices and in their courses in journalism. Many give up in the reporting stage. I know of no other experience more valuable in its training. It leads to such splendid opportunities. I have watched young women reporters in their experiences. They mingle constantly with men and women of affairs. This gives a girl self-confidence, personality, ease of manner, and cultivates pleasing address, conversational ability. Journalism brings one in constant association with the brightest minds and the most intellectual people of the period. Reporting makes one mentally alert—it teaches the ways of the world as nothing else will. The reporter experiences a new phase of life every day. She is taught to search for facts—to search for causes and to foresee results. It broadens her vision to survey the field of human thought. She must learn to think quickly, speak easily and to mix pleasantly with the world. The reporter, in order to meet the active men and women of the world, must have a personality to attract their attention. Her observation must be accurate. An editor of lifetime experience has this to say of a reporter's influence: "The reporter develops in mental analysis, learns to understand the causes of great events, their present importance, and has a clear insight into their future influence. He has studied the great influences that for centuries have governed human conduct. To generate and diffuse a sound sweet generous wholesome public opinion is the best and biggest business in which any human being can engage. Such are a few of the ideals of a great editor."

Like the stage, journalism has an alluring fascination to the average girl. But when she begins she finds its demands are extreme, and many in the first experiences of reporting give up. Schools of journalism witness large enrolments the first term and a small class at the end of the course. Somehow today energy takes the place of talent and she who sets her goal is she who reaches it and the thrill of accomplishment is so worth while.

Continued on page 77

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

W. K. Kellogg



Lagging feet and longing hearts

The third dance and tired, utterly tired sinking into the first chair—there perhaps to spend the rest of the evening. This was not the vivacious girl she had been a few years ago. Then thirty dances would have been her portion. What tragedy was this, that she, so young, should seem so old?

What tragedy indeed is constipation—one of the worst diseases to afflict the human race. It saps strength. It thieves beauty. It poisons. It ages its victims long before their time. But the hopeful part of it is—constipation can be safely and permanently relieved without the use of habit-forming pills and drugs. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is the answer.

No matter if constipation has become chronic. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN will bring permanent relief. That is why: Bran—ALL-BRAN—goes completely through the system without changing fiber. It is what doctors call a bulk food, a necessary aid to regular elimination.

Eat at least two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every day—in chronic cases, with every meal. If eaten regularly, it is guaranteed to bring permanent relief, or your grocer returns the purchase price. Its delightful nutty flavor makes it good as a cereal. Serve with milk or cream alone or with fresh or preserved fruit; with other cereals or cook in hot cereals; use in soups, or in the recipes given on every package.

Look out!

Products which are only part bran are doubtful. They bring only partial results—often none at all. Don't take unnecessary chances. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is ALL-BRAN—100% bran. That's why doctors recommend it. Sold by all grocers and served in leading hotels and restaurants.

Made by Kellogg in London, Canada

Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN

The original ALL-BRAN—ready-to-eat



That well-groomed look

Professional men and successful business men—doctors, bankers, lawyers—know that a clean, fresh, well-groomed appearance is an immeasurable asset.

This unique creation, Palmolive After Shaving Talc, gives that fresh, clean look you want. It removes after-shave "shine." And yet leaves no "powdered" look.

It is a powder for men, providing features unknown before.



Personal—to all Palmolive Shaving Cream users

We have prepared a new-type talc for you that ends all shine without that powdered look—Now, accept a can of this unique creation—just send coupon

GENTLEMEN:

We have developed a new-type talc for you.

A talc that takes all that after-shave shine away; yet that's invisible on the face.

A talc that meets the desires of gentlemen in providing the well-groomed appearance they want, without the "powdered" look that followed old-time talcs.



Now as a favor to us, please accept a two-weeks' trial can to test. Just mail the coupon below. Let us show you what we have done.

A new-principle creation

Used after shaving, all "shine" goes—yet no trace of powder shows.

We are experts in skin care, as you know.

We make Palmolive Soap, the leading toilet soap of the world. Palmolive Shaving Cream—the most amazing success in its field—is another of our creations.

Palmolive After Shaving Talc is different from any preparation of like purpose you have ever tried. It is based on scientific findings. It is the result of long experiment in the noted Palmolive laboratories.

Before offering it to you, we spent some years in perfecting it.

Also 10-day tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream

The unique creation that's winning thousands away from old-time shaving soaps—corrects five mistakes of ordinary shaving preparations for you. Send the coupon.

Made in Canada

3375C

TRY IT—FREE

and a 10-day tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
Dept. B-1255,
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited,
Toronto, Ontario.

Please print your name and address clearly



PALMOLIVE AFTER SHAVING TALC



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

SEVERAL interesting questions have been submitted to us lately arising out of transactions between landlords and tenants. Probably the most common misapprehension under which the ordinary tenant labors is that it is impossible for a landlord to give him notice to vacate premises during the winter time. On many an occasion tenants have stated that it is the law of Canada that no landlord can obtain premises during this season. Such a belief is absolutely erroneous. If the landlord is entitled to the premises it makes no difference whether it be in the dead of winter or in the heat of summer.

One of the strongest remedies granted the landlord is the right to levy distress on the goods of the tenant. This right exists to the landlord during the term of the lease or within six months after its expiration if the title of the landlord and the possession of the tenant continue. A landlord is not entitled, however, to hold the goods of his tenant without distress if a judgment has been recovered for rent. A distress for the same rent will be illegal and the tenant may recover damages for distraining where no rent is due. Whenever furnished apartments are let the rent is determined to be due out of the realty and not out of the furniture, and in such a case the rent may be distrained. Should the tenant remove his goods in a fraudulent manner the landlord can follow them within the space of 30 days after the carrying away, no matter where they may be.

A bailiff acting for a landlord cannot break into any building but must enter in the ordinary manner. It has been held that entering with a pass key is breaking into the house. Should a window be opened he is entitled to enter through a window, but he cannot put his hand through a hole in the door or through a broken pane of glass and thus remove a fastening or break open a window or unfasten a hasp. Whenever a door or a window is unlawfully broken open the distress is wholly illegal and void and the landlord and his bailiff will be liable in damages.

Generally speaking all cattle, goods and chattels of the tenant which are found upon the premises may be distrained for rent. There are certain exceptions to this rule, such as the tools, and implements of a man's trade, if they are in actual use at the time, or if there are other goods in the premises on which a distress could be levied; goods in the custody of the law; wild animals; beasts that gain the land; buildings, or fixtures which a tenant has no right to remove from the freehold.

The general rule in Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario and Saskatchewan is that the goods of a stranger are not liable to be seized even though they may be found on the same premises. If, however, the title to such goods is derived by way of purchase, gift, transfer or assignment from the tenant, they are liable to be seized.

If the tenant becomes bankrupt the landlord loses his right to levy a distress and the trustee is immediately entitled to the possession of the property, but when the property is distributed the landlord is entitled to be paid in priority to all other debts an amount not exceeding the value of the assets which might be distrained and not exceeding three months' rent accruing due prior to the bankruptcy. If there is any balance he is entitled to rank as a general creditor for this balance which may also include accelerated rent not exceeding three months. The trustee is entitled to occupy the premises upon his giving notice to

the landlord of his intention to do so. Usually if the trustee occupies the premises after the bankruptcy he is obliged to give the landlord three months' notice of his intention to surrender possession.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Q.—We have in our garage a Chevrolet touring car, model 490, which has been left for storage about a year ago. This car is in poor shape and not worth as much as the storage now will amount to. We do not know the whereabouts of the owner nor do we know his name.

We shall greatly appreciate if you will advise us the correct procedure to follow in order to sell this car for storage.—"Jno Mody."

A.—We are of the opinion that you fall within the scope of the Warehousemen's Lien Act. You are entitled to sell the goods by public auction provided you give written notice of your intention to sell to the person liable as debtor for the charges. This notice should contain a brief description of the goods, the location of the warehouse, the date of the deposit, the name of the person by whom they were deposited, an itemized statement of your charge and a demand that the charges must be paid within 21 days from the delivery or from the time when the notice should reach its destination, according to the due course of the mail—if it is sent by mail, and a further statement that unless the charges are paid within the time specified, the goods will be advertised for sale and sold by public auction.

If the charges are not paid an advertisement of the sale describing the goods to be sold and stating the name of the person liable, the time and place of the sale, must be set out once a week for two consecutive weeks in a newspaper published in the locality. The sale must be held not less than 14 days from the date of the first publication of the advertisement.

The notice in writing can be given by mailing it in a registered letter addressed to the debtor at his last known address.

If there is any surplus and if the debtor does not demand the surplus, you should pay it to the County or District Court.

If you do not come within the provisions of this Act, our opinion is that you have no right to sell the property and only a right to retain it until your charges are satisfied.

Q.—I have been garnished and my employer wishes to pay the money into court. How much am I allowed to take off.—"Winnipeg."

A.—In Manitoba a male employee, if unmarried and not supporting dependent brothers and sisters under the age of 18 years or dependent parent or parents or grandparents, is entitled to an exemption of \$30.00 per month. If the employee is a widow or widower without dependents the exemption is the same. In all other cases the exemption is \$60.00 per month. If there is less than a month's salary owing the exemption is based at the rate of \$30.00 or \$60.00 per month as the case may be. If the employee is sued and his wages garnished for board and lodging, he is not entitled to any exemption unless a judge is of the opinion that the money so garnished is necessary for the support and maintenance of the debtor or his family or relatives depending on him for support.

One on God's side is a majority.—Wendell Phillips.

Jewelled Moments she will remember

a gift SO ENTRANCING THAT IT TAKES
THE WORDS RIGHT AWAY FROM HER
LIPS AND SETS THEM ALL A-SPARKLE
IN HER EYES.

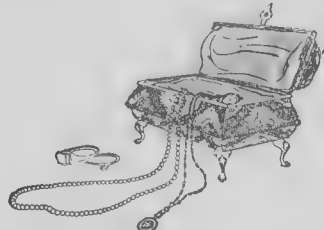
. . . . other presents may serve their
day and go their way . . . but the
luring appeal of *precious jewels*
lingers a life-time.

*How true it is that a gift
from the jewellery store pos-
sesses a very special charm
that commonplace things
can never quite acquire!*

The enchanted aisles of this treas-
ure house are to her a Land of
Dreams Come True. . . . And what
a privilege then—what a *pleasure!*
—to select from this fascinating
source the *one* gift for which she
has longed.

*to be treasured
far beyond the dusk of this wonderful day*

The world is so full of gifts that die in a day. But you
can make the thrill of this day live on for her when
a hundred calendar leaves are withered and gone.
. . . “ Welcome this opportunity to bestow a gift
that lasts—a token of enduring charm. . . . “ The
present you select at the jewellery store will not only
give immediate delight, but increase in value with the
rich associations of each passing year.



GIFTS THAT LAST

Consult your Jeweller



No More Gray Hair

Don't think your hair need remain streaked with gray—or even very gray. For more than ten years, gray-haired men and women, whose hair at one time was brunette, blonde, red, auburn, brown or black, have used Kolor-Bak with entire satisfaction, and are no longer gray.

Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that has restored youthful appearance to hundreds of thousands. As easy to apply as water, it requires no experimenting with samples of your hair.

Just ask your dealer for Kolor-Bak. The one bottle is for all hair, no matter what shade or color. Results often appear in a week. And with the disappearance of the gray hair, the tonic properties of Kolor-Bak make it splendid to use for dandruff or falling hair. Its tremendous success is clearly shown by the sale of nearly 3,000,000 bottles, which proves its superiority.

Dealers everywhere sell Kolor-Bak with guarantee to return your money if it does not bring desired results. No excuse now for any woman to look old, or any man to be considered too old for employment. Your druggist, or any store where toilet goods are sold, carries Kolor-Bak. Ask for it today.

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair



Hallam's FASHION BOOK

SHOWING LATEST STYLE
FUR COATS
CLOTH COATS
DRESSES
MILLINERY

Write for your **IT'S FREE**
copy to-day

Hallam Mail Order Corporation Limited
1668 Hallam Building, TORONTO





Retain the Charm
Of Girlhood
A Clear Sweet Skin
Cuticura
Will Help You
Use Cuticura Soap Every Day

Federated Women's Institutes

"Every W. I. Member Can Help With Publicity!"

A Message From Elizabeth Bailey Price, Publicity Secretary, Federated Institutes of Canada

The Western Home Monthly for the last two years has adopted the policy of giving generous space each month to Women's Institute news, dealing particularly with the four Western Provinces. W.I. members have been delighted to read of their activities in these columns.

The time has come now when the public demand necessitates The Western Home Monthly increasing its subscription list 10,000.

This is the time for the Institutes to come forward and show in a material way their appreciation of this splendid assistance to their work. This they can do by seeing that each and every member takes this magazine, which in addition to bringing them news of their own work in the West, is a wholesome, interesting and home periodical, with Canadian ideals, Canadian problems and writings from the pens of the best Canadian authors.

A special offer has been made to W.I. members, particulars of which may be obtained from their own secretaries. It is a medium through which the work goes "marching on" and this is a strong way of promoting our own work.

Make it a slogan of your W.I. "Every member a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly."

The West and East Meet in a National Women's Institute Exhibit

ONCE again, and for the third time in this particular venture, the West has co-operated with the East in the putting over of a national project. This was the exhibit assembled by the Federated Institutes of Canada, with the help of the various provincial governments, at the recent Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto. It occupied the west wing of the Women's Building, and consisted of booths from every province but Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan. In these were depicted the various resources of the provinces in relation especially to the women.

The two missing provinces had all plans made to send an exhibit, but even in the best regulated families plans must change at the last moment, and so unforeseen circumstances developed. Their absence was the only regrettable feature in a national work that is becoming stronger each year.

For three years this work has been undertaken by the Federated Institutes of Canada, under the able convenership of Mrs. David Watt, of Birtle, Manitoba. It has increased and attracted growing interest each time. In view of this, it was decided at the sub-executive meeting of the Board of the Federated Institutes of Canada, which was held in conjunction with exhibition time, that next year still greater efforts would be made to carry on this important national work, and once again Mrs. Watt was appointed convener.

A Daily Luncheon

A FEATURE of the exhibit was a daily luncheon, arranged through the courtesy of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. This was served on the balcony of the Women's Building, overlooking the sparkling waters of Lake Ontario. Each day one province was thrown into the limelight of publicity, when at the luncheon food products from it were served and special speakers spoke of its resources.

In the afternoon in "Canada's Kitchen" Mrs. H. M. Aitken, of Beaton, Ont., director of the Women's Institute's section, demonstrated to hundreds of visitors how to make delicious dishes from the products of the province that was giving the luncheon.

Another feature was the community poster exhibit. These posters depicted by pen and ink sketches, photographs and water colors practical community work. The prizes to the amount of sixty dollars, which was voted by the Federated Institutes, were won by Lumley, B.C., first; Roblin, Man., second, while the third prize was divided between Beaver Mines, Hardisty, Alta., and Barrie, Ont.

Manitoba's Exhibit

MANITOBA'S resources and the socializing influence of the Women's Institutes was told to thousands of visitors by a team of three pretty girls from Rosser—Pearl Mulligan, Marie Winther and Frances Steeves. These talks, which were illustrated with maps, photographs and a background of miniature elevators filled with barley, boxes of poultry, etc., were alternated with home nursing demonstrations, by the girls, under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Beachell, of Rosser, who had trained them.

The talks were opened with a song, which at once drew the crowds. The words ran as follows:

"Less than fifty years ago
There came the settlers bold,
Braving storms upon the deep,
And dangers unforetold.
Venturing into unknown lands,
Their future homes to make,
Away out west in Manitoba."

Chorus—

"Hurrah! hurrah! we cheer to beat the band,
Hurrah! hurrah! we have the best of land,
We have the best of farms and stock,
And resources of which we'll talk
Away out west in Manitoba."

The girls then proceeded to tell of the potential resources of Manitoba. They began with the furs, the oldest industry of the North-west. Each year over a million dollars worth of furs are obtained from this province in the lower Saskatchewan valley, which is one of the greatest muskrat areas on this continent, on the Hudson Bay and north of Reindeer Lake.

The north and eastern parts are forest covered. Although much has been destroyed by fire, there is still a large amount of pulpwood and considerable areas of timber yet untouched. Plans are now being discussed for a mill to use pulp timber, this to be situated on the east side of Lake Winnipeg.

Fish are abundant in the three large fresh water lakes, Lake Manitoba, Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipegosis. The total value of the fishing industry last year was a million and a half dollars.

The province boasts a great variety of minerals, a fine building stone, brick, gypsum, etc., being found in the southern part. In the northern and eastern parts, gold, copper, lead, zinc and iron deposits have been discovered by prospectors. A large body of copper ore has been found at the Flin Flon property in the Pas district and copper-nickel ore is being diamond drilled north of Lac du Bonnet. Gold prospects are being developed in several places north of the Hudson Bay Railway. Manitoba is also the great water power province of the West. There is available for the province almost four million horse power and only one hundred and thirty thousand of this is yet utilized, the great Nelson River being yet untouched.

There are great tracts of farm lands, only a part of which are under cultivation in the provinces. The figures of farm products for the year 1925 speak for themselves—52,156,046 bushels of grain; 1,338,000 dressed poultry sold to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec; 16,429,482 dozen eggs produced, and 208,285 swine sold for bacon.

Nearly a thousand new families settled in this province during the year, these being immigrants.

Social Influence of W.I.'s

THE next part of this talk was the socializing influence of Women's Institutes, this illustrated with photographs of the Birtle Hospital which was established in its early stages mainly by the W.I. which raised some \$1,700.00 for it; the exterior and interior of the Winnipegosis W.I. Community Hall, where a library of 600 books is maintained; the community halls at Solsgrith and Ashern, and a skating rink at Isabella.

In this province there are 130 W.I.'s with an approximate membership of 4,000. Their work is along the lines of education, sample programmes being on exhibition; child welfare, which takes the practical form of baby, tonsil, teeth and adenoid clinics; providing school lunches, which were demonstrated at the fair; training demonstration teams; installing libraries; building community halls, there being three built last year; helping maintain hospitals; welcoming new settlers by meeting trains, having hampers ready and spending a day showing the housekeeper how to make bread and how to use Canadian stoves. "The W.I.'s show how to manage husbands, too," said the girls, "and each year a number of branches banquet them annually, thus getting their sympathy and support."

Manitoba Day

ON Manitoba Day there was a special luncheon on the balcony of the Women's Building. The menu consisted of beef tenderloin, vegetables and honey from this province, while the favors were place bouquets of heads of wheat and the native "obedient" flower, which had been sent for this purpose. The special speakers for the day were Professor Reynolds, of the Agricultural College, Guelph; Professor Jackson, of the University of Manitoba, and Hon. Mrs. Ralph Glyn, of London, England, a prominent W.I. woman.

N. Y. McKay, who was in charge of the Manitoba booth, was chairman. In a brief speech, he referred to the fact that Manitoba was the first province to establish a reputation in the Old Land for wheat; that last year we produced one-half of the barley of Canada. The growth of the dairy industry was illustrated by these figures—in 1912 the province imported 56 carloads of butter for home consumption, as compared with last year's exportation of fourteen million tons. Honey is a new industry, some four million pounds being produced last year.

Professor Reynolds, a former Manitoban, spoke wonderful hospitality, cordiality, optimism and faith of the people of this province.

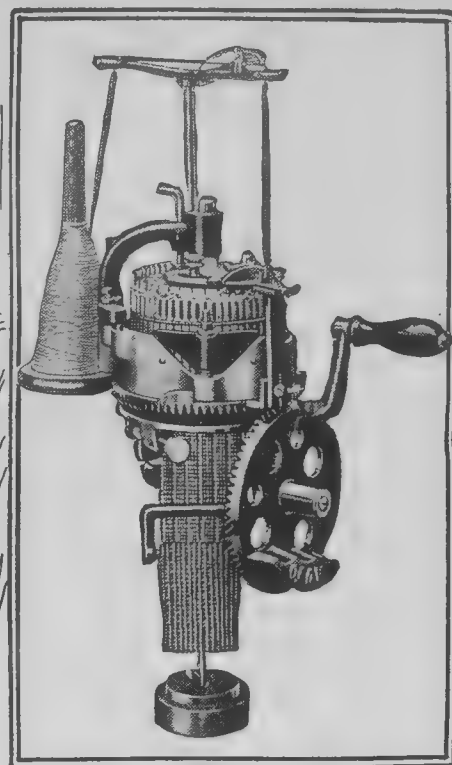
"The people of the West," he said, "always have two crops, that of 1915 and next year's."

Professor Jackson told of the wonderful harvest; of number one hard wheat that would require two months for loading, at the rate of a million bushels per day. He stated that Manitoba had taken nearly 50 per cent. of the butter awards; that it produced one-seventh of the furs of the Dominion; that it was now a "treed" province, and that the growth of the forests had been greater than the break of lands in the last twenty years. "Much of this secession talk is due," he said, "to interprovincial ignorance. The Canadian National Exhibition is an annual federation in which all the provinces of Canada are showing their best."

Hon. Mrs. Ralph Glyn brought greetings from the quarter of a million Scotch and English W.I.'s. "When she and her husband returned," she declared, "they would go up and down the country seeking for the right kind of settlers for this wonderful Dominion."

British Columbia's Booth

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S booth was one of the most beautiful there. It consisted of a display of eight varieties of
Continued on page 85



"I Easily Earn \$250 to \$300 at Home Every Day—"

"I AM alone with my father," writes Miss Harriet Pushee, of Nova Scotia, "and do all the housework, yet I can easily earn from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day just in my spare time. I am getting things with the money I am earning that I never thought I could have. The Auto Knitter has proved everything you claim—a regular Money Maker. It has certainly given me a feeling of independence."

We are quite sure that Miss Pushee was the last person in the world to think that she could ever make any such spare-time money, yet, the facts are here—she not only earns hundreds of dollars a year, but she does it easily and along with her regular housework. Haven't you a little spare-time that you would like to turn into dollars too?

Here is the Whole Plan

In the quiet privacy of your own home you knit standard wool socks for us—not by hand, but a hundred times faster—with the Auto Knitter. Three hundred revolutions of a lightly turned handle and a perfect sock is knit. No previous knitting experience is required. The machine is exactly what we call it—An Automatic Knitter.

When a few dozen pairs are ready—or any quantity—they are sent to us by parcel post. By return mail we send a Money-Order paying for the knitting, and, in addition, a new lot of yarn. This new yarn costs you nothing, and it is replaced as often as work is sent in. We pay you on a piece-work basis. The

more work you send in the greater your pay-cheque.

We have paid Mrs. Gauvreau \$1,385.00

Mrs. E. Gauvreau, of Quebec, has a family of seven to look after, yet she earns in her spare time over \$50.00 every month. We know she does because we pay her. Now, if one woman in a little Quebec village can earn hundreds of dollars a year in the privacy of her own home—is there any reason why you can't?

Distance Makes no Difference

This proven and established money making opportunity is open to men and women all over Canada. As everything is done by mail, distance makes no difference. Mr. George Bellhouse away out in Vancouver writes: "I have had four years of success. I like the work because it is easy and keeps me independent." And here in Ontario, Mrs. K. Corbett says: "I have worked for the Company for over four years and they have used me right. My wage cheque and new yarn is always promptly sent."

Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars have been Earned

Since Auto Knitting was introduced into Canada 12 years ago, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been earned by Home-Workers. This money has all

been earned in spare time—the hours and half hours that might otherwise be wasted. And hundreds of thousands of dollars will continue to be earned, because socks of all things will always be wanted.

A Guaranteed Income

How can we guarantee you an income? Simply because after 12 years' experience we know that we shall always have immediate sale for every pair of standard wool socks that we can get. We have continuous contracts with wholesale firms to supply hundreds of thousands of pairs a year.

Full Information Free

You understand of course that we cannot give all the details here. Won't you let us send you complete information free? Without the slightest obligation on your part we will be glad to tell you all about our Home-Earning Plan. We would like you to know of the substantial amounts even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Simply clip and mail the coupon. Do it right now!

Department No. 5811
The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd.,
1870 Davenport Road, Toronto 9, Ont.

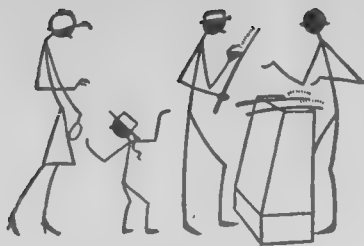
Dear Sirs:—

Without the slightest obligation on my part, please send me information about making money at home.

Name

Address

Publication—Western Home Monthly, Nov. 1st, 1926



"Look, Mother! What is the man doing?"
 "Ethelbert! Hush! He is buying a tooth brush."
 "But, Mother, he is brushing his thumb with it."



The A.O.T.B. strikes a snag!!

ANOTHER invasion of personal liberty! A denial of the inalienable right of the Ancient Order of Thumb Brushers! A bar to the time-honored custom of buying tooth brushes by rule-of-thumb!

Always, until now, the Thumb Brusher has had free rein. Like a hawk upon a henyard, he has swooped on a tray of tooth brushes. Thumb! Thumb! Thumb! The more, the merrier. How he reveled in it!

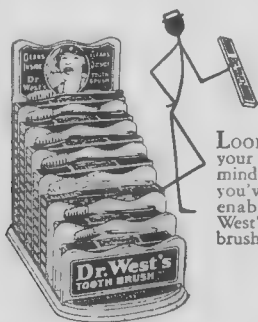
Then on to conquer new worlds. The packaged brushes! Open them up! Let's try the bristles. Another! And another!

But now comes Dr. West, challenging, defiant. "Thumb your brushes as you will," he says to the A. O. T. B. "This brush thou shalt not thumb!"

Your Dr. West's Tooth Brush is safe from Thumb Brushers! Sterilized, sanitary, it comes to you in a sealed glassine container. Inside the usual box. Samples of every type of Dr. West's are in the handy display cabinet on your druggist's counter. Examine them as you wish. They won't go in anyone's mouth!

With its other, greater advantages, you, who use Dr. West's, are of course familiar. The small size that slips easily into the farthest check-corner, with bristles firmly erect for cleansing and polishing. The convex surface and pointed tufts that clean inside, outside and between the teeth. The wonderful, sturdy, bristles that *polish as they clean!*

For all these advantages, the adult's size Dr. West's costs you but 50 cents; the youth's, 35 cents; the child's, 25 cents; the special gum massage brush, 75 cents. So little for so good a brush—and protection from Thumb Brushers!



LOOK FOR THIS CABINET on your dealer's counter. It will remind you to buy the tooth brush you've been forgetting and will enable others to examine Dr. West's without touching the sealed brush you will ultimately buy.

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ADVERTISE

—for direct results

If you haven't yet advertised in The Western Home Monthly, you haven't learned what your classified advertising can do when directed to the small city and town homes of Western Canada.

The Power of Suggestion

By Ruth Valerie

IT is a recognized fact among the medical profession that suggestion plays an important part in sickness, especially in nervous disorders. Dr. Coué had many adherents who conscientiously practised the affirmation "That every day, in every way, they were getting better and better," and honestly considered they were benefited by it. In the sick room it is usual to always maintain a bright and hopeful attitude, and to speak only words of hope and encouragement, realizing the effect it will have on the mind of the patient.

Most people are quite willing to admit that the continual suggestion of an idea for either good or evil will in time affect even the strongest mind. Knowing this, it is an amazing thing how many parents and teachers ignore this fact, and think nothing of repeatedly telling a child that he is dull, stupid or naturally bad.

"Well!" a mother will sometimes say. "I suppose you intend to be a bad boy again like you were yesterday. You're the most disobedient, stubborn child I ever saw." In all probability the child had completely forgotten the sins of yesterday, and having been reprimanded for them at the time, he should be allowed to forget them. Instead of that the idea is deliberately suggested to him that he will probably repeat the transgression. His mind plays with the idea; it is expected of him; usually he lives up to the expectations.

"I can't do a thing with that child. He doesn't mind a word I say, he's completely out of control," is the constant lament, before the child, of one mother of an unusually intelligent active little fellow of four. In some obscure way she seems to feel that by publicly laying the blame on the child she frees herself of all responsibility.

The child has heard that cry ever since he was a baby. He expects it and even glories in the fact that he can always get the best of mother. It is an entirely wrong attitude to take to allow the child to believe he is incorrigible; to let it sink into his subconscious mind by continual suggestion that he is different to other children. It develops in time either a fatalistic outlook that "he was born that way, and couldn't help it," and he continues to live up to the expectations of people, or he may develop an inferiority complex, which will always be a drawback to him in later years.

It is just as easy to suggest to the child that we know he is going to be good and that he will in time make a splendid success of his life, as it is to repeatedly tell them that they will come to no good end, yet many parents seem to consider the latter course the better one, and that continual nagging and scoldings, coupled with warnings as to

the dismal future that awaits them, will correct their failings.

One little boy of nine years was never allowed any pocket money. In desperation one day he took fifty cents from his father's pocket, then in fear lied about it. Although it happened a year ago his father continues to call the child a thief and a liar and predicts constantly that he will end in jail. He shows him he has not the slightest confidence in him, and regales visitors with stories of his wickedness. How much better it would be having punished the child, to drop the subject once and for all, and make him understand that father and mother are absolutely certain he will never do such a thing again, and incidentally allow the child a little pocket money of his own. It is most unfair to discuss a child's faults before others. We would not like our failings publicly discussed, and we should credit the child with having as much fine feeling and sensitiveness on the matter as we ourselves.

Parents should stop to consider the powerful influence their words and the general home atmosphere has on the impressionable minds of their little children. They should suggest to them only what is fine and honorable, remembering that high attainments are preceded by high ideals, and these high ideals can be instilled in early childhood, and they will then, in time, become part of their natural outlook on life.

A striking illustration of the power of suggestion was recently given by Lord Birkenhead in an address.

In speaking of his childhood, he said that ever since he could remember his father—a soldier who later studied law—had impressed it upon his mind that he should become a lawyer. There is no reason, he told him, why you should not become Lord Chancellor of England, and I KNOW YOU WILL. He was told it so often that he accepted it as a matter of course. When attending his very first school some of the boys asked him what he intended to be. "Lord Chancellor of England," he replied quite simply, without any thought of bragging.

His rise was remarkable for its rapidity, and he is now the youngest Lord Chancellor England ever had.

There are doubtless many people who owe their success in life to the mental suggestion and encouragement of their parents or someone whose opinion they valued. First the mental suggestion, then encouragement, coupled with faith, and boundless possibilities open up to the eager young mind.

If parents and teachers will affirm to their charges that they CAN do things, that they KNOW they are going to do splendidly, and they are SURE they will grow up to be a fine type of citizen, the children will try to live up to their expectations.

Being Happy Alone

HUMANITY tends to extremes. Some persons love solitude and seek it by preference at all times, turn with petulant irritation from the unmeaning chatter of their fellows, and are never satiated with long wandering in remote, quiet woodlands, where they can enjoy the unfailing, diversified solace of their own exhaustless thought. Others again will never be alone if they can help it, seek to forget thought, to forget their huge, intruding ego, to forget themselves in the busy community of others and prefer any company to none.

Of those two extremes doubtless the latter is the less harmful, even distinctly the more advantageous. It is better to seek your fellow men than to fly them, better for them and, generally speaking, far better for you. In getting rid of your superfluity of self you may benefit others; to be sure, you do not always, but you may. And you are getting rid of something that may be cherished to very doubtful profit. For the love of solitude carries with it great and obvious dangers, the danger of an

exaggerated estimate of your own importance, the danger of losing your adaptability, the danger of brooding too much and too long on things that all of us gain by leaving in shadow.

Yet, in spite of the danger, what a priceless gift it is to be able to be happy alone! How many people there are who have it not, who are uneasy and restless unless they have companionship to entertain and divert them, who find even an hour interminable when it must be passed far from the support of others' voices and the touch of others' hands! What a privilege it is to be able to people solitude with merry or absorbing thoughts, to fill the woods and fields, or your own quiet chamber, with quaint, endless, delightful creatures of the imagination, who have the immense social advantage that they will come when you please and go when you please and not pester you!

After all, we have to see more of ourselves than of anyone else. It is fortunate when we find ourselves good company.

Home Doctor

Our Attention to Sick Neighbors

THE just thing we say when we hear of sickness affecting one of our women neighbors is, "I must go to see her." And we go, not singly it very often happens, but in twos and threes, and more sometimes, with the consequence that our poor neighbor has a "bad" night, a setback, or a relapse. Anyhow, something ill usually follows an overdose of visitors, or even one at the wrong time.

Now, if we are really wise, we shall find out just what is wrong with our neighbor, then, if we can do anything in the way of cooking, or perform another slight service to help or comfort the sufferer. Afterward, we shall enquire whether visitors are wished for, and if the case is in a doctor's hands, whether he advises for or against them.

Then, if we visit. The most suitable time as a rule is about 4 p.m., as at that hour a patient has had an opportunity to sleep well since dinner time, and is in the best possible condition to be entertained.

As to the duration of a visit to a sick person: It should never be long, as people in ill health tire quickly. Signs of weariness should be heeded by a visitor, and the patient left alone, or harm will be done.

And it is to be hoped that while we have talked to her, we have chosen pleasant subjects. That we have left untold news of sickness elsewhere; details of accidents or surgical operations we have heard, or read of, and left unrelated the latest scandal, also our own troubles, great and small. But that we have been able to see the sufferer looking more rested than before we visited, and hoping to see us again shortly.

Sleep

NOTHING is more important to the health of man than sleep. Scientific experiment has proved that it is more essential to life than food. With proper precautions a starving animal will recover complete health, but the same animal if deprived of sleep will die—and in much less time than it would take to starve him. The Chinese long ago knew that truth; one of their favorite forms of torture was to keep a man forcibly awake until he either went mad or died.

Many people are mistaken in thinking that they suffer from complete insomnia; for "complete insomnia," extending over any long period, can be maintained only by alert and active watchers. Nevertheless, many people do suffer from gravely insufficient sleep. On the other hand, many people sleep too much, either because they think they need a great deal of sleep or because they have inactive brains or undeveloped consciousness. Young and healthy children, savages and all adults of low intelligence are likely to fall asleep the minute they become quiescent. So, too, persons who have anæmia or any other disorder that checks the flow of blood to the brain sleep too much and too easily.

Should we keep the brain quiet as the normal hour of sleep approaches? That which healthy children do automatically adults should do as the result of observation and reason. Persons who doubt their power to sleep through the night should scrupulously refrain from heated arguments, prolonged talk of any kind, exciting plays, indigestible suppers and tea and coffee, especially coffee. Many people who are susceptible to the stimulus of coffee learn that, if they would fall asleep, they must forego it for many hours before they go to bed.

The hygiene of sleep and the proper treatment of mild cases of sleeplessness will be discussed in another article.

Gallstones

GALLSTONES are concretions formed, chiefly in the gall bladder, from the bile; they are composed either of cholesterolin (a fat-like substance in bile) or of a compound of lime and one of the coloring matters of the bile. When

found in the gall bladder they are sometimes present in immense numbers; they vary in size from a grain of wheat to a small hazelnut, and are usually more or less cube shaped or pyramidal as a result of mutual pressure. It is estimated that one person in every ten or twenty has gallstones, but fortunately the sufferers from gallstone colic are much fewer.

The stones are formed usually as the result of inflammation of the line membranes; sometimes they have as a nucleus a little mass of cells from the mucous membrane or a clump of bacteria on which layers of cholesterolin, or bile salts, are deposited. As a rule, gallstones cause no symptoms, and most persons are blissfully unconscious of having them. It is only when they are dislodged from their resting place in the gall bladder and begin to move down the bile canal to the intestines that they cause symptoms; but then they make up for their previous silence, for the pain they cause is often almost unbearable.

An attack of gallstone colic begins suddenly and often without any warning as a severe pain in the right side of the abdomen just under the ribs and usually shoots up the back to the shoulder. The pain is sometimes slight, and felt only as a dull ache or soreness in the back just below the right shoulder blade; but often it is excruciatingly sharp. There is usually some fever, though occasionally the temperature is below normal, and the patient has a succession of slight chills. The skin is covered with perspiration, vomiting is frequent, and the distress is increased by hiccoughs. When the attack continues for some time without relief the sufferer may fall into a state of collapse, and jaundice frequently appears during or after a prolonged attack.

The symptom that calls most urgently for relief is the pain. For this, heat applied to the seat of pain or in the form of a hot bath is often effective. When this fails the physician must give anodyne drugs carefully, but in doses large enough to dull the pain. There may be only one attack, or repeated attacks may occur at longer or shorter intervals. In the latter case the wise course is to submit to an operation to remove all the stones in the gall bladder and so put an end to the painful attacks and avoid more serious consequences that might follow the impaction of a very large stone in one of the bile passages.

Jaundice

JAUNDICE is not itself a disease, but a symptom of some internal condition; but it is such a striking symptom that it is common to find it treated in medical books as if it were really a disease. It is a yellow discoloration of the skin and the mucous membranes caused by the coloring matter of the bile, and it is accompanied by other symptoms that are caused by the same disorder of the liver or the blood.

The actual cause of jaundice is an obstruction in the flow of the bile, which, normally, is excreted by the liver and passes into the intestine, there to mix with the food and aid in digestion in some way not yet thoroughly understood. When the bile cannot pass into the intestine, it accumulates and is absorbed into the blood. Sometimes the absorption seems to be owing to an excessive secretion of bile; so much flows into the intestine that it cannot all be used, and the blood takes up the surplus.

The bile may also be obstructed by a tumor that presses on the bile ducts; the same effect may be caused by an inflammation and thickening of the mucous membrane that lines the ducts, or by a change in the fluid character of the bile, so that it becomes too thick to flow freely. The last is the case when jaundice follows phosphorous poisoning or some other form of blood poisoning

Continued on page 87



Ignorance of physical facts never brought happiness to any woman

UNLESS there is frank discussion there can be no real enlightenment on a subject such as feminine hygiene. And wrong information—out-of-date information—is often worse than no information. Feminine health is too important, too vital a matter to be regarded in a haphazard way. The modern woman wants to know the truth and then judge for herself. She wants the benefit of every new idea. The recent advances in the practice of feminine hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the evil of poisonous antiseptics.

The menace of poisonous antiseptics

Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects of bichloride of mercury—its burning of the mucous membrane and its toughening of delicate tissues. Also the compounds of carbolic acid, which are caustic in their action and frequently result in an area of scar-tissue and hardening of the membrane. Yet until recently such poisons were the only recourse for fastidious women who demanded a real surgical cleanliness and a true antiseptic insurance against germs.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But fortunately this state of affairs is now a thing of the past. No longer need a woman run the risk of using powerful poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home—a calamity all too common when the poison bottle is left within reach of little children who cannot read the "skull-and-cross-bones" warning. No longer need she face any of these dangers, for Zonite has arrived.

Zonite is a powerful antiseptic. In fact, Zonite is a real germicide, for it actually kills germs. It doesn't merely check germ-growth temporarily like the mild, sweet-tasting and bubbling antiseptics. It kills all the germs present and prevents their multiplication. But besides being a powerful antiseptic, Zonite is an antiseptic harmless to human beings.

The most remarkable feature of Zonite is its great germicidal strength. It has more than forty times the strength, for instance, of peroxide of hydrogen, and is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

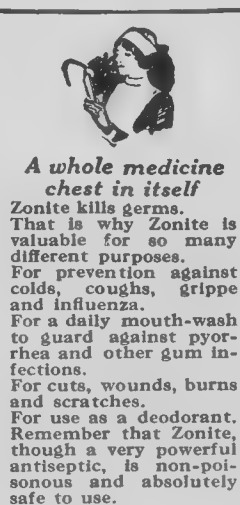
No wonder then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic that can even be held in the mouth! In fact, dental authorities are recommending it highly for preventive oral hygiene. We should be glad to have you ask your physician for his opinion of Zonite.

A booklet that every mother will want to give her daughter

The important subject of feminine hygiene is thoroughly covered in a dainty booklet prepared by the Women's Division expressly for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate

subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it. Pass it on to others who need it. Thousands of women are today running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. This book will bring all such women abreast of the times in a very important matter of health and comfort. The booklet is free. It is daintily illustrated.

Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Co., 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.



A whole medicine chest in itself
Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes. For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza. For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections. For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches. For use as a deodorant. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

At all drug stores
35c, 60c and \$1.00 per bottle

Full directions with every package

Use Zonite Ointment for sunburn, insect bites, poison ivy, burns, scratches and other surface infections. Also a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.

Zonite



BB-18
Women's Division
ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
165 Dufferin St., Toronto

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Feminine Hygiene
Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Please print name

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Province.....



"Niagara Maid" Silk Hosiery happily combines shapely refinement with superlative elegance and proved economy. In all the season's colors.

"Niagara Maid"

The Better Made
HOSIERY

Also Makers of
"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves.
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A CANADIAN PRODUCT

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Children Cry for



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



The Children and Their Playmates

By Dorcas Webster

EVERY normal, healthy child enjoys playmates, and this is one of the advantages of having several children in the family, for the little group can be happy together without the distracting presence of too many outsiders.

All of which leads me to reflect upon the reasoning of a very charming neighbor who recently came to a certain locality to live.

This lady is one of culture and refinement, and has a modern home with many luxuries. Her husband is a young surgeon, rapidly making his way to the front, and naturally much occupied with responsibility and exacting tasks.

Said this neighbor-friend with a frank smile, "I trust that you agree with me that the ideal way for children is to play at home where they can be supervised by their own mother, and that little playmates from outside will come to enjoy a happy time with them, rather than to have them straying off elsewhere with their whereabouts often unknown, and sometimes the influences to which they are subjected, unsuspected."

She looked expectantly at me, and as these were exactly my sentiments, I agreed enthusiastically, remarking.

"I always felt that way myself, and provided my own children with the wherewith for outdoor activities which would keep them interested to good purpose and happy."

But alas and alack! Theory is one thing, and the manner and method of practice, quite another.

My neighbor's two children had the freedom of a good sized, well-cared-for lawn which adjoined my own. Here they were provided with a sand pile and various equipment which would help them to enjoy their hours in the open. A sixteen year old nurse girl was provided to keep a watchful eye upon them, and the stage was set for health for the kiddies and comfort for their elders. The children were adorable, and for a few days everything went along nicely.

Then the fly in the pot of ointment made its unwelcome appearance. Children from all quarters began to assemble at this point, and by 8 or 8.30 in the morning when the weather permitted, we found ourselves the center of what might be described accurately as "Bedlam Let loose."

The visitors were all the way from toddlers who could barely stagger to this point of attraction, up to husky lads twice the age of the little people who were at home. Sometimes as many as three nurse girls were present, either visiting with each other with great animation, or else joining in the play and adding to the uproar.

The innocent plays of the younger children soon lost their attraction in the more thrilling and exciting moving picture stunts which were staged freely, such as bandit hold-ups and the lassoing of fair maidens to be dragged off at the hands of their captors. An outside cellarway entrance with doors that lifted up, served as a dungeon into which shrieking, protesting little children could be thrust—and this was but the beginning.

In the meantime, my charming neighbor-friend, the mother of the two adorable youngsters, was rarely visible. Evidently the supervision of the children was to be handed over to the illiterate, noisy, and sometimes threatening sixteen year old girl. Frequently the mother read in comfort on the porch on the opposite side of the house, or went motoring, or attended social affairs with

a serenity that we could not feel who were obliged to remain and listen to the situation which was increasing in size and vociferousness every day.

It became impossible for the aged member of my own family to take the much-needed afternoon siesta. Conversation at the table in the dining room which fronted upon the two lawns, was impossible, for rarely could we succeed in making each other heard above the din. Sometimes we listened to conversation which brought a frown to our faces.

And yet it is not easy to interfere with your neighbor's management of her own offspring, nor does the average person wish to appear unneighborly or unsympathetic. We told each other again and again, that children must have a right to run and romp and play, and that all children were inclined to be noisy and to think only of their own immediate pleasure. But usually such conciliatory remarks were interrupted by the shrieks of violent disagreement, or the wails of a wounded member of the group.

Then an amusing thing happened. In a stroll down the street, a detachment of this noisy crowd was discovered playing in front of a fine home where an elderly lady lived. She appeared at her door.

"My dears," she said mildly to the children, "have you homes?"

They all nodded.

"Then," she continued, "I shall be very grateful if each of you will go there at once. I brought up a family of six children, but I never allowed them knowingly to disturb other people, and I am sure your parents would not wish you to either."

The children trotted off without protest. But in a few minutes, they were overtaken farther down the street at the home of two of the noisiest children of the group. The mother appeared on the side porch.

"Children," she said, "the twin babies are asleep and you must run somewhere else to play."

The little people moved on, and by the time I reached home, these recruits were added to the group on the lawn.

It was obvious that conditions could not continue in this way, nor was it right that they should. As I studied these children, I was impressed with the fact that they were an unusually bright, active, resourceful, and normally imitative bunch. The greatest number of them came from better-than-average homes, but almost without exception, they were neglected.

The parents doubtless would have been indignant beyond expression at any such intimation, and yet the facts could not be disputed. The children were well dressed and well cared for physically. In fact, there was not one child in the group who was not promising and who under fair conditions would have been lovable. Clearly the children were not to blame! Who then was responsible if not the parents themselves?

There was nothing for it but to consult with the neighbor-friend and if possible, to use as much tact as could be summoned to meet the situation. It was not pleasant to do this, for it wouldn't be fair to put the blame upon the children who were not to blame at all, nor to put it upon the nurse girls who were totally untrained and were probably doing their best according to their light.

But surely someone should feel the importance and privilege of instructing

Continued on page 87

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 49

additions, re-insurance from other companies and group insurance.

Every province shares in the general gain. Saskatchewan and New Brunswick lead with gains of 39 per cent. and 20 per cent. respectively. Ontario and Quebec, the two most important provinces, have increases of 14 per cent. and 15 per cent.

10 per cent. cumulative gain.

The records of the cities vary widely. Improvement is most noticeable in Hamilton, which shows a 46 per cent. gain; and in Toronto, which shows an 18 per cent. increase.

In the first eight months of the year sales are \$28,440,000 ahead of the sales in the corresponding period of last year, a 10 per cent. increase. The general gain for the first eight months is reflected in each province. Saskatchewan leads with a 30 per cent. increase. Ontario and Quebec show gains of 7 per cent. and 13 per cent. respectively for the year to date. Montreal leads the cities for the eight months with a 13 per cent. increase over the same period of last year.

The gain in the twelve months ended August 31, 1926, over the preceding twelve months is the same as the cumulative gain, or 10 per cent. Every province shows a gain for the twelve month period.

Call for Report on Securities in Canada

The Dominion Insurance Department at Ottawa has called on all insurance companies, including branches of British and American companies, for details of their securities held in Canada.

This is for the purpose of establishing values to be used in the annual statements. The data is to be furnished as of September 15, with subsequent reports on any later purchases.

A Story of Lincoln

Ward Lamon, who was in partnership with Abraham Lincoln when the latter was a poverty stricken young lawyer in Springfield, Ill., once related how during the intervals between the sittings of the courts and during the lunch hour the wildly primordial youths, as they then were, used to engage in wrestling and jumping matches as tests of their strength. Ward Lamon went into a jumping match, and in his eagerness burst the seat of his breeches, much to the delight of all his fellow lawyers. They were determined to have a good laugh at the expense of their somewhat confused colleague, and one of them solemnly drew up a paper with a subscription list to replace the tattered nether garments of Ward Lamon. The paper came in time to where Lincoln was seated. Quite solemnly he wrote that Mr. Lincoln declined to subscribe to "the end in view."

Our Own

By Samuel Dodge

*If you had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That you said when I went away,
You had been more careful, darling,
Nor given me needless pain;
But you view your own with look and tone
You might never take back again.*

*For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words
spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.*

*We have careful thought for the stranger
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.*

40-40-20

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The Permanently WHITE Outside Paint



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The fact that these six progressive Canadian paint manufacturers have applied for licenses to make 40-40-20 is undisputable evidence of its excellence. These paint manufacturers are authorized by The New Jersey Zinc Company to use its trademark, 40-40-20, on paint made from its specified products according to its specially developed formula. They prepare it in ready mixed form in many beautiful tints as well as in white, or in paste form for the professional painter's use.

40-40-20 does everything that any high grade outside paint will do. It brushes out easily,

covers well, has great hiding power, protects the surface, withstands the weather, and leaves an excellent surface for repainting when repainting finally is necessary. Yet it costs no more than any other good paint.

The six manufacturers listed below have dealers who can supply you with genuine 40-40-20. Ask your paint dealer for it and send to us for the booklet "When White is White." It tells the whole story of this remarkable paint.

AUTHORIZED MANUFACTURERS OF 40-40-20 IN CANADA

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THE IMPERIAL VARNISH AND COLOR CO., LTD., Toronto
INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES, LTD. Winnipeg
OTTAWA PAINT WORKS, LTD. Ottawa
A. RAMSAY & SON CO. Montreal
SANDERSON PEARCY & CO., LTD. West Toronto, Ont.

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MONTREAL TORONTO

Something for Busy Fingers

Hand Embroidery Gives Individuality and Adds Distinction to Your Christmas Gifts

"Christmas nearly here again," did we hear someone say? Yes, surely it is going to keep even clever fingers busy to complete all those personal gifts that we all delight in giving, particularly so when each one represents something of our own creation.

A monogram is a decidedly distinctive decoration for dining room, bedroom or bathroom linens and may be developed in a variety of ways.

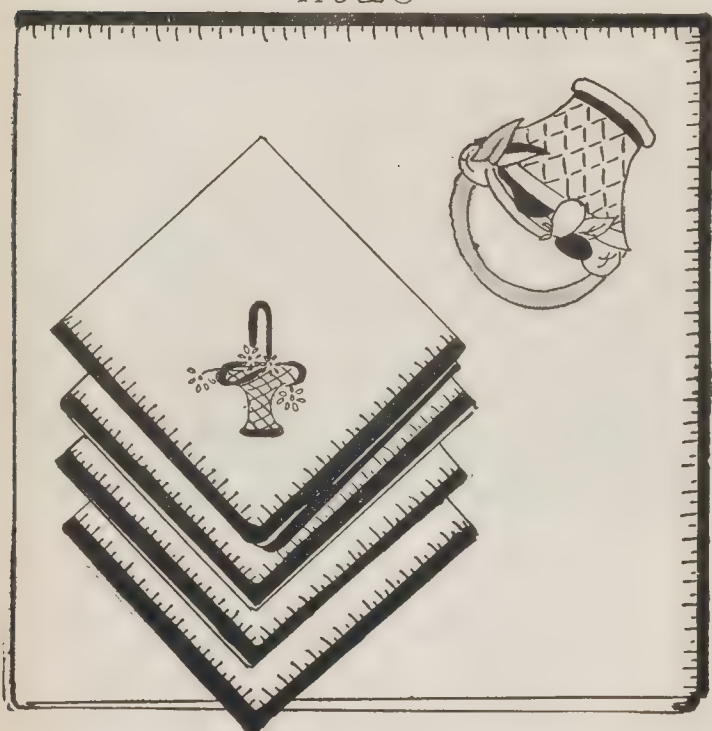
French knots make another admirable type of marking.

On huckaback towels French knot markings are very effective when done in white and outlined with a row of knots in colors.

Embroidery will introduce color into your furnishings in a most delightfully interesting way. Even the most elaborate effects can be produced with simple stitches and the aid of a good transfer.

We give below a few simple and effective designs, transfers of which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 40c each in silver or stamps.

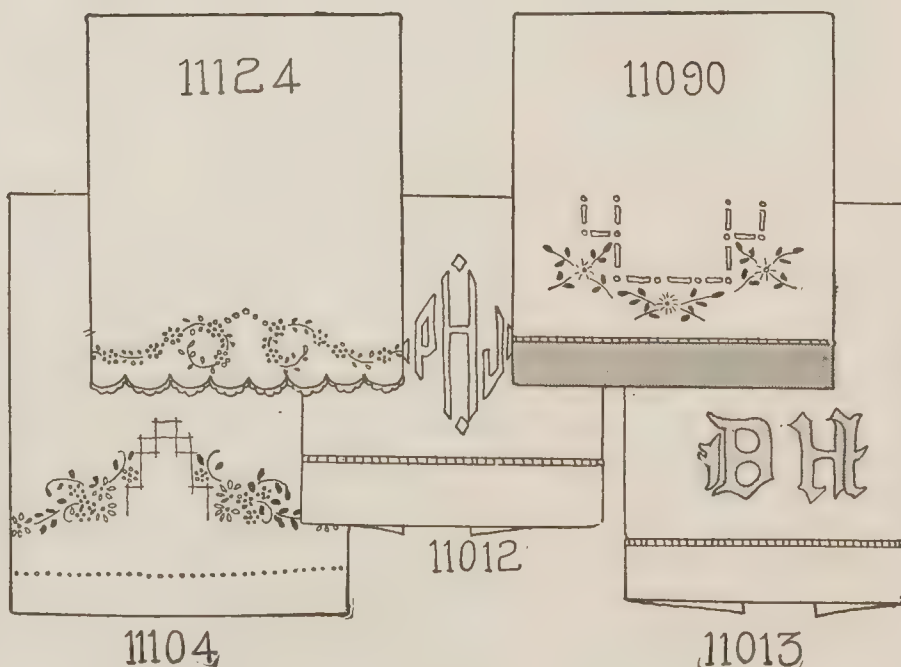
Trans
11023



Trans
11100



Trans
11125



11023—Basket Motifs for Applique and Embroidery. They can be used on table covers, scarves, fine lingerie, handkerchiefs, etc. The pattern provides for 48 basket motifs.

11100—Design for Luncheon Set. The pattern contains four complete motifs for the cloth; also transfers for applique pieces. This design may be applied to various household articles, including cushions, scarves, curtains, etc.

11125—Floral Sprays. Pattern contains two floral sprays for embroidery and two sprays of the same design; also one reverse of smaller spray for applique. Small sprays 14 by 4½ inches and larger sprays 22¾ by 4½ inches.

11124—Sprays and Scallops. The design is suitable for pillow cases, towel ends and dresser scarves. Pattern provides 2½ yards of scallops ⅝ inch deep, and two sprays 18½ inches wide and 3 inches deep at the widest part.

11090—Designs for Towels, Scarves, etc. The pattern contains four different designs in the following quantity and sizes, one is 2½ by 12 inches; one is 4¼ by 10 inches; one is 5¼ by 10 inches, and the fourth is 1½ by 9½ inches.

11104—Designs for Guest Towels. For trimming scarves, curtains, pillow cases, etc. Pattern contains two each of three designs, one 11½ by 2½ inches, one 11½ by 3 inches and one 9½ by 2¾ inches.

11012—Block Letter Monograms. For handkerchiefs, guest towels, etc. Three sizes, from which any three-letter monogram may be made. Three sets of monograms one inch high, two sets two inches high, and one set three inches high.

11013—Old English and Script Alphabets. Fourteen complete alphabets. Three alphabets of each style of letter one-half inch high, three alphabets of each style one inch high, and one alphabet of each style two inches high.

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GLEAMING waxed floors are no longer a luxury—NOW you can have their radiant glow in *every* room. The new Johnson Electric Treatment makes WAX the most economical of floor finishes. This treatment takes only a few minutes—there is no hard work—no stooping or kneeling—no messy rags and pails. It won't soil or roughen your hands! And it saves you all the bother and expense of frequent refinishing.

Rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for a day and give *all* your floors this Electric Treatment. It makes no difference whether they are old or new—of wood, linoleum, tile or composition. And it matters not how they are finished—whether with varnish, shellac, wax or paint. After this Johnson Wax Treatment they will sparkle with a new brightness and beauty.

This Treatment is so simple anyone can use it. Just spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Electric Polisher over the floor. You don't need to push it or bear down on it. Just *guide* it! The brush, spinning 2100 times a minute, burnishes the wax to a wonderful, even, deep-toned lustre.

Rent It for \$2 a day

From your neighborhood store or your painter you can rent this beauty-giving Electric Floor Polisher for \$2.00 a day and wax-polish **ALL** your floors and linoleum in the time it formerly took to do a single room. Telephone NOW and make an appointment to rent this labor-saving machine for a day. If you have any difficulty securing this Rental Service, write us and we will arrange to get it for you.

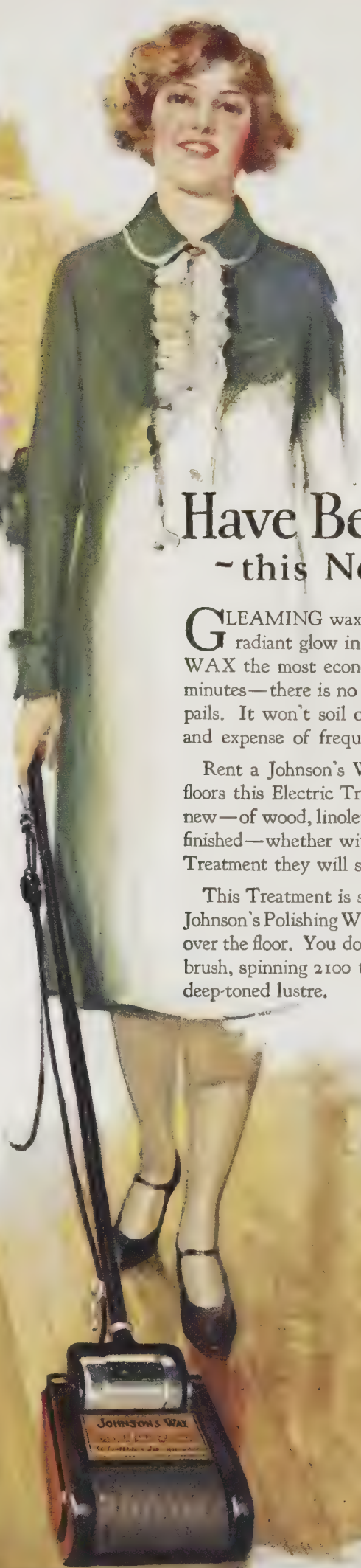
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Blue package
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in an air-tight,
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How To Make This Milk Loaf

Follow directions carefully and
you will be sure of success:

- 1 Royal Yeast cake
- 2½ cups milk
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 6 tablespoons lard
- 6½ cups flour

Dissolve Royal Yeast Cake in ½ cu. warm milk. Put the remaining 2 cups milk into a bowl, add sugar and salt, then the yeast; add 2½ cups flour and lastly the melted lard; mix all together thoroughly, cover and let stand in fairly warm place over night (about 9 hours). In the morning mix in the remaining 4 cups flour, let stand till double in bulk. Divide and make into two loaves, leaving some of the dough to make a twist for top of loaf if desired. Place loaves on greased pan, let rise to double in bulk. Bake in moderate oven.

Top of loaves may be brushed over with a little melted lard or beaten egg yolk to which has been added a little cold water.

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TORONTO, CANADA



The Thanksgiving Feast

THANKSGIVING is always associated in our minds with Pilgrim Fathers, Indians, and bountiful harvests. But of very recent years, we also connect with it, our thankfulness for the ending of the Great War. Autumn fruits and flowers, and colored leaves, are excellent for decorations.

Ever since Governor Bradford sent hunters out into the woods to secure wild turkeys for the first Thanksgiving feast, the turkey has held the place of honor at Thanksgiving dinners. But there are several other forms of meat which are just as satisfactory.

To accompany the turkey we must have cranberry sauce, and the natural vegetables seem to be celery, squash and onions, with pumpkin pie for dessert. Apples should also be served in some form, and some people must have sweet potatoes.

We may select a crown roast of pork, a juicy baked ham, tender "mock duck," a real duck or goose, roasted, fried or roast chicken or a delicious chicken pie.

If soup is served as a first course, it should not be the time-honored oyster stew, or any other cream soup, which dulls the appetite for the heartier part of the meal. A fruit cocktail or some simple canape is less work, and really more satisfactory. Much of the work may be done the day before. Cocktails may be of any available mixture of fruits, such as pineapple, grapefruit, orange, canned pears and cherries, garnished with a red cherry, candied cranberry, or sprig of mint or parsley.

For canapes, which are dainty appetizers, we use slices of bread cut in any fancy shape, toasted or sauted in butter, then spread with any such highly seasoned mixture as hard-cooked egg, chopped ham or chicken or fish, or cheese, and daintily garnished with parsley, red or green peppers, olives, paprika, slices of pickle, etc. One or two, according to the size, are placed on a paper doyley on a plate at each place before the guests are seated, and are eaten with a fork.

The Turkey Himself

Select a bird with smooth dark legs, broad plump breast, white skin, and not too fat. A ten pound turkey is a good size. If the cartilage at the end of the breast-bone is soft and pliable, the bird is young. Pin-feathers may be removed with tweezers, and the down singed off over gas or burning paper. The tendons should be removed with the feet. After removing the giblets, etc., cold water should be run through the turkey, then it is wiped, but it is not allowed to stand in water. Fill the body with stuffing, then sew with soft clean white string. Draw the legs up close to the body and fasten with skewers or string, fasten the wings in the same manner. Fasten a few slices of fat pork to the breast with tooth-picks, and place the bird on a rack in a roasting pan, with the breast side down, in order that the juices will run down into the

breast. Place in a hot oven till the bird is browned all over, then reduce the temperature, and roast it allowing about 20 minutes to the pound. If an un-covered roaster is used, the turkey should be basted every 15 or 20 minutes with equal parts of water and butter. It is done when the joints separate easily, and juice flows from the breast when

and summer savory. Mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of melted butter,

Oyster Stuffing

4 c. stale crumbs Salt and pepper to taste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. melted butter A little grated onion
 2 c. Oysters

Pick over and drain the oysters and mix the ingredients together.

Chestnut Stuffing

1 qt. chestnuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cracker crumbs
 Pepper and salt to taste
 A little milk to moisten
 Shell and blanch the chestnuts, and cook till soft in boiling salted water. Drain and mash. Mix with the other ingredients.

Raisin Stuffing

3 c. stale bread crumbs
 $\frac{2}{3}$ c. butter Salt and pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. raisins Powdered sage
 Seed and chop the raisins, melt the butter, and mix the ingredients.

Giblet Stuffing

3 c. stale bread crumbs
 chopped cooked giblets
 2 tb. chopped onion
 4 tb. butter
 Salt and pepper
 1 tb. poultry seasoning
 Cook the onion in the butter a few minutes, and mix the ingredients together.

Gravy for Turkey

Cook the liver, heart, neck, gizzard, and tips of the wings, reserving the stock.

Put 6 tablespoons of the fat from the roasting pan in a saucepan, add 6 tablespoons flour, and 3 cups of the giblet stock. Season with salt and pepper.

For giblet gravy add finely chopped gizzard, heart and liver.

Roast Chicken

The chicken which has been dressed, cleaned and trussed, is put on its back in a roasting pan, rubbed with salt and spread with 3 tablespoons of butter creamed with 2 tablespoons of flour. Place in a hot oven till the chicken is well browned, then reduce the heat, basting every ten minutes if the pan is uncovered, with butter mixed with boiling water. A four-pound chicken requires about one and one-half hours. About half as much dressing will be required for a chicken as for a turkey.

Roast Goose

A good goose is plump, has a large number of pin-feathers, soft feet, and a pliable bill. Singe the bird, remove the pin-feathers and scrub in hot soap-suds, then in cold water after drawing it, and wipe dry. Stuff, truss, sprinkle with salt and pepper, lay on a rack in a pan, and lay slices of fat pork on it. Baste with the fat in the pan. It requires about 25 minutes to the pound to roast a goose, unless very young, when 18 or 20 minutes will be enough.

Potato Stuffing for Goose

2 c. hot mashed potato 4 tb. chopped salt fat
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. bread crumbs pork



When Daddy Carves the Turkey

pierced with a fork. Some people tie pieces of clean white cloth over the legs and wings of a turkey during the first part of the roasting if there is danger of them becoming too brown and hard.

Stuffing for Turkey

Cracker Stuffing

2 c. cracker crumbs $\frac{2}{3}$ c. boiling water
 $\frac{2}{3}$ c. butter Seasonings

The seasonings may be salt, pepper powdered sage and summer savory, or if one wishes, the prepared mixed seasonings may be used.

Bread Dressing

Remove the crust from a loaf of rather stale bread. Crumble with the fingers, mix with sage, salt, pepper



"A Night Raid on the Pantry"

USE IT IN ALL YOUR BAKING

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread" and Better Pastry too

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1/4 c. butter Salt and pepper
1 egg 1 t. sage
2 tb. chopped onion

Mix the crumbs, potato, salt, pepper, sage and egg. Add the pork and onion which have been cooked together till the onion is yellow.

Mock Duck

Prepare a stuffing of
1 c. bread crumbs Salt, pepper and
2 tb. butter powdered sage.
1 chopped onion Milk to moisten

Scald the onion to soften it, then mix the ingredients and spread on a steak of even thickness. Roll and tie, securing the ends so that the stuffing will not come out. Put in a roasting pan and cook till the meat is tender.

Apple Rings

Make a syrup of equal parts of water and granulated sugar and boil 5 minutes. Red cinnamon candies may be added for flavor and color if wished. Prepare the apples by washing and coring, then cutting in slices without peeling. Drop into the syrup and cook till soft, but unbroken. Remove carefully to a larger platter to cool. Arrange around a platter of roast pork, roast chicken or turkey, or serve on a separate platter or large flat plate.

Apples may be pared and cut in quarters or sixths, and cooked in the same way, to serve instead of rings.

Cranberries

We always associate cranberries in some manner with Thanksgiving.

Spiced Cranberries

1 qt. cranberries 1/2 t. ground cloves
2 1/2 c. sugar 1/2 t. cinnamon
1 c. water

Wash and pick over the berries and put in a saucepan with the water and spices. Cook till the berries burst, add the sugar shortly before they are done. Rub through a sieve and mould either in one dish or in individual molds. Egg cups are good.

Cranberry Frappe

Is perhaps the nicest way to serve the cranberries.

1 lb. berries 1 qt. water
2 1/2 c. sugar Juice of 1 lemon
Cook the berries and water till soft, rub through a sieve, add the sugar and lemon juice and cool, then freeze to a mush. Serve in sherbet glasses.

Cranberry Sauce

1 qt. cranberries 1 pt. water
2 c. sugar

Cook the berries in the water till the skins burst. Add the sugar and stir till dissolved, then cool.

To have it "jelly," use 1 cup water, to 1 quart berries and 2 cups sugar. It may be strained or not as desired.

For spiced clear cranberry jelly, tie any desired spices in a bag, cook with the berries and water, till the skins of the berries burst, strain, add the sugar and boil till it jellies, then mold.

Cranberry Pie

Some people may prefer using the cranberries in the form of a dessert.

Line a pie plate with rich pastry. Chop 2 cups of cranberries and cover with 1 cup sugar mixed with 1 tablespoon flour, and dot with 1 tablespoon butter in small bits. Bake. Cover with a meringue, or with marshmallows cut in pieces, and return to the oven to brown slightly, or with whipped cream.

Cranberry Tart

Line a plate with paste, fill with cranberries cooked with 1/2 as much sugar as berries and 1/3 as much water as berries. Cover the top with a lattice work of paste, and have a fluting of paste around the edge.

Mock Cherry Pie

To fill one pie use 1 cup chopped cranberries, 3/4 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons water and 1 tablespoon butter. A little almond extract may also be added for flavor.

THANKSGIVING VEGETABLES

Stuffed Celery

Cut celery in pieces about 3 inches long, being sure that it is thoroughly washed. With a spatula, fill the cavity in each piece with cream cheese mixed with chopped nuts, chopped olives or chopped pimientos, or all three. The stuffed celery may be served on lettuce in place of salad, on individual plates, or in dishes mixed with olives, as a relish.

Creamed Celery

Cut the celery in inch pieces, cook till tender, and pour over it a rich white sauce.

Celery en Branch

Cut off the leaves and tough ends of celery and the roots. With a sharp knife, cut the head in two, without separating the stalks. Cut each half in two again and then again, according to the size of the head. Crisp in ice cold water. Each serving then consists of part of all the different sized stalks, and all seem equally tender.

Sweet Potatoes

Boil sweet potatoes, peel, and cut in slices lengthwise. Lay on a flat pan, brush with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown sugar and brown in a hot oven.

Southern Sweet Potatoes

Peel cold boiled sweet potatoes, cut in lengthwise slices, put a layer in a buttered casserole, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with a thin layer of brown sugar, dot with butter. Repeat till the dish is full, pour over it a cup of boiling water and bake in a hot oven about half an hour.

Sweet Potatoes on the Half Shell

Bake medium sized sweet potatoes, cut in two lengthwise, scoop out the inside, mash, season with butter and salt and pepper, refill the shells and heat when ready to serve.

Baked Winter Squash

Wash the squash, cut in pieces for serving, remove the pulp and stringy portion, sprinkle with brown sugar or brush with molasses, sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake till tender. Either serve as it comes from the oven, or scoop from the shell, season and mash well and reheat if necessary.

Or the squash may be cut in pieces, steamed, then scooped from the shell, seasoned and reheated.

ONIONS

Scalloped Onions and Peanuts

6 medium sized onions 2 tb. flour
 1 1/2 c. milk
1 c. shelled peanuts 2 c. breadcrumbs
2 tb. butter

Peel and slice the onions, and cook in salted water till tender. Make a white sauce of the butter flour and milk, season it well. Chop or crush the peanuts. Put a layer of crumbs in a buttered bake dish, then half of the onions which have been added to the white sauce, sprinkle with half of the peanuts, then another layer of crumbs, onion and peanuts and the remainder of the crumbs on top. Brown in a hot oven.

Stuffed Onions

6 large onions Salt and pepper
3/4 c. bread crumbs 2 tb. melted butter
Chopped nuts, cold meat or cheese.

Parboil the onions in salted water about 20 minutes, drain upside down till cool, then remove part of the center. Chop the part removed, mix with the bread crumbs, seasonings, etc., and moisten with the melted butter. Fill the onion cases with the mixture, sprinkle the top with crumbs and in a sprinkle the top with crumbs and bake in a pan in the oven till soft.

Creamed Onions

Peel onions under water to avoid hurting one's eyes. Cover with boiling salted water, in an uncovered sauce pan, and

Continued on page 65



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who can't nurse
her Baby**

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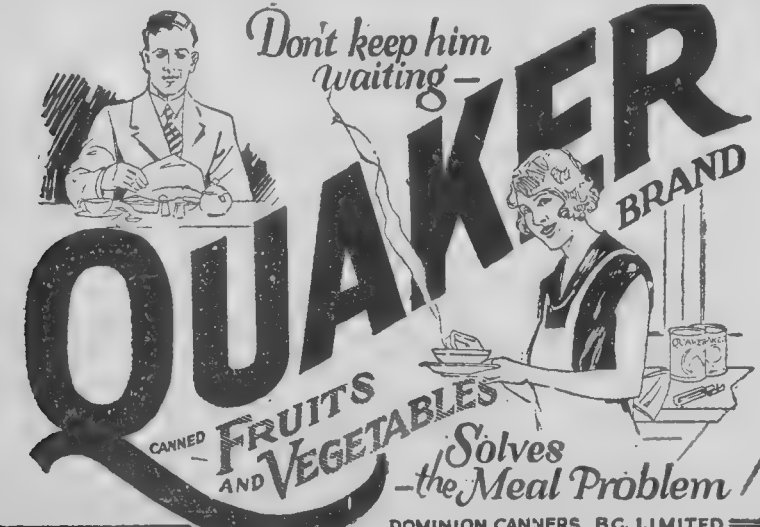
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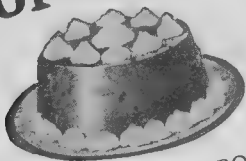
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CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Solves the Meal Problem!

DOMINION CANNERS B.C. LIMITED

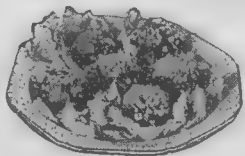
Surprises for today



CHOCOLATE MACAROON CREAM

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/3 cup sugar 1/4 cup cold water
Few grains salt 3 eggs
2/3 cup pounded macaroons or stale cake
1 teaspoonful vanilla
2 squares chocolate
2 cups milk
Soak gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Make a custard of egg yolks, sugar, salt and milk. Add melted chocolate or six tablespoonfuls cocoa. Add soaked gelatine to hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, macaroons and vanilla. Turn into wet mold, or individual molds, and chill. Remove from mold and serve garnished with whipped cream, cherries or whole nut meats.

tomorrow



TOMATO JELLY SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Stalk Celery 1/2 cup cold water
Few grains cayenne 3/2 cups tomatoes
2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar
1/2 onion Few grains salt
1/2 bay leaf 2 cloves
1/2 cup almonds, chopped
Soak gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar and nuts—the tomatoes must be well seasoned with salt, pepper, onion juice and celery. Bring to the boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. When beginning to set, stir in nuts and turn into small wet molds, and chill. Remove from molds by dipping them for an instant in warm water; serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of mayonnaise dressing.

-and the entire year!

IN Mrs. Knox's free recipe books you will find surprises for this winter's dinners, suppers, luncheons and parties.

You will find desserts, salads and candies that you've always wanted to make and a great many you never thought you could make—all easily and simply prepared with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

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KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Better Cookery

Continued from page 64

let boil 5 minutes. Drain, again cover with boiling salted water and continue the boiling till they are soft. Changing the water makes the flavor milder. Cooking in an uncovered kettle causes less odor through the house.

After boiling and draining, cover with a white sauce.

Glazed Onions

Peel small smooth-skinned onions, and boil in salted water for 15 or 20 minutes. Drain and dry on a piece of cheese-cloth. Put in a buttered baking dish and cover the bottom of the dish with highly seasoned soup stock. Sprinkle with sugar and bake till the onions are soft, basting with the stock in the bake dish.

Pumpkin Pie

1 1/2 c. pumpkin, either canned or steamed and mashed
2/3 brown sugar 1/2 t. ginger
3/4 t. cinnamon 1/2 t. salt
2 eggs 2 c. milk

Other spices may be preferred to cinnamon and ginger. Unless the milk is quite rich, a little melted butter might be added. The eggs may be beaten separately if one wishes and the whites folded in last. Bake in rather rich pastry, either in large pies or in individual ones.

Thanksgiving Pudding

2 c. soft bread 1/2 c. chopped suet
crumbs 1/2 c. molasses
1/2 t. soda 1 egg
1/4 t. cloves 3/4 c. milk
1/2 t. cinnamon 1c. fruit
1/2 t. salt

The fruit may be raisins or currants or dates or a combination of them. Sprinkle the suet and fruit with a little of the flour. Mix all the ingredients together and steam in a buttered mold 2 1/2 hours. Serve with hard or vanilla sauce.

CRANBERRIES

The cranberry is one of the most valuable of all our fruits, because it comes at the end of the summer, when most of the others are gone, and is of such a nature that it is available through most of the winter when we need it so badly. Its iron and lime content are valuable, and the seeds have excellent laxative qualities. Especially is its acid valuable. Doubtless the people who recommend it for rheumatism are not far wrong. Its flavor and beautiful red color are of much value in planning winter menus.

There are four varieties, differing in size, color and shape.

The cranberry grows wild in a few sections of Europe, chiefly northern Russia and Scandinavia, to a limited extent. But it is only in the United States that the berry seems willing to be cultivated, and in only three sections there. Its first choice seems to be the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Then the piney regions of New Jersey and the bogs of Wisconsin.

The developing of a cranberry bog is a long, expensive, hazardous task. The swamp land must first be cleared, as the suitable soil seems also to be most suitable for all other kinds of vegetation. This is usually accomplished by flooding the area for two years. Then the bog is cleared of roots, etc., after being drained, and a system of ditches arranged through and around it, to insure future good drainage. Care must be taken not to let tide-water on it, or the salt will kill the cranberry plants. Several inches of sand are spread over the soil, then the planting is done by putting in cuttings from an old bog. After four years of weeding and re-setting, the bog is supposed to bear.

Very much labor is needed to subdue the cranberry's weed and insect pests. But the control of the water is the biggest problem. Usually a huge reservoir, controlled by sluice gates, is built. The land is kept moist with this, insects are controlled by it, and frost danger averted by filling the ditches with water.

The crop is harvested from September till after the heavy frosts come. The

Continued on page 66

82% of these Hospital Dietitians say: "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the most healthful"

A NOTABLE GROUP of dietitians in recognized hospitals throughout the United States recently told what kind of baking powder they considered best. 82% of them said:

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is best from a healthful point of view."

AND physicians, food experts, and teachers of Home Economics endorse this expressed judgment of leading hospital dietitians that Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is best and most healthful.

The figures prove it. Of those authorities who stated the kind of baking powder they consider most healthful—81% of the physicians in New England, 83% of the physicians in New York State, 4270 food experts and Home Economics teachers all over the United States—say: "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the best."

Cream of Tartar is a pure fruit product from ripe grapes. For 50 years the cream of tartar for Royal Baking Powder has been imported from Southern Europe.

The Cream of
Tartar Baking
Powder—Royal
contains no alum
—leaves no bitter
taste

Made in Canada



MAPLE NUT CAKES—Chopped pecans are mixed with the batter of these cakes and sprinkled on the icing before it hardens

CORN BREAD—If you like thin, crisp corn bread be sure to spread the batter very thinly on the pan

Doctors and food experts also endorse Cream of Tartar Baking Powder

Three generations of housewives have learned to depend upon Royal to make their cakes and biscuits always light, always delicious. Royal leavens perfectly and it leaves no bitter taste. And only 2c worth is enough for a large layer cake.

In millions of homes successful housewives use the Royal Cook Book as their cooking guide. It gives more than 350 simple, accurate recipes for delicious foods that are easy and economical to make. Mail the coupon today for your copy—it's free.

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Address.....

Gives You Strength for Busy Days

Ever feel tired and hungry, hours before the dinner bell? Often this is just fatigue, brought on by a poorly balanced breakfast. To keep fit for active work you must have well-balanced food that supplies energy and "stands by" you.

That is why Quaker Oats is so widely urged by health authorities. It contains more protein than any other cereal—is rich in carbohydrates and, with milk, supplies the essential vitamins.

Eat Quaker Oats and milk every morning. It will give you strength for busy days.

Quick Quaker packages marked "Chinaware" each contain a piece of delicate imported china-ware in blue and gold. The cartons marked "Aluminumware" contain useful articles of aluminum for the kitchen.



Quaker Oats
—you have known since childhood
Quick Quaker
—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

B41

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Bring Home a 5 lb box of Kraft Cheese

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Cheese is one of the most nourishing foods you can eat, containing double the nourishment of meat.

RECIPE BOOK

with scores of tasty recipes for cheese dishes sent free. Write to Kraft MacLaren Cheese Co. Limited, Montreal.



KRAFT K CHEESE

3-25

Better Cookery

Continued from page 65

picking is done largely by children. Cape Cod folk call cranberry growing a "Kneesy" job. Many of the pickers are Portuguese or Italians. The work is done by hand, as so far, no satisfactory machine for this purpose, has been invented.

The annual output of cranberries in the United States is about 600,000 barrels, or 2,400 car loads. Each barrel holds 100 quarts.

We would do well to cultivate the habit of using a lot of cranberries all through the season, as an important food, not merely a "frill" for Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years' dinners.

Rhubarb Shortcake

Split baking powder biscuits in two, butter the lower half lightly, put a large spoonful of baked rhubarb on it, replace the top of the biscuit, and put another spoonful of rhubarb on top and serve with custard sauce.

Baked Rhubarb

Select tender pink stalks of rhubarb. Cut in inch pieces, but do not peel them. Put in a covered bake dish with enough water to cover the bottom of the dish and about 1/2 c. sugar to each 3 c. cut rhubarb. Cover and cook till tender.

The Humble Onion

Many people do not realize the importance of the onion, which they consider rather a plebian among vegetables. We have reason to believe, from inscriptions on the pyramids, that onions and garlic were important articles of diet among the workmen who built those mighty structures. The onion came originally from Turkey. We are apt to think of onion eating in connection with foreigners, and are not much mistaken, but would be wise to follow their example.

During the Middle Ages, when refrigeration and quick transportation of food were unknown, the strong flavor of too-old meat, etc., had to be disguised by the use of something equally strong-flavored. Onions and their relatives, garlic, leeks, shallots and chives, were used very extensively for this purpose as well as spices, curries, etc.

But, although we do not use onions for this reason in our day, we have learned its valuable qualities as a food. It is unusually rich in vitamins B. and C. Huge quantities of them are used in modern navies to keep the sailors in good health when away from the reach of markets. Of course there are several other vegetables equally valuable but the onion is available all the year, and is easiest of all vegetables to store and to transport. Their large iron content also makes them valuable, especially for folk with anemic tendencies. Their sulphur aids the digestive processes. The lack of starch and sugar makes onions valuable for people suffering from diabetic troubles, and also for those who are anxious to "reduce."

It is the sulphur compound which gives onions their strong flavor, and causes tears to flow. It is not unlike tear gas. Being a volatile oil, most of it passes off during cooking, which makes cooked onions much milder in flavor than when eaten raw, although some of the large varieties grown in mild countries, are not too strong to be eaten raw by those who like them.

Some idea of the amount of onions used may be gathered from the fact that the onion trade ranks third among the truck crops of the United States. In addition to those grown at home, over a million bushels are imported each year, chiefly from Spain. Those formerly imported from Bermuda, are now grown very largely in Texas.

Onion growing is very arduous, because it seems to be impossible to invent satisfactory machinery to cultivate and harvest it. The Southern European people engage very extensively in onion culture. They do not mind hard work, neither do they object to their wives and children working hard.

Continued on page 67



**"Good with
Everything"**

bacon, cold meat, fish,
cheese and vegetables.



**Fit
and fresh
through
busy days**

Are your days filled with energy and enthusiasm, or do they drag through to a weary close? This let-down of energy as the day progresses is Nature's warning that your powers of resistance are on the wane, that your system needs building up.

Start at once—

Do not delay. Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. In this delicious drink you will find the nourishment that will make and keep you fit. "Ovaltine" will supply that strength and energy needed to carry you through each busy day.

"Ovaltine" is a natural tonic food. It contains in properly balanced proportion an abundance of the nutritive elements required for the development and maintenance of a healthy body and brain.

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Builds up Brain, Nerves, and Body

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Please send a sample of Ovaltine. 10c is enclosed for packing and postage.

Name

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City and Province



Continued from page 66

CATSUPS**Apple Catsup**

Prepared apples, 21 lbs. (washed and cut in quarters or eighths)

Water, 3 c.

Boil and rub through a sieve. Add:

Sugar, 1 c.

Paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Salt, 1 tb.

Grated onion, 1 small Vinegar, $1\frac{3}{4}$ c.

Simmer till thick.

Grape Catsup

Grapes, washed, cooked, softened, 3 qts.

Brown sugar, 2 lbs. Vinegar, 2 c.

Clove, 2 t.

Allspice, 2 t.

Cinnamon, 2 t.

Salt, 1 tb.

Cayenne, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Boil all together till thick.

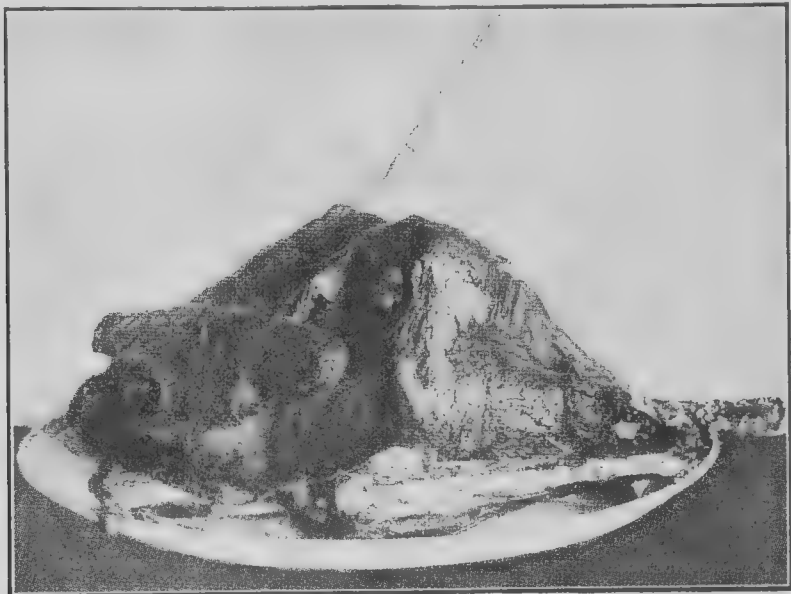
not like, and there is some loss of food value.

It must be watched to keep the mold skimmed off. Wash and weigh the vegetables, and use one-fourth as much salt. Pack in layers in the jars, alternating with layers of salt. Weight down a cover of wood or earthenware, to keep the vegetable under the brine. If there is not enough brine formed by the salt and juice, add a little, made in the proportion of 1 c. salt to 1 qt. water.

Skim off any mold which forms on top, and scald the top if a wooden one is used, or pour melted parafin on top.

Fermentation

String beans or cabbage may be fermented. Pack alternate layers of the



When purchasing a turkey select a bird with smooth dark legs, broad plump breast, white skin and not too fat—a ten pound turkey is a good size.

Tomato Catsup or Chilli Sauce

Ripe tomatoes, 12 large

Ripe peppers, 2

Onions, 2

Salt, 2 tb.

Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Vinegar, 3 c.

Spices: clove, cinnamon, allspice

Peel the tomatoes, chop all the vegetables, add the salt, sugar and vinegar, and boil 1 hour. Add the spices in powdered form or the oils of the spices may be used.

Bottle as it is for Chili Sauce, and for Catsup, strain it.

Drying, Salting and Fermentation

Dried vegetables and fruits take up much less space than either fresh or canned products.

Prepare as for canning, then slice the blanched vegetable in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch slices.

There are three methods:

1. Sun drying. Spread the product out in the sun. It requires bright sunny days, and spoilage may result if a damp cloudy day comes. It is not easy to protect the product from dust and insects, and it is dark in color but of very good flavor.

2. By artificial heat. In the oven, or on trays suspended over the stove, or in a commercial dryer.

3. By air blast. Requires special equipment.

Shallow trays are used in all cases. They may be piled up in tiers with spaces between. For sun drying, the food may be spread on clean boards, cloth or paper.

When using dried products, the water which has been removed, must be restored by soaking in fresh water, before cooking.

Salting

Salting is inexpensive and very little labor. The food may be stored in imperfect sealers, unfit for canning purposes, or in crocks as sealing is not necessary.

On the other hand there is a decided change in flavor which some people do

vegetable and salt, in a keg, using 3 pounds of salt to 100 pounds of vegetable. Cover, weigh and set aside. The fermentation is finished when there are no longer any bubbles rising to the surface. The process takes from 10 days to 4 weeks, according to the weather.

Salted vegetables are soaked in cold water before cooking. Fermented vegetables need not be soaked, if an acid flavor is liked.

Appetizers of Fruit

Fruits alone or in many combinations may be used as appetizers for dinner or for the breakfast fruit.

Strawberry Cocktail

Slice a few large strawberries into sherbet glasses, and pour over them orange juice. Add a little sugar if necessary. Chill.

Currant Raspberry Cocktail

Mash ripe red currants and pour the juice over red raspberries, add sugar and chill.

Pineapple Banana Cocktail

Cut fresh or canned pineapple in cubes, and an equal amount of banana in small strips, mix in sherbet glasses, and squeeze a little lemon juice over it.

Peach Cocktail

Slice ripe peaches into the cocktail glasses, and sprinkle with orange juice and sugar. Add cherries if they are available.

Fruit Cups

There are many delicious combinations of summer fruits which may be used in fruit cups, with the addition of sugar, either powdered, granulated, or made into a syrup with water.

Diced watermelon and pineapple, either fresh or canned.

Blackberries with lemon juice.

Cherries with banana.

Cherries with pineapple.

Cherries with ripe pears.



12

ROBIN HOOD FLOUR**Test Your Jelly Powder**

The Simple Test—

Add boiling water to jelly powder and note the odor. An offensive odor indicates poor quality gelatine.

Gold Standard Jelly Powder

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INECTO-Rapid, the world's best hair recolorative, permanently restores the natural shade of your hair. Eighteen shades to select from, or if needed, we can develop a special shade to match your hair perfectly when sample is supplied.

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Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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NAME No.
STREET
TOWN

Winning to the Arctic

Continued from page 30

during working hours, an extremely petty obligation considering we worked nearly all the time. But each day I smuggled my valuable camera ashore in coal-sacks or crates. Safe on shore, the mate, who had always been kind, permitted me to take pictures.

Had it not been for the invigorating atmosphere of the Arctic none of the crew would have been able to work with so little sleep. Yet in addition I, each night before crawling into my bunk, always scribbled in my diary the observations of the day. The worst work at every port of call came after the last load had been put ashore. Returning wearily to the ship, eager for sleep, the crew had to turn to and prepare the ship for sea, lashing safely the scows and launch; a difficult task. Then would come the order: "Man the chain-locker."

Oh, that dreaded place! I had to accompany one of the able seamen to the work here; a gloomy pit, about five feet square and eight feet high, under the fo'castle head. We lowered ourselves into this, and by the dim light of a hurricane lamp coiled the massive anchor chain as the windlass drew it in. Mud, filth, freezing water poured into the wall. We went in clean, to come out living models in clay. Every moment spent in this old-fashioned chain well was at the risk of our lives. If the windlass had broken, the coiled chain in the well would have flashed out at a terrific rate, clanking, snapping, whipping back and forth against the steel sides. Horrible tales were told me of the chain locker. One of the men had witnessed a terrible accident when the chain ran out in this way. It smashed the man in the well to a pulp and took the pieces out through the hawse-hole. These thoughts were always in the minds of the men when they worked here.

AT TREE RIVER, one of the farthest points we visited, I at last realized my fondest hopes of coming in touch with the primitive Copper Eskimos. Even they, though still adhering to their ancient hunting ways, were using in summer the canvas tents of the white man, sheet-iron stoves and modern rifles. But they spoke no English. A score of these people came aboard immediately on our arrival. To them the winches rumbling under the strain of cargo were a source of marvel and amusement. One old man tried to stop with his hands the revolving drum of the winch. When he backed away defeated the younger men had a try at this impossible feat. To one of the seamen a unique idea occurred. He cried to the winchman: "Hey, Mac, when I grab hold of the drum, turn off the steam." The Eskimos, witnessing the wonderful power of the white man at a task where they had signally failed, for, of course, the seaman let go the drum the moment the steam was turned on, cried out in amazement: "Kovlunak, the white man must be very strong. He has the strength of Nanook, the bear!" The interpreter we carried informed me of the meaning of their remarks.

At Tree River I slipped away from the fo'castle one evening, took one of the Hudson's Bay canoes lying alongside, and paddled ashore on my first trading expedition. The primitive Eskimo were in two encampments, one of half a dozen families in canvas tents around the two wooden buildings of the post, while a similar number of families lived in cariboo-skin tents on a ridge two hundred yards distant. While approaching the latter group I met a young Eskimo wearing a handsome ateggee or fur parka. I got this for two silver dollars. With this over

my arm I proceeded to the cariboo tents. An hour later I came away from this encampment with a skin dancing the size of a bicycle wheel, a soap-stone lamp, a seal blubber pounder, three musk-ox horn ladles, beautifully carved, a number of small skins and two pair of wooden snow-goggles. These latter the Eskimo use to prevent snow-blindness, and I got one of the men to pose for me, as shown in photograph 3. I had purchased all the objects mentioned in exchange for half a bar of chocolate, half a pound of tea, a corn-cob pipe and a ten-cent package of tobacco. Truly my heart was glad, for I had proved to my own satisfaction that the days of good trading still existed in this far land.

The next day, acting upon the hint of an anthropologist of the Canadian Government who was living with the Eskimo, I went ashore again carrying a little bag of candies. The children crowded round. After some difficulty I explained in abominable trade jargon, which I was beginning to master, my wants. They trotted away to the encampments, returning in a few minutes with a weird assortment of things. They must have looted every tent in the place. Fearing that many of the things would be needed by the old people I selected only some native spoons, and a pair of sleigh-runners. Presenting each of the children with a candy, I directed them to return with the rest of the things.

The steamer pushed still farther into the uncharted sea, stopping at Cambridge Bay, on Victoria Land, that vast, so-little-known island. To reach here the steamer had to pass through Dease Strait, making us the second ship in history to enter the North-West Passage from the Pacific. From Victoria Land we wended our way back under full steam, battling against severe storms, and several times striking on hidden reefs, though fortunately only lightly. Winter was already settling down, and with glad hearts the crew thought of home, little dreaming that the chaos of ice already lay blocking our way to freedom.

(In the next article will be related one of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of the Western Canadian Arctic; and of the "Baychimo's" battle with the polar pack).

The Rockies from a Motor Car

Continued from page 38

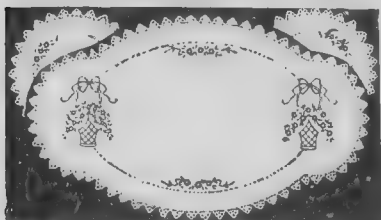
hasn't been there has any idea of its magnificence, and, with this road built, anyone could reach it in a few hours from Louise. It's a regular alpine paradise: immense peaks, gigantic glaciers and ice-fields, waterfalls, deep gorges, lakes of gorgeous coloring, forests that no fire has touched; a wild, inexpressibly beautiful region about the finest in the whole alpine area."

From Wilcox Pass, the road would run down the Sun Wapta to the Athabasca, and down the Athabasca to Jasper, all plain sailing from the point of view of construction. One hundred and sixty miles of highway, through a marvellous alpine country. And it could probably be built at a cost of \$8,000 a mile, the cost of the Banff-Windermere road.

Look at the map, and you will see what it would mean, from the tourist point of view. You have Rocky Mountain Park in the south, and Jasper Park in the north, with an area between, now controlled and protected by the Dominion Forest Service, but which might at any time be added to the existing parks or made into an independent park. Automobile roads

Continued on page 99

3-PIECE SET, 25c with FREE offer of Lace



This charming Vanity Set, 12x36 inches, stamped with a dainty basket and flower design on heavy quality White Embroidered Cloth at the special advertising price of 25c for the set. And if you will send us an additional 25c for colored cottons to work—making 50c in all—we will include, absolutely free, sufficient lace edging to complete the set. Don't miss the opportunity. Send postal note today and we will send the goods, together with our catalogue of splendid values in stamped needlework, by return mail.

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Fascinating Gifts for Christmas

These dollies will have a very special appeal to the kiddies at the Christmas season. It is impossible to describe their beauty and attractiveness when finished in the simple but most appropriate embroidery designs with which they are stamped. All sixteen inches in length and when finished they make an indestructible dolly that will outlast and give greater joy to the children than a most expensive doll of any kind. They are all beautifully tinted in natural colors on white suiting and when fully finished, excel in every way any doll of their kind ever before offered. The price is only 30 cents each, postpaid. Be sure to state number of doll desired when ordering.



A Christmas Dolly for the Children

What creates so lovely an impression as a pretty serving apron? There is no excuse for any woman not having them, because they can be easily made. These dainty serving aprons come stamped on exceptionally good quality dimity. An instruction sheet is attached to each, enabling you to embroider the beautiful designs with utmost ease. These aprons are cut full size and you can have a selection for all occasions at a very small cost. The price of each apron is only 64 cents, postpaid. Be sure and state number of apron desired when ordering.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



Dimity Serving Aprons



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In an Heirloom Cedar Chest every woman finds her utmost wishes of a cedar chest gratified. Beautiful designs and rich finish make Heirlooms desirable—always. Plan now to give one this Xmas to wife, sister or sweetheart.



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Let your Hearing

be your Guide

Don't Lose Your Impatience

Continued from page 18

"When did you first feel consciously impatient to explore the world; to find and express that beauty?"

"The feeling was, no doubt, latent for a long time, but the desire to be a creative artist came to me colored with *Hope*, when I was sitting by a river one day, painting. I was a big girl of about fifteen, then, but I was still using the children's crude water-colors which I always begged the English relations never to omit from the Christmas boxes.

"A strange man—who turned out to be an artist and teacher from Hamilton—came that way by chance. He had come to the country to sketch. He stopped and talked, and criticized and encouraged. He walked home across the fields with me, and told my people that I should be sent to an art school."

"And what did your family say to that?"

"Well, there wasn't much to be said. My mother was an invalid, and I, the eldest girl in a family of six children. If I went away, who would scrub and cook? Who would bake the bread and make the sausages? Who would churn the butter, and milk the cows, and feed the chickens? And, even if some bright angel should fall from the sky, and offer to do these things for me, where would the money come from, to pay my board in the city, and pay for my lessons in art?"

"It was a big problem to be faced by a girl of fifteen."

"It was, indeed, but I had the courage born of having solved one rather difficult problem before that day. I mean the problem of education. My brothers had been sent away to school, as there was no school near us. I shall never forget the feeling of helpless fury with which I saw them go, realizing that the family could not afford to send me, too.

"However, I soon came to my senses, and realized that I must educate myself, or be colossally ignorant for a lifetime. I used to get up at dawn, for my days were full of work on the farm. I would study from my elder brother's outgrown school books, and from my father's library. I studied not only history, geography, grammar and arithmetic; but, through the years I read Dickens and Thackeray, Scott, and Shakespeare. I devoured the poets, and all the biographies of great men and women which I could find.

"There was one biographical story of a Frenchman; a prisoner in the Bastille, who worked for eight years, digging a tunnel, and he finally escaped. When the desire to go to an art school and learn to paint (not like a child, but like an artist), came to me, I thought of that man, and other prisoners of whom I had read, who had escaped from the cells of ill-health, poverty, lack of opportunity, unsympathetic environment, and the like, because they refused to 'sit like patience on a monument, smiling at grief!'"

"But wasn't it the man's patience in laboring unceasingly for eight years, rather than his impatience with his cell, which inspired you, Mrs. Lyall?"

"No. And you must remember that his was not the patience which goes with inaction. This is the patience which I deprecate and abominate. He built his way of escape with steadfast faith, because he possessed a vision of freedom, and because each day's work brought his vision nearer fulfilment. If he had ever lost his impatience with his cell, he would never have achieved his purpose. His patience in working driving force which carried him forward to that end was his impatience with slavery."

Continued on page 73

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The Captivating Nursery

Continued from page 36

holding a slim lamp instead of a gun! On the cupboard and one of the bedside tables, small lamps vie with the main light for originality. The first is a little wooden Dutch girl, with sabots nearly as big as herself, and an umbrella that acts as a lamp shade. The other is a delightfully straight-line wooden affair, with a cross-piece on which perch two plump, yellow and green birds, poised for a friendly flutter. (Surely, surely, one's big brother, who is so handy with his tools, could make a lamp like this for Christmas?)

The very furniture has the challenge of simple lines; it is so essentially what nursery furniture should be—dainty but sturdy; with an air of delicate beauty but no hint of fragility. There are generations of service in pieces designed and made like these. And such completeness! The bed, with its deep, box-like sides; the capacious cupboard, with its drawers and shelves at the sides; dear little bedside tables, chairs, and a real table with a drawer—a splendid place for one's drawing books and other serious pursuits. And for the quite young person—the play-pen, so safe and not a bit lonesome when one's toys share it.

I cannot think who would most enjoy the nursery this room would inspire—the child lucky enough to claim it, the parents enthusiastic enough to plan it, or the persons who carry it out. I can think of no better entertainment than to undertake the finishing of the diminutive furniture, the ruffling of the curtains, the painstaking application of the omnipresent rose or chosen motif. Furniture "built-to-measure" for small people can be had in various painted finishes nowadays, or one may buy it unfinished and paint it to suit oneself. A coat of filler is first needed, then a coat of non-porous enamel and one or perhaps two coats of glossy enamel, to make a hard, durable finish—in, of course, any color one pleases.

The method of decorating the nursery furniture depends chiefly upon your gifts as an artist. If they run to freehand drawing, then you can do wonders with a flower motif or a bird or animal. If you are one of the many whose artistic talent is not pronounced, then a stencil pattern will be safer; or you can trace a design from an embroidery pattern and paint it in; or you can use the delightfully easy transfer patterns, the useful descendants of the highly colorful "transfers" we used to joy in as youngsters ourselves.

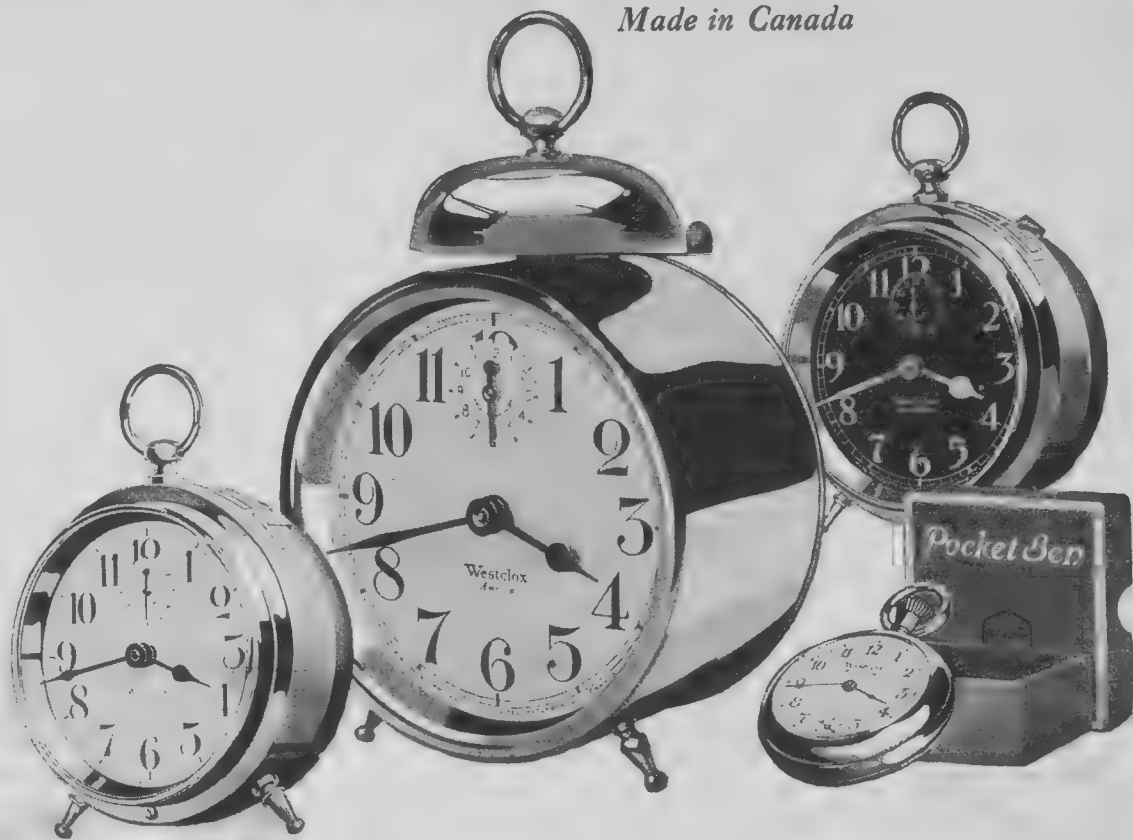
THERE are all sorts of special wall-papers for the nursery—some of them in washable finish that makes them more practical than ordinary paper. Their great attraction lies in the gay patterns in which they are printed—friezes of beloved nursery-rhyme characters, or a whole zoo of birds and beasts. A useful compromise lies in making a painted wainscoting, three or four feet deep, and running the paper above it—not only to give the desirable clean and easy-to-make-clean surface, that is so sanitary and healthful for the child, and so attractive in appearance, but to free the room, the youngster's castle, from more "don'ts;" there is so little damage that can be done to a painted wall—or little that could not be easily repaired.

Color schemes delightful for the nursery abound. Pink is ever a youthful color, and light blue, if it is warmed up with a bit of rosy glow, is another color to which special claim is laid. Pale blue walls are charming in a room that has a warm exposure and a lot of light. With a floor painted a deeper blue—quite dark and soft, a bit of grey in it—and white curtains ruffled with pink, furniture painted pale pink, with

Continued on page 86

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When the Fleet Came In

Continued from page 17

"The 'Hatton Chief,' " Tom proceeded, "picked me up in the early hours after first running me down in the dark. In the excitement of getting me aboard, the rowboat got away! That was bad enough, but worse followed. Rather than see the 'Hatton Chief' waste her time taking me back, I agreed with Healy that he ought to go ahead and put me on any home-bound craft we met during the day—or at least to send back the news by one."

"News!" The old man thought of the battered boat washed up along the cliffs.

"The sea was a blanket of fog that first day and the next it thickened. The third day out we hailed half a dozen vessels but never a home-bound boat among them. By the end of the week we just decided to carry on and hope for the best."

The old man went through the pain of the past weeks anew. One fact shone clear. So far as the wholesale scheme of blackmail was concerned the issue of the matter rested between himself and the crew of the "Hatton Chief." In silence he cursed them from skipper to ship's boy. He nursed the thought of the reckoning they would pay.

"That's putting it briefly, Dad," Tom continued, "just to make clear what followed. I never spent a happier or healthier time in my life. I never met a dozen men the equal of that crew in courage or endurance—each of them worth three of me."

Tom hesitated, and when he continued his voice sank in a gradual diminuendo till it seemed little more than a whisper.

"As we neared home yesterday, I got Healy to put me ashore at Beach-point. I told him to say nothing. Last night I came down by train and wrote that letter. It was all a fabrication, Dad. I ought to be ashamed of it. I am, in a way. But after the weeks at sea with our men I'd have died rather than fail to make some effort for them."

Tom ached for a word from his father, but never got a syllable in the pause that ensued. The old man was thinking.

"If I forced your hand, Dad, it was for their sake. What else could I do, feeling as I did?"

His pleading ceased abruptly. He flung out a challenge that took the old man by storm.

"They're worth it!" he exclaimed fiercely. "They're men, every inch of them!"

Undoubtedly Mark Hatton was laughing—the soft, deep laugh of old men who look on life and find it a revelation.

"They saved your life, Tom," he murmured, "I reckon that's enough. I'll hold no old grudge against them. We'll start afresh—"

Joan leaned forward and gazed lovingly at the old man.

"You must hear my confession, too," she laughed. "Tom and I sat on the top of the bluffs all afternoon watching the fleet come in. I ached to run down and tell you he was safe and sound."

Mark Hatton laughed outright.

"For a pair of conspirators," he chuckled, "commend me to you." Then very soberly he asked: "Tom, who delivered that note last night?"

Tom hung his head. Out of a silence that seemed to speak for itself, he answered:

"You've guessed right, Dad. I had to do it alone, or not at all. I was a brute to come and go so callously."

That was not what the old man thought. He was amazed at the way Tom loved his fellows.

DON'T FORGET that as a reader of *The Western Home Monthly* you are supporting a magazine published in the west for the west. Each issue is read by more than a quarter of a million westerners.

Don't Lose Your Impatience

Continued from page 70

"BUT to return to the artist who encouraged me: he was in our neck o' the woods' all that summer, and he taught me when he could, and I was up at dawn, and worked late into the night at the work of the farm, to snatch a few precious hours of sunlight for my painting. As my technique improved, and I learned the thrill of putting my brains as well as my heart into pictures, I grew more and more impatient with Laura Muntz, the amateur. Of that impatience was born the dream of Laura Muntz, the artist.

"But I must cut this short because I have a model coming. When my sister next in age to me grew old enough to leave in charge, I hid me off to Hamilton to the Art School. I had almost no money, but I went just the same, took a room, and arranged to attend classes. It had never occurred to me that I might not be able to earn my living while I was studying. I had visions of being a cook if all else failed. But that was not necessary. Upon the advice of my teachers I painted Christmas cards and Easter cards, and birthday cards; not by the dozen, but by hundreds. I painted fans and screens, and photograph frames, and wooden bowls to put on the sideboard with nuts in 'em. And all the things which I painted, I sold.

"Then, some kind ladies who had bought my things and thought them beautiful—which was more than I did!—formed a class together, and I taught them how it was done. All the time, how I worked and studied, and hoped through my classes—and how my impatience developed!

"With technique improving, talent developing, and money coming in, a new impatience presented itself, a larger dream—a dream of study in Paris, and then—pictures in the Paris Salon!

"For three years I studied and worked in Hamilton—so impatient for the realization of my dream that I denied myself all the little things that girls love. Then, with my hard-earned money I bought my ticket for Paris, via Liverpool, and, with the little money that was left, to keep me going in Paris until I found a way to support myself there, I set sail."

"Could you speak French?"

"Not a word! I hadn't the time or the money for French lessons, but I knew that I could soon learn the language when I got there."

"It must have been an ecstatic day when you saw Paris at last, Mrs. Lyall?"

"Yes, but—that day was still far-distant. I didn't finish my journey at that time. Before I crossed the channel from England to France, news came from Canada telling me to return at once to the farm. My sister had broken down in health, and they needed me to care for my invalid mother and do the work of the farm."

"How could fate be so cruel?"

"That is how I felt at the time, but I set sail for home again, without so much as setting foot in the city of my dreams. As I bought my ticket with my precious little hoard of money, I thought that my heart would break. But I swore that I would return some day, and I did.

"I SPENT a year on the farm, and then, my sister well again, I returned to Hamilton, and, after two more years of work and saving, I again set sail for Paris. It was even more wonderful than I had dreamed. Nothing seemed impossible in that magic City of Art. I enrolled at the Colarossi Academy, studied French from the moment I put my foot on French soil, and after three months of hard and happy work at the school I was made

monitor: arranged for the classes' models, kept the roll, and organized classes. For this I received free tuition."

The rest of the story is one of high hopes fulfilled. Laura Muntz, the Canadian girl from an Ontario farm, put her very life and soul into each minute of every blessed day. Very soon her first big canvas in oils was finished. It was not a picture of Paris, strange and new and wonderful; but a memory of the farm at home, when she, a funny little girl, just teaching herself to read, used to gather her brothers and sisters about her, and read to them from books of fairy tales. It was called: "A Fairy Story."

It was the time of the Chicago World's Fair, and great Paris artists were shipping their canvases over the sea. So this ridiculously impatient, blessedly-hopeful girl sent her first canvas in oils there, too. Can you imagine the weeks and weeks of waiting while she worked? And can you imagine how her spirits soared to the very stars when word came that her picture had not only been accepted and hung, but that someone had bought it, the first day, for five hundred dollars?

The next picture was of a mother watching through the night by the side of her sick baby. Instead of patiently working for a few more years before putting her work to the greatest test of all, the young artist submitted it to the committee of the Paris Salon. In competition with the world's greatest artists, the Canadian girl did this thing, and—her picture was not only accepted, but was hung in that place of honor, "on the line." And it was sold.

For five years the artist worked in Paris, perfecting her art, each year exhibiting in the Salon new pictures which gained in artistic dignity and beauty, as she achieved a greater mastery of brush and palette. She painted childhood and age, tenderly and truly. She painted youth and love, and, again and again, she painted the Christ Child and the Mother of Christ. Radiant pictures with amber lights, as if the sun were shining through.

After those five years in Paris, years of wonderful success and radiant happiness, Laura Muntz spent two years travelling and painting in Italy and Holland. It was an exciting adventure into a world of beauty.

Then it was that the artist came home to Canada, and she began to send her pictures to Canadian exhibitions. She has a large and interesting collection of Canadian medals, and many of her pictures are to be found in Canadian cities, from Halifax to Victoria. They have been purchased by private individuals, by cities, for local collections, for provincial galleries, and for the National Art Gallery at Ottawa. She lives in Toronto now, and one sees "Laura Muntz Lyall" in the corner of her canvases—yes, married!—and she painted yesterday, and she's painting today, and she will be painting tomorrow, and all the tomorrows.

Before I left the studio, a child model came in. Youngsters must be hard to paint; they are so restless, like quicksilver, and interested in everything on either hand. I noticed, in posing the little model, how gentle and patient the artist was, and then—looking back over her story, it seemed to me that patience, expressed in service, had been a great factor in shaping her character, if not her destiny as an artist.

Yet I could not deny that impatience with all that limited and hampered her art had been the great driving force which had created an Artist, where once had been a child—with a vision and a sixpenny box of paints.



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FOR THE GUMS

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CHRISTMAS In England

It must seem an age since you spent a Christmas at the family fireside in England, and it will seem even longer to the people at home.

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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 42

Hardly had the unfortunate Ataman been laid to rest when the war broke out. Michel III., who had hastened to attend the funeral of his future father-in-law, was obliged to leave in haste in order to put himself at the head of the army, the command of which had fallen upon him by right of birth. The event took him so entirely by surprise that he was forced to lose forty-eight hours in order to organize the little orchestra which he desired to have follow him on the campaign to charm his leisure hours.

To be just, let us hasten to say that the General Staff had taken the precaution to give him a Chief of Staff who certainly understood nothing about harmony, but who possessed real military qualifications, and that the young Duke was wise enough to realize that he would be somewhat of a hindrance to this ideal officer during the period of mobilization.

The marriage of Olga Alexandrowna, originally arranged for the month of September, 1914, had therefore to be postponed to an indefinite date. She bravely accepted these first blows of fate, and, leaving to her mother the labor of lamenting with her friends over the miseries of the times, before a steaming samovar and innumerable little cakes, she took the post of head nurse in the hospital for the wounded.

The war gradually progressed with the various fortunes that we know. Michel III., the talents of whose Chief of Staff had quickly been the cause of his being placed in command of an army, made only three short visits to Petrograd (such being the new name of the capital at that time) to present his respects to his fiancée. At each one of these visits the Czar, distressed to see the union with his little cousin put off indefinitely, spoke of celebrating the marriage with the Grand Duke of Georgevia without further delay; but Michel permitted himself to observe to His Majesty that, in spite of his extreme impatience concerning this union it seemed to him hardly fitting to consider his own personal happiness while his soldiers went daily to be killed as a result of orders signed by him.

The Emperor had not insisted, all the more because Olga shared the opinion of her future husband, in whom she appreciated, under the circumstances, this delicacy of feeling. She had, in truth, felt repugnance at airing her happiness before so many miseries, and she also sensed that if there is any advantage in being a sovereign, it is on the condition of being a sovereign of happy subjects.

This happiness, alas, did not seem to be reserved for her. The Revolution had broken out, suddenly, brutally and violently. Blow followed blow. The abdication of the Czar, the arrest of the imperial family, and the victory of the Bolsheviks cast down to the ground the entire edifice of the monarchy.

Michel III., seeing his troops disband, hastened back to Georgevia in the hope of stamping out, by his presence, the revolutionary movement, and the Princess Olga, taking her mother

with her, managed to flee from the capital, thanks to the help of several soldiers, grateful for the care she had bestowed upon them.

Joined by Countess Orchapoff and General Kamienski, the two women, disguised as peasants, turned toward Georgevia in the hope of finding refuge there, but on their way a frightful piece of news came to their ears. The Grand Duke Michel had failed in his enterprise, and Communists from Moscow had assassinated both him and his minister, Dobrowski, in the outskirts of Tcharkowla, at the moment when he was attempting to sail.

Thereupon the little troop turned their steps toward the north, and, by walking by night and hiding by day, helped by the peasants that the virile Bolshevik had not yet attacked, managed miraculously to reach Sweden.

Such were the memories which, each in its turn, lit up and clouded the face of the charming Princess Olga Alexandrowna, stretched on her bed in her room at the Villa Said, under the ancient icon of which the dull gold shone under the flickering light of the little altar-lamp, whose shadow now obliterated familiar things.

But always, with each vision of the past, this question came back to the mind of the young girl: "How can this clown know the melody composed for me by the Grand Duke Michel of Georgevia, the melody of which the only manuscript is there in the drawer of my writing-desk."

WHILE she dreamed, Michalis and

Partner had long since left the Olympia by the door of the Rue Caumartin. When they came off the stage, as they reached their dressing-room, Partner had simply asked his companion, whose eyes were full of tears, "Is it she?" and Michalis had replied in a voice choked with emotion, "Yes, it is she!" Since then, as was their custom, they had said nothing more. In fact, those two men, who never left each other, who lunched and dined together, and who lived at the same hotel in connecting rooms, did not exchange twenty words during the entire day, outside of certain sentences that occurred during their "act."

At the theatre, where they arrived and left together, their friendliness, their thoughtfulness for their co-workers, their generosity toward the dressers and the scene-shifters were only equalled by their silence. "Good morning." "How are you?" "Very well, thank you." "Good evening." "Good night" were the only words one heard them exchange.

When they passed an actress or a show girl in the passage, they stopped, hat in hand, to allow her to pass; if they heard one of their comrades calling out "I have forgotten my powder," or "Who will let me have a little grease paint?" sentences that were heard every evening behind the wings, they were the first to offer what was lacking.

The acrobat who was for the moment financially embarrassed, always found in his dressing-room the providential louis, and if he forgot this little debt, neither of them would ever remind him. They were highly esteemed, but were something of an enigma, living apart from this great circus family to which they had belonged but a short time.

All that was known about them was that they had made their debut in London a year ago, in 1919, and then had spent a short season in Holland, and that they had played for one month at the Alhambra in Brussels. That was all. But the idea of questioning them never occurred to anyone.

On this particular day they had walked up the boulevards together

Continued on page 100

to death at the end of a week, and he made an excuse of the gathering of the clouds, which had already darkened the political horizon, to return to his own people in the capital of the empire.

OLGA, desirous of flattering Michel's tastes, had expressed a desire before leaving to hear one of his own compositions, and the young man had hastened to play, one evening for her alone, a melody which he said he had just written in her honor. She had been infinitely touched by this attention, evident proof that her fiancé, in spite of his apparent coldness, thought of her in his moments of solitude, and his composition appeared to her the most beautiful in the world, although it was rather melancholy and languishing for a love-melody.

But little princesses have a sentimentality easy to please. As their crowned fiancés generally give them nothing to assuage their thirst for the ideal, to exalt their soul, and to make their hearts beat except the honorary rank of colonel of a regiment of hussars, Olga Alexandrowna considered herself highly privileged to be able to carry away the only manuscript of a melody of which she had been the inspiration. She understood that and felt the keenest pride on account of it. She thought therefore with gentle pleasure of the Grand Duke of Georgevia in the special train that carried her home across the immense Russian plains.

It was certainly not yet love she felt for him—and that sentiment is banished, in principle, from the unions the women of rank can contract—but a delicate gratitude.

She was grateful to him for not having coarsened himself, like many of the princes that she knew, by paying court to chorus girls, or, which is certainly more dangerous, to women of society, and also because he combined with his illustrious birth some very charming mental qualities. Yes, she felt herself particularly favored by Providence, since, in contracting a union which was to assure her of those honors that are reserved for reigning highnesses, she was also to find the charm of a high-minded and artistic husband.

Alas, Providence, whose designs are impenetrable, was preparing to strike Olga Alexandrowna cruelly at the precise moment when this charming Princess was raising her soul in a burst of gratitude.

It often acts that way with the mighty, in order to show the world, as our excellent Bossuet says "the nothingness of its pomps and its grandeurs," and to teach startling lessons which this frivolous world obstinately refuses to heed.

"Et nunc erudimini qui judicatis terram."

A series of misfortunes, both private and public, was to sweep away the sweet dreams of the little Princess Olga and to overwhelm her with so many trials that she would soon be able to cry out with the author of "The Imitation": "It is truly a great misery to have to live on this earth."

In truth, but a few days after her return to Saint Petersburg the Grand Duke Alexander Dimitrievitch was struck down by an attack of apoplexy while he was seeking, in the company of a certain number of friends and choreographic artists, the intoxication of love and champagne to console himself for the eight austere musical days passed at the court of Georgevia.

Brought home raving, and clutching in his stiffened hand a lock of blond hair, he died during the night without having regained consciousness.



The New Alberta College

THE dedication-service and official opening of the first unit of the new Alberta College was held on September 29, 1926, the dedicatory address being given by the Rev. J. W. Graham, D.D., LL.D., General Secretary of Education, United Church of Canada. The new Alberta College is the practical realization of a vision of Rev. George McDougall, a pioneer missionary, who left his homestead to the Methodist Church to be used for missionary and educational purposes. Alberta College was organized by Rev. T. C. Buchanan in 1903. Rev. J. H. Riddell, now Principal of Wesley College, Winnipeg, was its first principal. Sixty-seven students registered the first year. The first college building was erected in 1904. A wing was added the following year and in 1907 McDougall Hall, a Boys' Dormitory, was built. In 1909 a Theological Department was added and in 1910 the Board began the erecting of a Theological College (now the United Theological College) on the University Grounds where the Theological work of the College was transferred. In 1913 the work of the two Colleges was separated under two boards. Rev. F. S. McCall, B.A., was appointed principal in 1913. In 1917 the two colleges were amalgamated under one board which carried on until June, 1926, when a new board was created by the general council to take over the Theological work of Robertson and Alberta College, South Colleges. In 1925 all the secondary work was transferred to the original college where it will be carried on in future.

To provide the necessary class-rooms and dormitory accommodation the college board authorized the building of the first unit of a new college. This unit with building site has cost approximately \$95,000. The first sod was turned on March 17, 1926, by Dr. T. C. Buchanan, the founder of the college, assisted by Mrs. Young and Mrs. Woods, daughters of Rev. Geo. McDougall. The corner stone was laid on May 22, 1926, by Rev. Principal J. M. Millar, D.D., first president of the Alberta Conference of the United Church of Canada.

The college, the first unit of which is now completed, is without a doubt one of the landmarks of modern Edmonton. Its location, in the middle of the city, alongside the beautiful Memorial Hall, built to commemorate the part Edmonton sons played during the Great World War, and immediately facing the majestic Carnegie Free Library, is hard to equal. Set high on the banks of the Saskatchewan river, immediately overlooking it, it has a setting which is impossible to rival. From the upper stories, mile upon mile of rolling prairie, glistening gold in the harvest sun, studded here and there with prosperous farm-houses and buildings, is the view that reaches the eye. Right around it the busy life of a thriving city ebbs and flows.

The present building is the first unit of a large structure which will eventually house the classes of the Alberta College. This unit has an area of 40 by 100 feet and is composed of three storeys and basement. It is built in Gothic style of reinforced concrete throughout and is lined with tapestry brick and Indiana limestone. In the basement is a laboratory for chemistry giving accommodation for fifty students, together with a science lecture room. On the first floor are four large class rooms, two of which are separated by a removable partition so that the whole as required may be thrown open for use as an assembly hall. The second and third floors have their space allotted for dormitories, capable of accommodating 45 girls or young women. The building is absolutely fire-proof and has every convenience for the comfort and safety of its residents.

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The Boss: "Robert I hope you try to save half of what you earn"
Office Boy: "I don't get that much sir,"—Boston Globe.

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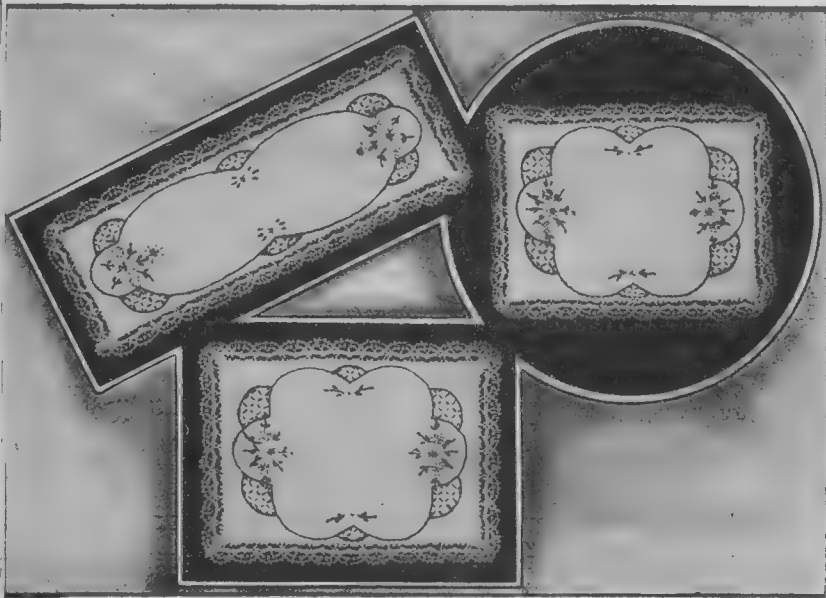
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The Fighters

Continued from page 10

pugnacious personality. Better still, Canadian stock went soaring among these hard hitters. The revelation that a young Canadian could box the best of them gave our Dominion a big boost among their folk at home in Yorkshire.

The victor was a modest man, like nearly all the finest soldiers in history. Swank was obnoxious to him. He did not spoil the moral effect of his victory by talking about it.

He was knocked out twice later on, but not by the ex-champion, nor by any other man with nature's weapons. The enemy got him the first time with a machine gun at close range, and scored six hits upon him. The second time, one bullet broke his arm by going through his elbow. The next went right through his head, just under the brain, and left him with only one eye—like Rab.

Yet he tried to get back to the fringeline, and when they wouldn't let him rejoin his regiment with one eye he pled for inclusion in a force making up for Siberia.

Was he one of those fire-eaters, then, who "just never can get enough of fighting?" Not a bit of it. On the contrary, he was a most peaceable young man.

That, by the way, has been true of our greatest soldiers, most if not all of them. They did not fight for the love of fighting. They felt the horrible side of war most keenly. They only fought because it was a painful duty—though when they took up that duty they fought with their whole heart and their whole head too.

I doubt, by the way, whether even an aggressive and pugnacious dog fights because he loves the actual fighting, as Dr. Watts has taught us to believe—

*"Let dogs delight to bark and bite
For 'tis their nature to."*

I wonder whether the reverend doctor had any special insight into canine minds and motives to justify the conclusion that they fight for the pleasure of it. Animals in general fight to win some practical advantage in life which instinct shows them no other way of getting. They fight to get wives and food, to defend their wives and children and food when got. When their attacks seem unprovoked, we should probably discover, if we could penetrate their minds, a hazy idea that the other beast is going to attack them if they don't attack him first.

IT MAY indeed be questioned whether the most unreasonable and aggressive of men, who at their worst are more unreasonable than the stupidest of dogs, find positive enjoyment in the fighting, which includes being hit as well as hitting. What they enjoy is the glory of winning, the power, the position, prestige, and any more tangible prizes that victory may bring. But, whatever their motives, these pugnacious fighters are a nuisance and at times a danger. The peaceable fighter, on the other hand, is a tower of strength to his country.

It is a mistake to imagine that military training produces or fosters an aggressive or warlike spirit, in such countries as ours—the free countries forming our British Empire.

In an essentially military empire like the Germany of 1914, military officers formed an outrageously privileged class. They were taught to regard themselves as superior to all their fellow-citizens. Naturally, they became not only overbearing, infected as they were with the disease of swelled head—they came to think of fighting as something good in itself. But certainly our fighters in the Great War were under no such

illusion, whether they were "professional soldiers" of the regular army or lads who leaped into the new army from civilian life at their country's call.

In a true democracy—Canada and Great Britain, for instance—where professional military men are few in number and in no way raised above their commercial and industrial fellow-citizens, they are not subject to the same temptation.

Those who are quick to cry out for war in some international dispute which has a chance of peaceful settlement—and that means every dispute, if we only keep our heads and use them—are generally men who know nothing of war except by hearsay. Men with experience of war, and those citizens who have been forced to think of war's realities by being trained to defend their country—these men generally remain silent while others shout. When the time comes for action, they act, and act with effect. Loving peace and wholeheartedly working for it, they fight just as wholeheartedly when fighting has to be done.

Like a mother defending her young, in fact. If there is anything strange or apparently inconsistent in a trained and experienced soldier being an ardent lover of peace, then it is equally strange and inconsistent for a gentle mother to fight with a lion's heart for her child.

So, our young Westerner, after suffering the pains of war, was ready to fight and suffer again—not from any love of war, but because he saw that peace could only be established by bringing the war to a successful end.

Think how easy it would have been to end the war in another way, by simply refusing to go on with it. And that was what some good folk had talked right along.

Going on with it to the bitter-sweet end we not only saved the world from the disturbers of its peace, but saved the very countries whose rulers had created the disturbance. The difficulty the world has had in settling down after the great upset can never conceal these facts.

IT WAS only the defeat of the German war machine that enabled the German people to throw off the intolerable yoke of the Kaiser and his war-worshipping satellites. Their victory, which they would have owed to our non-fighters, would have riveted that yoke more firmly than ever on the unfortunate people of Central Europe. More than that, it would have put the whole world at the mercy of a cock-o'-the-walk far more overbearing and intolerant of liberty than the champion fist-waver of that Yorkshire regiment.

The victorious military despots would have controlled all Europe, dictated all its foreign policies, used its combined resources for their own interests. Even the United States, boasting of their fictitious "isolation," would speedily have found the boast in vain, for unless they had obsequiously agreed to the victor's demands American commerce would have been cut off from the rest of the world, while their enemies would have snapped their fingers at the Monroe Doctrine and done as they liked with Central and South America.

We don't say this often, and would not say it now but for the renewed attempts to take advantage of the world's short memory by pretending that the defeated empire was not to blame for the war. Impartial examination of all the facts brought to light since the armistice leaves no doubt whatever as to the responsibility.

Having said that with emphasis, we can put away the birch-rod and bring

out the bouquets. We may honor those German leaders who, whether or not they dared to admit their country's responsibility for the war, had the courage the other day to take French leaders by the hand with good grace. We may honor even those who fought hard against us, thinking their cause was just, and not soiling their hands with wanton cruelty as many of their comrades did.

Most of all, we honor on Armistice Day those who fought and died for us, those who came back crippled by the fight, and those who are now fighting cheerfully shoulder-to-shoulder with us the endless exhilarating battles of peace.

Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 53

The Manitoba Free Press reports the journalist, Mrs. Clements of Chicago, as obtaining through air service and the assistance of Premier Bracken, important observations in forestry and mining that she is gathering for her newspaper work.

At a recent gathering of the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club the guest of honor, Mrs. Bailey Price, told us of the wealth of historical stories at our very door, stories that have never been written. Someday they will be snatched from us by strangers.

These past few months I have realized as never before Canada's opportunities for young women of courage. Courage? Yes, like the courage of Esther Thompson, the young woman from the Manitoba Agricultural College, who was the first woman to reach the top of one of Canada's high mountains, so other young women with clear vision and determination, though, perhaps, footsore and fatigued at times, may attain heights not before reached on the mountains of professional attainments. Going back to the advertising field for women let me relate a story of a woman's climb which is featured in a recent magazine. She is Sadie Emmanuel who climbed from stenographer to advertising manager of a financial magazine of national reputation. She has won the position entirely by her own efforts. She worked quietly as a stenographer in the office of Theodore Price, noted economist and publisher of "Commerce and Finance," and one day, as the story goes, he wanted a literary quotation, not a financial one, so he walked out to the outer office and asked, "Does anyone here know the quotation which begins, 'When earth's last picture is painted?'"

It is from Kipling's poem "L'Envoi." Sadie Emmanuel responded, quoting:

"When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried;
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died."

"Thank you," said Mr. Price.

"You are Miss —?"

"Emmanuel," replied the girl.

Such was the experience of a girl who had stored her mind with good reading.

She studied financial problems in the business, opened up new advertising schemes, until today she has her own secretary and stenographer back of the office door on which one reads: "S. G. Emmanuel, Advertising Manager." She is also on the board of directors.

Bagged a Biped

"What is the name of the species I have just shot?" demanded the amateur hunter of his guide.

"Well, sir," returned the guide, "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."—Judge.

Prohibition Festivity

Mistress: "Why don't you bring in the plum-pudding, Jane?"

Jane (exultingly): "We couldn't get the brandy to light, mum; but it's all right now, we poured a little kerosene over it."—Boston Transcript.

Do it at once, and it is a matter of only a few minutes; put it off a month, and you have spent a month in doing it.



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—enjoy them; play on sandy beaches; visit colorful cities—

in California

Know this mild winterland. Get away from accustomed surroundings, habits. See new sights. Test the fascination of this world-playground. Go the way of luxury and comfort. Take advantage of Southern Pacific's commanding service to California. Famous trains daily, with a vast network of connecting lines covering the western coast.

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Or travel westward—then south over the scenic *Shasta Route*. Through sleepers from Seattle daily, connecting at Portland with the famous Shasta or Oregonian to San Francisco or Southern California Express direct to Los Angeles. Go one route, return another if you wish.

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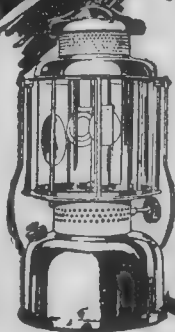
HANG a Coleman Quick-Lite

Lantern in your hen house a few hours these winter nights and mornings. It puts your hens on a spring laying schedule. Longer feeding hours greatly increase egg production. Users report from 15% to 20% more eggs. Poultry authorities and practical poultrymen recommend artificial light to boost the egg yield. Thousands are now making bigger profits by selling more eggs than ever at high prices.

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Makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline. Gives 300 candle power of brilliant white light. Brighter than 20 old style oil lamps. Can't spill fuel or explode, even if tipped over. 12 hours of light on one filling. Lights with matches—no torch needed.

The Quick-Lite Lantern is the all-purpose light for outdoor chores, around barns, feed lots, granaries, garages, cellars, etc. Built of brass, heavily nickel-plated. Will last a lifetime. Mica globe and reflector. Won't blow out. Handiest and most convenient light you ever saw.

Take this advertisement to your dealer. He will gladly get a Quick-Lite for you. Write for Free Booklet, and full particulars. Address

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If you haven't yet advertised in *The Western Home Monthly*, you haven't learned what your classified advertising can do when directed to the buyers in the village and small town homes of Western Canada. Users of our classified section have found it most resultful as an advertising medium for everything of interest to those in the homes throughout this territory.

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Limit April 15, 1927

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FROM ALL STATIONS
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To certain points in the
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Dec. 11 S.S. Metagama
Glasgow - Liverpool

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Belfast - Liverpool

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Cherbourg - Southampton
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CANADIAN
PACIFIC
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Men Like 'Em That Way

Continued from page 22

His face told Geneva that he had no idea of her exact meaning but that did not for a moment doubt its wisdom. She felt that she had at once created the impression of belonging to the circle of modern feminine savants. There but remained the task of making him dislike both them and all their works.

"I've brought Eileen two little volumes to read," Elmer said, addressing Geneva and taking a seat near her. "I should be glad of your opinion of them."

Under ordinary conditions Geneva would have said: "Why, that's awfully sweet of you—but *you* tell me *yours*." In which case she would have had Elmer at her feet for the remainder of the evening.

Instead, she handled the volumes expertly, glanced at the title of the first and shrugged.

"Superficial! My dear Mr. Holmes, if you are to form Eileen's ideas properly you should not let her waste her time on this."

Geneva's intuition told her that Elmer would not like her having divined his intention of forming Eileen's ideas. At the same time she felt on very thin ice and mentally racked her brain for anything she might have heard of the volume.

Elmer picked up the other volume humbly. "But you like Wells," he said.

"Oh, one reads him." Her unspoken words said volumes.

"But," Elmer insisted, "you must enjoy so mighty a mind—even when not agreeing with him."

"Mighty! You're joking! One concedes his facts, of course. He may have half a dozen secretaries looking them up. I'll grant you scientific accuracy. But his philosophy!" Geneva gave a gesture of despair.

"That will hold him till I get a breathing spell," was her mental comment. It had been on her programme to attack the philosophy of some one, but she had not been quite decided as to whom. Huxley had occurred to her, also Shaw—or even Pastor Russell.

Here Eileen turned from the window where she and the other guest had been admiring the even ranks of bloom in the orchard below.

"It will be nice to have Geneva here for the Musical Festival," she said to Elmer. Then to Geneva: "Our choir has been practising for this competition for several weeks."

"Perhaps Miss Rippington does not care for choral music," Elmer suggested.

There was a touch of accusation in his tone. Elmer was president of the Elmvale Presbyterian choir and sang a good baritone. Eileen was usually entrusted with the alto solos.

Geneva remained silent in an abstracted—and annoying—fashion. She longed to say that the girl of modern times is no longer interested in any old-world fetish, knowing well that such a statement would damn utterly the girl of modern times in the eyes of Elmer Holmes. But, knowing also that Geoffrey Weatherbee was well aware of her frequent attendance at St. Stephens—in the next pew to his own—she was forced to withhold this Parthian shot.

"After all," she mused presently, "have we come so very far since the religion of Zoroaster?" No answer was forthcoming to her query. "Here it is," she continued, "forty centuries—or is that right? I've such a poor memory for dates. Mr. Holmes, you are sure to know. Was it in the nineteenth or the twentieth century before Christ that Zoroaster founded his religion among the Aryan tribes?"

"It was before my time."

Elmer felt that his answer was that of a country bumpkin, and he blushed

furiously and hated Geneva accordingly.

"Now," she reproved, "you are playing with me. Trying to let me off my ignorance easily. At any rate you must agree with me that, for his time, his creed was very wonderful—summed up in those four simple words: 'Good thoughts; good deeds.' Or have I got that just right?"

As there was no answer, Geneva hit another tack.

"Oh, and I *must* hear your opinion of Freud. Eileen and I cannot agree upon him at all. Tell her what *you* think of psycho-analysis. I am sure your opinion will coincide with mine."

Here Eileen, with what the badgered one thought exquisite sympathy, relieved him of the obligation of answering something by saying that she must serve supper at once or it would all be spoiled.

At the table Geneva toyed with a delicious soufflé and turned the conversation on Socialism.

"Rubbish!" was the word with which Elmer Holmes disposed of the subject.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Holmes!" Geneva exclaimed, "do not let Eileen hear you make such an unconsidered remark. Only this afternoon she was telling me what a student you are of world affairs. In the light of that can you honestly find a flaw in the principles of Karl Marx?"

Geneva had no intention of being turned from the subject of Socialism. She felt now that not for nothing had her back ached as one Raschoff had stood over her boarding-school-acquired manipulation of the typewriter, dictating and re-dictating until she had known his creed by heart.

SHE stole a look at Elmer Holmes' face and detected thereon pleasure that Eileen had seen fit to applaud his mental calibre, and also a distinct longing to leave the subject of Socialism—and the status of that mental calibre—in the exact position they had been before.

And she saw a few crinkles at the corners of the fine eyes of Geoffrey Weatherbee that seemed to denote something of inward amusement.

"Perhaps," Geoffrey suggested, with a gravity that she knew to carry a mischievous impulse, "you had better explain to Elmer what are the Marxian principles that you have picked out for admiration."

Was he baiting her? Geneva had a strong suspicion that he thought she did not know the principles of Karl Marx, or any other Socialist. Luckily he knew nothing of Mother's club paper. Let him wonder . . .

"Take his main premise," she answered glibly, "that labor is the source of value. When we ponder on that, or on the statement of Fourier's that starvation for the many is the result of a super-abundance of wealth, we can hardly dismiss the subject as 'rubbish.'"

"It is too bad," she went on, "that there has not arisen a suitable follower of Marx. It is Raschoff's opinion that Engels is much too tame. What do you think, Mr. Holmes?"

"Some of 'em are fiery enough. In my opinion they should all be jailed."



"Jailed! But was not Lasalle jailed? And was it not a tremendous boost to the Internationale. But, as I was saying, if Engels had the fire of DeLeon—pardon me, Mr. Holmes?"

"Can I give you some chocolate cake?"

"His thoughts are more with the chocolate cake than with your diverting discussion, I am afraid, Geneva," Geoffrey Weatherbee said.

"I'll say they are!" Elmer was fervent, and more than a little rude. Then: "In France I used to lie awake under the stars and think just such long thoughts as chocolate cake on Eileen's table here."

Eileen blushed prettily at the tribute. But Geneva was bent on making a thorough cure.

"Eileen has undoubted talent," she admitted. "And cooking is not altogether to be despised—even today. But her limited field here is a crime; good material going to waste. As dietitian of our settlement hostel she would have a field suitable to her ability. I understand that her father's second marriage is contemplated, and, as soon as that is accomplished and she is no longer needed here, I shall come and carry her off to the city. There, her career will be assured—if I can keep the men away from her. Do you not think, Mr. Holmes, that the list of modern feminine achievements is nothing short of the miracle of the age?"

"I think," Elmer Holmes stated suddenly and energetically, "that Eileen can accomplish some miracles right here where she is. Would you mind taking Weatherbee out into the garden and arguing out the feminists with him. He may understand something of what you mean. I am going to help Eileen with the dishes."

IN THE living-room Geoffrey Weatherbee opened the French window that led into the garden and said "Come." For a moment Geneva hesitated between the command in his voice and her compelling inclination to hide her trimly coiffured head in the cushions in her own room and cry tears of very feminine rage and mortification.

But good sense conquered. Slipping off the offending dark-rimmed glasses and tossing them from her she turned to where he held the door for her. In silence they stepped into the sweet-scented garden. Dusk had fallen and the bed of English violets sent its perfume into the twilight air.

Wandering down a pathway that was flanked with star-like flower faces they came to a rustic summer house in the purple shadows of a giant honey locust. In the doorway Geoffrey Weatherbee said:

"Turn and look at the sunset colors."

When Geneva turned her head he deftly plucked the three large Spanish pins from her hair, causing it to spring back into its accustomed waves and to fall in a cascade about her shoulders, somewhat hiding her delicious confusion at his touch, and intent.

He offered her the combs in the palm of his hand.

"Put them in," he said, "with a little less severity."

"You liked it better the way I wore it before?" In spite of her arch question, the usually sure-of-herself Geneva was a little panic-stricken at a new significance in his tone and manner.

"I like it—about half-way between," he said.

Again she had the impression that he weighed his sentence, and meant more than the mere words stated. As best she could, in the fast-gathering dusk, she arranged her unruly locks, then faced him. If he had brought her out here to disapprove of her evening's

Continued on page 87

ANNOUNCING THE ARGOSY

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SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED



Winter Styles Decree Continued Brevity in Skirts and Smartly Collared Tailleurs

WINTER styles express simplicity, and are more interesting in cut, also more decorative than the styles of recent seasons.

Skirts are to continue in their comfortable brevity, 14 to 15 inches from the floor is the rule.

The flares so animating in the skirts of the past season, have crept nearer to the knees and hips; some have reached the waistline, yet the new silhouette is still built on the slender flat-hipped figure.

Fullness, in shirrings, plaits and gathers is noticeable on many new models.

Although much has been said about bringing the waistline back to normal, it still appears at the hip, even the new blouse styles completely cover the normal waistline.

Bolero fronts with the blouse back are in evidence. Boleros are also shown in coatee length back and front. They are becoming to every type of figure—the mature or slim.

In coats we have quite a variety. The straight line youthful model, the raglan utility coat, that flares from shoulder to hem, the cape coat, and the dolman coat are all well represented.

The dolman introduces a new silhouette and is a coat easy to develop, and suited to most figures.

The raglan coat is a sporty model and good for general wear.

The straight line coat is made with plaits at the sides this season. It is a general favorite.

Coats are made up in fancy and novelty weaves, double faced coatings, checked woolen, homespun, tweeds, cheviot, and pile fabrics, as well as in fur and velvet.

Two-piece suits are in vogue, with a simple two-piece skirt, having plait fullness or a wide overlap. The coat may be short and tailored, or it may be a straight-line longer model, or in cape style.



Since they express length rather than width they simulate height to the short figure, and do not thicken a sturdy figure.

The woman who admires the simple nea sleeve will like the plain close-fitting models now shown on dresses for daytime wear.

In silk dresses the bishop sleeve is often shown finished with a narrow band cuff. Sometimes the lower part of such a sleeve is embroidered or made of contrasting material.

On formal afternoon and theatre dresses one may have short sleeves extending just over the top of the arm. It may also be lengthened by a transparent sleeve of lace or georgette.

On sports dresses and blouses one sees the sailor collar, and turned-back shirt collar.

Belts are in great favor. Very narrow or several inches wide, for sports clothes, and with large buckles.

Crush girdles, and string belts are shown on dresses of softer styles.

Some evening dresses, many afternoon frocks and most all sports models are in two-piece effect.

In collars there are many boyish and some Eton styles.

Shawl collars are new in U-neck dresses.

The deep and the U-neck are both in good style.

Collarless necks are still in vogue on afternoon dresses.

Many of the new dresses show soft fullness at the shoulders or at a yoke line.

Shepherd checks, tweeds, cashmere covert or crepe in wool and mannish materials are good for two-piece coat or cape suits.

A suit is correct for general wear, traveling or shopping.

Silk frocks seem here to stay.

They wear as well as wool and are to some women more comfortable.

For sports types of dresses, and for business and general wear, silk and satin crepes are used.

For afternoon wear, dresses of moire, lace and velvet are in vogue.

The new blouse styles are suitable for slender or mature figures.





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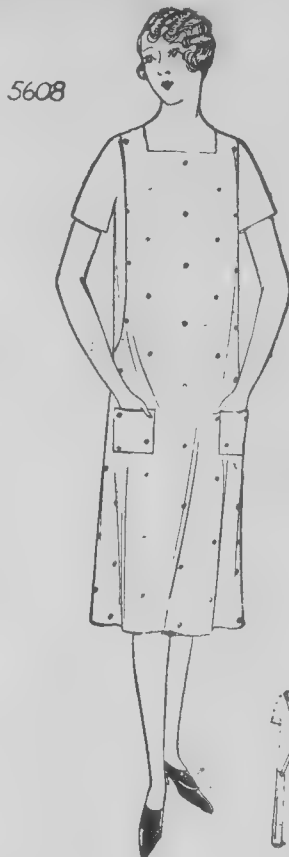
MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

Modes That Stress Simplicity in the Making

5623—Velours, tweed, broadcloth, velvet and other pile fabrics may be used for this model. The fronts have inserted pockets, and also "patch" pockets at the intersection of front and side extensions. The pattern for this pleasing model is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 1 1/2 yard of 54 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5605—Here is a pleasing style especially attractive for slender figures. The sleeve may be short or in wrist length. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size if made with long sleeves will require 2 3/4 yards of 54 inch material. If made with short sleeve 2 1/2 yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1 1/4 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

large and extra large. A medium size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5606—Moire, satin, taffeta or broadcloth would be suitable for this model. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 4 1/2 inch size requires 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch material together with 3/8 yard of contrasting material 1/4 inch wide for the vestee. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5611—Figured silk and crepe satin are here combined. This style is also attractive in taffeta and gorgette, or in lace and satin. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 1 1/4 yard of 40 inch plain material and 4 3/4 yards of figured material if made as illustrated in the large view. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1 3/4 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5603—Moire, satin, crepe in all its weaves, as well as kasha or velveteen may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the dress as shown in the large view, for a 38 inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 40 inch material, together with 1/4 yard of contrasting material for facing on vestee, belt and trimming bands. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5609—A smart and up-to-date style is here portrayed. Velours was selected in this instance with caracul for trimming. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch material together with 3/4 yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



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5600—Moire or satin, combined with crepe or crepe de chine, chiffon or georgette will be nice for this design. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this design for a 38 inch size, as illustrated in the large view, will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material, together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for the lower sleeve portions, plastron, jabot and facings on band cuffs. If made without jabot $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material is required. The width at the lower edge of the dress is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5620—This two piece or "Jumper" dress is both practical and pleasing. As illustrated, checked suiting and flannel are combined. The style is also good for crepe, and wash materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will, if made as illustrated $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54 inch material for the blouse and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard for the skirt, and facings on collar and cuffs. If made of one material $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5621—This a good model for wash materials, and for Jersey and wool crepe. The long sleeve portions may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for long sleeve portions, and for facings on collar, overlap and leg bands, if made as illustrated in the large view. If made with short sleeves $\frac{3}{8}$ yard less of the contrasting material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5623—Muslin, prints, sateen and crepe are good materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes 6-8, 10-12 years for children; 14-16, years for misses, and 38-40, and 42-44 inches bust measure for adults. To make the suit for a 38-40 inch size requires $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 27 inch material. The cap requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5624—This model has comfortable lines and is suitable for flannel corduroy, tweed or Jersey weaves, as well as for wash materials that are generally employed for boys suits of this kind. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material. For bias binding on the free edges as illustrated $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards are required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5612—Figured percale was used in this instance. This style is also good for gingham, chambray and linen. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 44 inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs. The width at the lower edge of the dress is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5614—Batiste, nainsook, crepe de chine or radium silk would be attractive for this model. It may be finished with shaped shoulder or camisole top. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36, medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material if made with shaped shoulders. If made with camisole top 2 yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5615—The coat dress is a style leader this season. The design here portrayed may be attractively developed in moire, flannel, serge or broadcloth. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material. The width at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

King, the Husky

Continued from page 8

Everything not absolutely essential Shorty left behind, keeping only food for a few days, his rifle, axe and robes.

With a last sad look at the dogs he had loved and tended so well and who had served him faithfully, and a muttered curse at the wolves, Shorty bent to the traces and began to plod slowly in the direction of the post.

His leg hurt him cruelly, his shoulders were sore, and the carriage pulled like lead. But keeping to the ridges as much as possible and out of the deep drifts in the hollows, he held doggedly on his way with short intervals for rest until nightfall. Then he camped in a spruce grove and built his fire.

He was very exhausted and in great pain. The only alleviation of his misery was that the temperature continued comparatively mild and that he saw no wolves. He ate a good supper, but King refused food, continuing to lick his shoulder.

"Well, King, you hard old nut," said the little man with a whimsical grin, "you'd better roll in with me tonight. We're both sick men an' we'll help keep each other warm. An' if them dam wolves don't come an' et us to-night, we'd ought to be pretty comfortable. How about it?"

King blinked, but submitted condescendingly to share his master's rabbit-skin robe. Shorty, not unnaturally feeling more than a little lonely and discouraged, ventured to pat him gently on the head, and to even that the husky submitted with unwonted good-nature, though he made no effort to return the caress.

"Well, you sure are one hard old case," said Shorty with a sigh. "But, King, boy, you're a dandy scrapper. If them stinkin' wolves show up we'll go out fightin', won't we?"

King lifted his head and snuffed the air, but apparently scented nothing, for he returned to his eternal licking of his torn shoulder.

The night passed in great discomfort for both. Shorty's shoulders and leg ached and throbbed and his snatches of sleep were broken and haunted with dreams of enormous wolves. King twitched and growled all night at his side. Shorty woke feeling tired and ill. King's nose was hot and dry and his temper very short.

With numb and shivering fingers Shorty got the fire going again in the ghost-light of dawn, and having boiled himself a big pot of tea and chewed a little bannock that tasted like ashes in his mouth, set about dressing his leg. The wound was much inflamed and the whole leg swollen, but not so much that he thought he could not walk with it.

King still refused food, but greedily drank some melted snow. Shorty was interested to see him bite off some blades of dry grass that stood above the snow and chew them up. Then he allowed himself to be helped into the carriage, where he curled himself up and gave his whole attention once more to his shoulder.

SO THE pathetic little procession started again—a crippled man hauling a crippled dog across a frozen and barren wilderness under a grey sky, and with a knife-edged wind lashing them like a whip.

Shorty was ill-equipped by nature for wading through snow. His stumpy legs sank almost to the knee at every step. Here and there were drifts he had to cross, treacherous drifts of which the crust often broke and let him through to the waist in soft snow.

But he was as hard as iron and of indomitable spirit, and he made most amazing time in the circumstances. Despite frequent stops and the pain of

his leg he had covered some twenty miles before darkness and exhaustion forced him to halt in a willow thicket.

King's nose was still dry and hot and he could not be prevailed upon to eat, though he licked the snow continually and drank thirstily any water that Shorty gave him. His temper, however, had improved. Not that he showed either gratitude or affection, but he permitted himself to be handled without even a growl, and curled up beside Shorty as a matter of course when he lay down for the night.

For Shorty the second night was worse than the first. His shoulders were not quite so painful, but that was more than counterbalanced by the condition of his leg which burned and throbbed and often woke him out of his sleep with a pang of agony.

The third morning dawned fair but chill, with a temperature of twenty below zero, and Shorty was almost frozen before he got the fire lit. But there was a decided improvement in King's condition, and he even languidly chewed up a small whitefish, but he was still unable to walk more than a few steps.

Shorty's leg was at first so bad that he almost despaired of continuing his journey, but after he had bound it tightly from ankle to knee he was able to hobble. Though the first half mile was an agony that brought the sweat out on his brow, the pain gradually lessened and its place was taken by a disquieting numbness.

Fearing that his foot was frozen, Shorty hastily camped and made a fire. When he uncovered his foot two toes and the heel showed a dull dead white. He rubbed the frost bites with snow until the acute misery of their thawing out made him grind his teeth and groan aloud.

Then the leg was bound up once more and the weary journey resumed. He made few miles that day, and night found him far gone in pain and exhaustion. He was all but ready to give up and die. Nothing human could have endured much more.

But there came a gleam of hope to cheer him. King was evidently much better. He got out of the carriage by himself and ate a hearty meal of fish. It seemed likely that he would be able to limp along by morning at least as well as his master, and in that case they could leave the carriage and make a dash for the post together.

Another cheering circumstance was that the wind which had been blowing from the north-northwest, veered suddenly just after nightfall to southwest, and began to come in warm, heavy gusts. Shorty welcomed it with profound thankfulness and fell asleep full of sanguine hopes for the morrow.

But he had overtaxed his strength. The horrible dreams of the two previous nights returned with redoubled terrors. It seemed to him that his leg swelled and swelled until it was a mountain at which huge wolves tore and worried with fangs of red-hot iron. He tried to escape, but the leg had grown so vast that it held him a prisoner, and all he could do was lie and scabble at the ground in awful agony.

That dream passed, but was succeeded by others, and through them all throbbed pain and fear. Toward morning he became light-headed, and screamed and fought with imaginary terrors. Once he felt certain that he was in the grip of a wolf, and regained consciousness to discover that it was King who had him by the arm in his teeth and was shaking him. He had a vague impression that it was dawn and the weather mild, and then the dog let go of him and he sank into a

Continued on page 84



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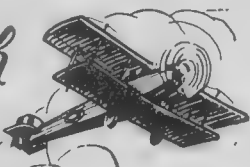
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1. Every Contestant must be 15 or over.
2. Write answers in pen and ink on one side of paper only. Put name and address and name of this paper, in upper right hand corner, stating whether, Mrs., Mr., or Miss. Do not send typewritten entries.
3. Prizes will be awarded according to skill displayed in correctly solving this Picture-puzzle, as well as in the neatness, hand-writing and general appearance of entry. Contest closes Dec. 31st, 1926. Judges' decision is final.
4. No employees of this Company, their friends or relatives may compete.
5. You will be notified immediately if your answer is correct and will be requested to fulfill a simple condition of the contest that need not cost you any money. Mail answer at once. You have much to gain and nothing to lose.

Do Not
Miss This
Opportunity

What's all the excitement? An aviator has just sky-written an advertisement for the National Hosiery Company. This mysterious message contains seven words which are in their correct order. Each word contains only the letters as shown. Now, place the letters of each word in their proper position and write down the sentence they make. To give you a clue, the second word is "PAYS". Test your skill and mail your solution immediately to compete for this

**Wonderful, New 6 Cylinder, 5 Passenger
Pontiac Sedan, Value, \$1170.00.**
and these 25 other Valuable Prizes.

Everyone has an equal opportunity of winning. Read the rules and follow them carefully to be sure of a prize.

WE HOLD THIS CONTEST

to acquaint still more people with the money-saving values in National Hosiery and Underwear now sold Direct-by-Mail from the World's Leading Mills. It is not necessary to become our Agent in order to compete, but, if you wish to do so, we agree to reward you handsomely for your co-operation, in addition to any prizes you may win.

Every entry will be judged according to the skill displayed in correctly solving the message and submitting the answer. The following well-known gentlemen will act as Judges: GEO. E. ANSLEY, General Sales Manager, Pontiac Division, General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa. A. H. MACLAUGHLAN, Manager, Ontario Branch, Desbarats Advt. Agency, Toronto. R. W. COWAN, Sec.-Treasurer, Print Craft, Ltd., Toronto.

MAIL YOUR ANSWER AT ONCE

and you will immediately be given an opportunity to WIN AN EXTRA \$50.00 IN GOLD, and there's still another pleasant surprise in store for you. Full particulars will be mailed the same day your answer is received. Address

NATIONAL HOSIERY CO.
Dept. 21, 156 Yonge St., Toronto.

WIN
THIS HANDSOME
PONTIAC
SEDAN



FIRST PRIZE
VALUE \$1170 00

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

King, the Husky

Continued from page 83

deep sleep that was almost unconsciousness.

When he awoke it was broad daylight and the March sun was shedding warm bright rays upon him. The air was mild and balmy, and a chinook boomed across the land. He sat up weakly and looked about him. He looked and stared and looked again. King had disappeared.

It was a terrible blow. The treachery, the black ingratitude of the brute was more than he could bear in his weakened condition. Childish tears trickled down his face. Wounded and ill himself, he had dragged the worthless beast in comfort for three days, had shared with him his food and his bedding, and then, when his own strength had in a measure returned, without remorse and without shame the cowardly brute had abandoned the man who had all but given his life for him, and might yet lose his life by what he had done.

He remembered the words of King's late owner: "He's treacherous."

Believing, as every dog-lover does, in the unswerving loyalty and fidelity of dogs, Shorty felt that this evidence of callous ingratitude had wrecked his faith in all dog-kind. Yet another example of King's depravity came to light. Not content with deserting his master in his hour of direst need, he had eaten most of the scanty stock of food remaining. Shorty found himself with only about half a hard dry bannock and some tea.

This last discovery had at least the good effect of rousing the little man to action. He was not of the kind who lie down under the blows of circumstance. The knowledge that he was on the verge of death from starvation even if he did not perish from exhaustion and exposure, nerved him to one last effort.

The wound in his leg was better, the inflammation had gone down considerably, though his frozen foot was hideously painful. Moreover, the fever of the previous days had abated, though he felt pitifully weak. He brewed himself some strong tea, ate a portion of his half bannock, bound up his leg carefully, and cutting himself a stout willow staff, took the trail.

He left behind him the carriage, his blankets, even his rifle. His axe he had to take. He needed it to cut firewood, and it would be his only weapon in his last fight if he were again attacked by wolves.

For the wolves were back again. A gaunt brute loped across the skyline into some scrub just as he set out; a prick-eared grey head thrust up from behind a rock to his right.

All that afternoon he stumbled on his way, stopping often for short rests. The low sun sank, but still the blessed chinook swept across the waste. While it blew he would not at any rate freeze to death. Had the temperature been below zero, death would have claimed him early.

Then a big silver moon swung up and gave him good light to travel by.

HE DECIDED it was useless to camp for the night; he must press on until he reached the post, which could not be many miles away now. Either that or fall exhausted or be pounced on by the wolves. There were wolves everywhere now, and his imagination created another of every inky shadow the moon cast upon the snow.

They began to close in upon him. No longer did they keep at a distance, they kept pace with him composedly at a few yards distance. There were wolves on the skyline waiting for him, and when he looked back there were wolves slinking along in his very footprints. They did not need to attack.

They had merely to bide their time and let their prey wear himself out in vain efforts to escape.

He was moving very, very slowly, hardly moving at all now, and his tired eyes were playing him unholy tricks. It was not only his terrifying pursuers who were endued with motion, the landscape expanded and contracted, stretching itself out into infinity under the rays of the moon or rushing together in one shapeless blur, the low hills climbed on each other's backs to get a look at him, and the skyline waved like a length of water weed in a swift-running stream.

He came to the foot of a ridge. It was scarcely a hundred feet high, but it seemed to him to shoot up to the stars like an impassable mountain barrier. He sank down wearily in the snow and asked himself seriously whether it was really worth while to attempt such an arduous climb. The wolves were forming a ring around him.

He was too tired even to be afraid, but the indomitable fighting spirit in him still lived. He raised a feeble shout and shook his axe at them. They drew back a little, and he got dizzily to his feet and stumbled stubbornly up the slope.

But now he felt that the end had really come. A huge wolf, a lop-sided, ungainly, lurching brute, was coming slowly but purposefully straight at him, and behind him at a little distance came a compact dark mass that could only be the body of the pack.

He gave a little grim laugh. Yes, this was the end, but he would fight it out. He went down on one knee the better to brace himself for the onset, his axe poised for his last blow. The great wolf still loped grotesquely toward him.

He measured the distance with his eye. He could not be quite sure since everything was so blurred and hazy, but he thought another bound would bring the beast within striking distance. He summoned all his failing energies, and swung his axe upward.

"Come on, damn you!" he cried.

But the blow never fell, for on a sudden a man's voice answered him.

"Hello, there, hello!"

Shorty was stricken motionless with surprise, and in that instant the lame wolf gave a last impulsive bound and was upon him. Man and beast rolled over in the snow together, the man fighting feebly to keep the fangs from his throat. But the wolf only made curious little eager whimpering noises and licked his face.

Slowly it penetrated into the little man's dulled brain that he was saved; that after all King had proved loyal. He sat up, his arms tight around King, who was boring his nose into his master's breast with soft snorts and whimpers of devoted love.

The wolf pack resolved itself into a team of dogs and a carriage. A man in policeman's uniform was standing over him.

"Well, here you are, eh?" said the policeman in a hearty voice, assumed to hide his emotions. "Some dog that of yours. Blew into the post around noon today. Wouldn't eat, wouldn't let anybody put a finger on him, wouldn't do a thing but bark and howl and raise the devil until I hooked up and followed him, and him hardly able to put one foot in front of the other. I'd give a million dollars for a dog like that."

Shorty raised a proud head though the tears glistened in his eyes.

"You couldn't have this here dog," he said, "for a hundred million dollars. You King! Oh, you King!"

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 54

immortelles or everlasting flowers, exquisitely arranged in hand decorated baskets, hundreds of choice bulbs, seeds, etc., especially seed potatoes and sweet pea seeds, which are considered by British seedsmen to be the finest in the world. There were also sealers of cherry jellies, jams, preserves, olives, crystallized cherries, home-made rugs, honey, etc.

The exhibit was in charge of Mrs. W. Rutherford, of Nelson, and Mrs. Margaret Murray, of Vancouver, who, by talks and answering the hundreds of questions asked about the beautiful scenery, climate and seed growing, in a most efficient and enthusiastic manner "sold" the resources, beauties and industries of their province.

Each day Mrs. Rutherford gave a most interesting talk. One subject was the "Growing and Cultivating of Everlasting Flowers" with a special demonstration on their arrangement in a foundation of the popular "baby's breath," which may also be preserved over the winter months by drying. These flowers were all grown in Mrs. Rutherford's beautiful garden at Nelson, where she is known as the "Mistress of the Mountain Garden." She is an authority on flower culture and for many years has been a contributor to the leading home and garden magazines of Canada and United States.

Another talk was "Gardening for Women," this also illustrated with slides of scenes taken in Mrs. Rutherford's garden. "Seed Growing in British Columbia" was another topic, this province being one of the few in the Dominion that is specializing on commercial seed growing, this illustrated with slides from the garden of Col. Matthews, at Westholme.

Other B.C. Talk

"**RUGMAKING**, Braided Mats, Hooked, Crocheted, Hooked and Cut, with Specimens Made by the Women of the Kootenay" was another topic of interest at this booth. One very beautiful mat was made by an old lady of seventy years in the Slocan Valley. "The British Columbia Cherries of the Kootenay Valley," where the finest cherries in the world are grown, was the subject of another talk. Other topics were "B.C. Seed Potatoes"; "Honey," with specimens and beautiful illustrated travel talks by a representative of the Canadian National Railways.

Time was also given over to a description of "Sumas," the 25,000-acre tract near Chilliwack that was formerly a lake bottom. This has been reclaimed and by a pumping system is now thoroughly drained. It is now one of the most productive bits of land in the world, one acre of it yielding 500 lbs. of red clover seed. A part of this still belongs to the Crown and is now being sold in 40-acre blocks at \$200.00 per acre.

Mrs. Murray also gave a talk on "Commercial Seed Growing" three evenings, this being illustrated with 50 colored slides that showed the development of this industry in B.C.

British Columbia Day

A SPECIAL day was devoted to British Columbia publicity. This was carried out by a luncheon on the balcony of the Women's Building, when the menu consisted entirely of foods from British Columbia. This was most delectable, and consisted of celery from Armstrong, clam nectar from the Saanich Peninsula, sockeye salmon, spring chicken, egg plant, sweet potatoes from Oliver, Okanagan fruit for salad and loganberries in rich heavy syrup from the lower mainland. The favors were place bouquets of everlasting flowers, while the Vancouver Publicity Bureau provided a place card of a miniature card board, Captain Vancouver welcoming the guests and holding in his hands the menu of this delicious luncheon.

The speakers on this occasion were Mrs. Wilson, president of the National Council of Women, a native daughter of that province, who spoke of the splendid health work of that province in providing the only solarium for crippled

children in Canada, of their work in solving the problems of the mentally defectives, and Mrs. Watt, a B.C. woman, who took the W.L. idea overseas and organized the first British Institute in 1915.

Mrs. Henry Aitken, in her demonstration in "Canada's Kitchen," used all food products from British Columbia, and told of the wonderful climate of this magnificent province.

"The products of British Columbia," she declared, "are as varied as her wonderful climate, and include fruits and vegetables in every season, fish, dairy products, poultry and live stock. This province has established a remarkable and outstanding system of grading and packing apples, and apples and canned fish are known throughout the world. Owing to the mildness of the climate, it excels in poultry production, and it is now developing a system of expert marketing that will relieve the congestion.

Alberta, Land of Plenty

The Alberta booth depicted this province as a "land of plenty." On the walls were mounted sheaves of grain, wild ducks and pictures of fine farm scenes. Below these were three shelves of canned meats, wild and tame, fowl, fish, pickles, vegetables and wild fruits. The exhibit was in charge of Mrs. J. MacGregor Smith, of Edmonton, provincial convener of Home Economics, who each day demonstrated egg cookery. In these dishes she used Raymond sugar, Fort McMurray salt, Wetaskiwin cheese and Alberta eggs and butter and flour, some ninety dozen eggs having been donated by various Alberta firms. The cooking utensils were also sent by the pottery factory at Medicine Hat, which also contributed two beautiful urns containing ferns.

Alberta Day was celebrated with a luncheon, when the menu included Alberta baby beef, vegetables, cheese, eggs, etc. The favors were small bags of Raymond sugar and eggs bearing the inscription, "You Tell 'Em Alberta." The speakers were Mrs. J. MacGregor Smith; Mrs. A. H. Rogers, Fort Saskatchewan, and Duncan Marshall.

Alberta Comes of Age

"**NEXT** month," said Mrs. Smith, Alberta will be twenty-one years old. Twenty-one years ago Alberta had 55 automobiles—today there are 55,000. We had a thousand miles of railway then—today we have five thousand. She then told briefly of other progress that had been made during these years.

Mrs. Rogers emphasized the need of unity in Canada, comparing the provinces to a chain of beautiful beads, each with its own lustre, but all bound together on the cord of friendship.

Duncan Marshall spoke briefly in the afternoon to a crowd of interested listeners. "Agriculture," he said, "is one of the great factors, if not the predominant factor in the success and prosperity of this province. One of the things that lies at the root of successful agriculture is satisfied and happy homes. You make agriculture permanent and successful only as you have farm homes in which boys and girls are glad to remain. Too long the importance of the farmer's wife has been forgotten. He also stated that Alberta was the best all around farming country in the world.

In "Canada's Kitchen" Mrs. Aitken demonstrated dishes made from Alberta products, cheese sauce, baked eggs with bacon, fried mush.

"We talk so much," she said, "about the three western provinces being the 'bread basket of the Empire,' and we overlook the fact that all three are becoming mixed farming provinces. Alberta is a ranching country, but she also produces cereals, grains, dairy products, fruits and vegetables. Recently the Co-operative Poultry Producers was formed, this doing a great deal to grade up the quality of eggs as well as give more profitable prices for the producer.

"Canada is your country," she concluded. "Help her by using Canadian products."



Do you spend EXACTLY What You Earn Every Month?

NOT dollars—of course you don't. But what about your physical gains or losses? Are you riding your work or is your work riding you? Do you wake up refreshed or jaded? Are meal-time doses of tea and coffee causing irritability, less sleep, more indigestion—turning your health account into a steady loss?

Tannin and caffeine found in tea and coffee are artificial stimulants which excite the nerves. With you these agents may work fast or slow, yet sooner or later their poisonous effects are certain, sure!

Drink Instant Postum—a rich, full-bodied beverage. An appetizing, satisfying hot drink for every member of the family every meal of the day. Not a taut nerve, sleepless hour or headache in it, because Postum is free from all drug-stimulants. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. For those who prefer it there is Postum Cereal, made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. Get Postum at all grocers, restaurants, or on the train. Read Carrie Blanchard's generous offer. Mail the coupon—today.



You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the food value of the wheat, plus the nourishment of milk, in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply. It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families. Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."



CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED. No. 640
45 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO 2, ONT.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check which
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ you prefer

Name

Street

City.....Prov.....No. 83

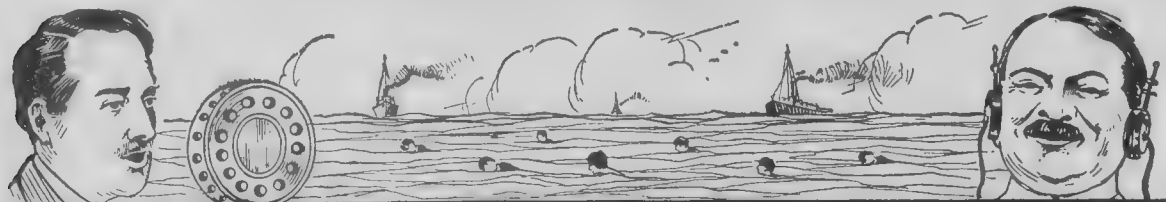


Instant Postum

"There's a Reason"



How the broadcaster announced the above stars' names jumbled up—
1. BLAME DYI GAME, 2. VOICE FOR RENDL, 3. SILLI SWOON, 4. SHALL I GILIN, 5. NAN GROWS O SAIL,
6. BEES LAIN BED, 7. PEARL GO IN.



WHO WON THE MOVIE CHANNEL SWIM?

WIN New 1927 Chevrolet Coach \$1800.00 IN PRIZES

It is said that the New York Standard Newspaper offered a prize of \$50,000 for a swimming race across the English Channel, open to women Moving Picture stars only. Many entered the race. They started on the French coast and finished at Dover, England. The race was finished at night and the results kept secret. Radio Broadcasting Station WPLG broadcast the results but the operator just to have some fun and keep the interested multitudes in suspense, announced the names of the first seven in a funny way. Instead of giving out their right names, he jumbled up the letters of their names so that they sounded ridiculous. For instance he gave number 5 as "Nan grows o sail" instead of Gloria Swanson, and he told his radio audience to put the letters of each name in their proper order and they would spell the names of each of the first seven to land at Dover. Underneath the pictures above are the jumbled names of the movie stars just as the radio announcer gave them. If you can put the letters in their right order you will have the names of the seven stars. See if you can do it. It is not easy, but patience and diligence will help you. Below is printed the names of all of the famous movie stars who swam in the race. The names of the seven shown above are amongst these.

Puzzle out the results if you can and write down all the stars' names on a piece of paper in the order in which they finished the race and send it to compete for the big prizes.

300 POINTS WINS FIRST PRIZE
The magnificent and valuable prizes in this contest will be awarded according to the

NAMES OF ALL THE MOVIE STARS WHO SWAM IN THE CHANNEL RACE

Alice Joyce, May McAvoy, Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, Madge Bellamy, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Seena Owen, May Allison, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Clara Bow, Vilma Banky, Pola Negri, Viola Dana, Florence Vidor, Marlon Davies, Marie Prevost, Lois Wilson, Mary Brian

number of points gained by each entry. The entry gaining 300 points will win first prize. (See rules). Be neat and careful. Comply with the rules and be sure of a prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST

Frankly this is an advertising contest, its aim being to further the popularity of the well-known Sterling Hosiery sold from Mills to Consumer through a chain of Sterling Stores and personal service direct to the home. Thousands of people already know and wear Sterling Hosiery but we want to reach thousands more that they may become acquainted with Sterling Quality, and Sterling values in pure silk, silk and wool and pure wool hosiery for the whole family.

SEND YOUR ENTRY TODAY

Win \$100 Extra for Promptness

When your answers to this fascinating puzzle are received we will write and tell you how many points you have gained toward the prizes and will ask you to help us in our advertising campaign by introducing Sterling Hosiery amongst your friends. This is a simple and easily fulfilled favor and need not cost you a cent of your money and which will qualify your entry to stand for the highest prizes. You do not have to buy anything to compete. We agree to pay you extra, in addition to any prize you win for your efforts furthering the sale of Sterling Hosiery.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

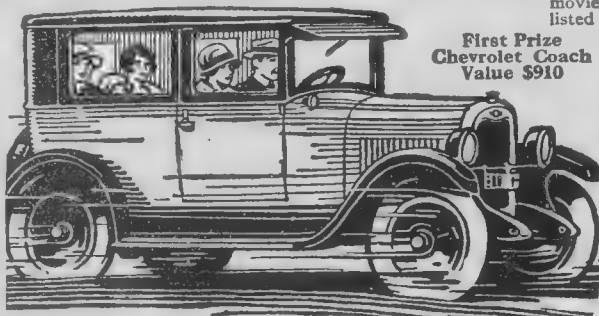
1. Write answers in pen and ink on one side of the paper only. Put name and address

FIRST PRIZE

1927 Chevrolet Coach
— Value \$910

2nd	- - -	Cash	\$150.00
3rd	- - -	"	\$100.00
4th	- - -	"	\$75.00
5th	- - -	"	\$50.00
6th	- - -	"	\$25.00
7th	- - -	"	\$15.00
8th to 12th	- - -	"	\$5.00 each

and name of this paper in upper right hand corner, stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Put anything else on separate sheet. Don't send fancy drawn or typewritten entries. 2. Contestants must be 15 years or over. Employees of this company, their friends and relatives are forbidden to enter. 3. Three entries may be submitted. Only one can win a prize. 4. Different members of a family may compete. Only one prize will be awarded in a household. 5. Final awards will be made by a committee of 3 Toronto gentlemen having no connection with this firm. Their names will be published. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. Prizes will be awarded by points. 300 points, the maximum, will take first prize. 25 points will be awarded for each movie star's name correctly spelled and listed as to its position at the end of the race; 50 points for general neatness, appearance, spelling, punctuation, style and handwriting of entry, and 75 for fulfilling the conditions of contest. Contest closes June 30th, 1927. Entries should be forwarded promptly. \$100 extra prize for promptness will be given. 6. Each contestant will be asked to introduce Sterling Hosiery to a few friends who are not yet acquainted with its splendid values, and endeavor to obtain their friends as customers for Sterling Hosiery. You will not be required to buy anything to compete. This is not a sale's contest. Everybody's opportunity of winning is equal.



First Prize
Chevrolet Coach
Value \$910

STERLING HOSIERY MILLS Ltd. Dept. 53 - Toronto, Ont.

A Useful Book For Sufferers

An instructive book has been published by Dr. A. S. McCleary, the noted specialist of Excelsior Springs, Mo. This book tells how sufferers from Piles can be quickly and easily cured without the use of knife, scissors, "hot" iron, electricity or any other cutting or burning method, without confinement to bed and no hospital bills to pay. The method has been a success for twenty-six years and in more than twelve thousand cases. The book is sent postpaid free to persons afflicted with piles or other rectal troubles who clip this item and mail it with name and address to Dr. McCleary, C578 St. Louis Ave., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Patterns as Depicted

By

Western Home
Monthly

Artists Run True to

Form. A Matter

of 15c. and You

Have Your

Choice on the Colored

Fashion Page.

whiter clothes

MRS. STEWART'S BLUING

ASK YOUR GROCER OR WRITE
MRS. STEWART'S BLUING MINNEAPOLIS

CLOTH REMNANTS

We are offering a wonderful trial assortment, arranged in remnant lengths, suitable for useful and necessary purposes such as Ladies' and Misses' suit lengths, waist, skirt, and dress lengths; also odd lengths and pieces of all kinds. Latest styles, colorings and materials. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Big value bundles at \$1, \$2, \$3, and \$5 postpaid.

THE REMNANT STORE
New Glasgow - Quebec

Magic Casements

Continued from page 32

When I visited my parents in Alberta last year my mother showed me a very old photograph album—it must have been eighty years old—treasured as a family heirloom. While turning the pages, looking, almost with doubt of their possibly being relatives of mine at the tin-types of my forebears with rosy touched-up faces, I chanced upon ten ridiculously fine little odd-space fillers. All as full or even more filled with detail than the one I described were these nice little engravings of quaint pastoral scenes: "Evening," "The Old Mill," were two of the ten, all different, containing such wooly subjects as rabbits and sheep, all painted with equal prettiness and care, mounted on age-creamed stiff Sunday-go-to-meeting paper.

They suggested fairy magic enough to merit being framed with enriching gold mats as well as antique appearing gold moulding; and I had them framed thus, four in a group and four in miniature, for my mother. I accepted two for myself "Evening" as well as "By the Cottage Door." I also have a Godey print, which includes, besides dainty frill-dressed ladies, a stiffly be-decked little "Alice in Wonderland" girl with hair rippling down like Alice's, and her little dog, posingly reared up on his hind paws in a perpetual begging attitude.

The Godey print is framed with an inch of black frame combined with an edging, also, lining, of dulled gilt. The frame—like the print, sixty years old as it was taken by a picture framer from its own Baxter print—I had cut down to the size of the picture plus an added inch on all sides of pure white mat which throws the group into the slight distinction due their proper old-fashioned airs and stiff encumbering frills. A friend bought modern frames closely resembling my old frame, to frame two Godey prints just as I framed mine, successfully, so she and others have said.

We have a rich warm-tinted water color, more like an oil, by F. St. John Lewis. It portrays a street of an English village; a summer twilight's warm slate sky, lowering to the zone of failing sunlight; figures of restful wholesome charm, returning leisurely in early evening from an ivy-covered church.

The frame, which was on the picture when we bought it, is suitable; a rich red-gold shade, and with good depth, with a lining edge of old-looking dim gold mat.

With a thought of bringing out the pictures' expressions of color, design, and sentiment; to conform with, or contrast agreeably with, other frames and articles in the same room, our pictures were placed in their magic casement frames.

The Captivating Nursery

Continued from page 71

accessories in blue and perhaps a touch of yellow—doesn't it conjure up an attractive vision? If the room needs artificial warmth to aid what comes to it by nature, let the walls be yellow or yellow-cream (delicate, always, as yellow can be a very strong and mature color indeed), with yellow muslin at the windows, white furniture and perhaps a brown rug. Grey walls might be charmingly combined with white woodwork, white furniture with pink bouquets on it, white dotted Swiss curtains with pink dots and ruffled tie-backs, and a spread for the bed of old-fashioned pink-sprigged print.

All the washable materials commend themselves for the curtains, side curtains, spreads, covers and so on—muslin, voile, chambray, organdie and the useful crinkled Japanese crepe, that is so very easy to launder.

Men Like 'Em That Way

Continued from page 78

performance, let it be quickly over with.

"Say what you want to say about it," she dared.

"I wonder if I may. Things have altered a bit for me tonight, Geneva."

"I know. But there is nothing about tonight that I can explain."

"Perhaps you do not need to. Perhaps I can guess."

"You guess."

"What prompted you to take some considerable percentage from your almost fatal attractiveness. Was it that you suspected that an alluring stranger might cause good Elmer's feelings to stray from the present object of his regard? Do not answer if you do not wish. But I think so—and I think you were successful. And very self-sacrificing. Perhaps I must beg your pardon for having thought you fond of conquest."

"Of conquest?"

"Of conquest. Of gaiety and amusement, and of many of the frothier things on which well-ordered lives are not founded."

"Then you have not liked me all the while."

"Liked you! I have loved you madly and cursed myself for a fool while doing it. I have spent sleepless nights, one minute wanting you and the next feeling certain that in you there were not the qualities necessary to lasting happiness."

"My uncle, Senator Kipp, who has been like a father to me all my life, as well as putting splendid political and professional opportunities in my way, has been taking a deep interest in my heart affairs. Says I am at the time of life when a man needs a mate and helpmeet in his career. He had heard that I was very attentive to one of the city's beauties, and asked me to motor her out to his place on the river so that he could 'look her over,' as he put it."

"Geneva, I wanted awfully to take

you to him, but I abjectly confess that I was afraid. He demands intelligence in women, and says that the modern fluff-ball who can say nothing more clever than 'Oh, you wicked man, how could you!' is the ruination of the age."

"Can you imagine my delight at hearing you match wits with Elmer in there. Uncle would chuckle for a week if you talked to him like that. A wife like that would be a tonic to a man; she'd keep him on his toes. I know of nothing that would make one 'stodgy' so quickly as being constantly agreed with and 'yes-deared.' As I watched you tonight I said, 'thank God here is everything I wanted.' Help me to win it."

He turned her till she again faced the light.

"Geneva, look at me. After this confession, is there any hope?"

"Yes—I think so," Geneva's voice was low. "But supposing—after we are married—that you find out what I really am like?"

"Never let me do it, Geneva," he told her blithely.

ON THE closing of the hall door, at nearly midnight, the two girls glided into each other's arms.

"Oh, Geneva," Eileen sighed, "how right you were! A girl has only to be feminine and sweet to appeal to the best in men. Elmer says they all—"

"Listen to me, Eileen," Geneva's tone was crisp and decided. "What I said was all right—up to a certain point. But the system can be over-worked,—has been before now. You have your Elmer, but you must still keep him. You mustn't let him be too sure of you. You must match your wits against his—be a tonic to him—keep him on his toes—never let him get stodgy—"

"But, Geneva! Men don't—"

"Men do!" There was the same conviction in her voice that Eileen had noticed earlier in the day. "Men do. Men like 'em that way."

The Children and Their Playmates

Continued from page 58

them in such simple duties as placing the baby carriage where the sun would not shine in the children's eyes; leaving little children without stretching their tiny arms away above their heads, and walking them beyond their power of speed; coming near enough to the children they wished to summon to speak to them in place of standing at a distance and shouting loudly; the kind of stories to tell or read, rather than ghost stories, and big, shivery,

growing bear stories, to wee tots.

Oh, the pity of it! There was nothing to do in all justice to everyone concerned but to protest—and rarely do parents and mothers particularly who are club members and some of them college women, relish that which savors of criticism or reproach.

Yes, the situation is somewhat better, due to the protest—but how much better is a question, for the common playground has simply been transferred to another lawn!

Our Attention to Sick Neighbors

Continued from page 57

The most common form of jaundice is that known as catarrhal jaundice, because it is caused by an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the bile ducts. That affection is usually the result of some indiscretion of diet or of exposure to inclement weather. Sometimes the symptoms are very slight; the patient merely feels a little out of sorts, or bilious; he loses his appetite, his tongue is furred, there is perhaps a little nausea, and his bowels are sluggish. He hardly regards himself as sick, and is quite surprised to be told that he has grown yel-

low. The yellow color affects the whites of the eyes as well as the skin, and sometimes it is almost entirely confined to the eyes. The urine is also very dark in color.

The treatment of this form of jaundice is simple—a light diet, a blue pill or a dose of salts, and rest in bed for a day or two will usually suffice. If the symptoms persist, consult a physician, for they may be the first indication of some grave liver trouble. Indeed, it is safer to consult a physician at once, and let him take charge of the case from the very start



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur, as I sat down at the piano.

"Heavens, no," Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life."

Then I gave them the surprise of their lives. I started to play. Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound! I played on.

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Moonlight Sonata died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. Everybody was plying me with questions—"Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" "Where did you learn?" "Who was your teacher?" Then I told them the whole story.

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Mantrap

Continued from page 15

"Good boy, Curly," he said. "But I figure he went off half-cocked. No danger from the Indians when they laugh like that."

"Maybe not," said McGavity, "so when I tell you I'm going home to oil and load three of my guns, you'll know it's just for exercise."

"Um," said Ralph.

He could not return to Woodbury now, and desert the endangered Joe.

But suppose Woodbury were in danger, too, a lone white man unarmed!

"I've got to do something. And I will! And whatever it is, it'll probably be wrong," reflected Ralph.

IF SECRETLY Joe worried over an Indian outbreak when Curly Evans dashed off for help, he kept all signs of it out of his nutcracker face.

"Nothing much to do at the store. Caught up on my accounts. What say Alvy you and I stick a couple sandwiches in our pockets and hike over to the swamp along Ghost Squaw River, and see if we can't shoot us a duck?" he proposed.

Alverna was, she chattered, when they entered the house, delighted. She was, she said virtuously, tired of all these fellows like George and Curly and everybody, that wanted to dance and drink hootch and make a lot of noise all the time. She was, she cooed, enchanted to have a nice beneficial quiet day in the open with her friend Ralph and her dear Joe.

Alverna had more costumes than were to be expected in a northern cabin. She donned a very practicable khaki skirt with a dun flannel shirt and high laced boots. But Ralph noticed that they were the boots of a heroine in a Wild West melodrama. They were so narrow, their heels so high, that she could not have walked over rocky ground without stumbling.

And she carried a blue velvet bag patterned with scarlet beads.

"Good Lord, what you dragging that thing along for?" complained Joe.

She rose to indignant shrillness. "Well, upon my word! I guess I got a right to take a handkerchief and a little powder, ain't I!"

"You got pockets in your shirt, ain't you?"

"And crush my nice little powder box? Fat chance! Wrong number! Ring off!"

"Oh, all right!" sighed Joe, while Ralph, who a few drowsy hours before had admired her gallantry, found himself listening to an inner voice protesting, "What a confounded nuisance she is!"

She minced beside them, complaining of the narrowness, the mossy slipperiness, the rockiness, the darkness of the trail through the pines. But Ralph almost forgot her as he listened to Joe, who read to him the signs of the forest. Where by himself Ralph would have seen only the alligator bark of the pines, the brown needles and lichen-splashed rocks, Joe revealed to him the spoor of a jumping deer, the track of a wolf, the den of a porcupine, the glory of tiger-lilies and the demure blossoms of the sarsaparilla. Alverna skipped characteristically from her injured mood into a contentment with their mild adventure. She even had, for as much as half an hour, the genius to keep still.

The world of dancing and of sulky Indians forgot, they brushed through the hot pines, edged round a slew exclamatory with red-winged blackbirds and agitated jack-snipe, and made themselves comfortable on a piny rock ridge between the slew and a pond, awaiting a flight of teal.

Ralph was unconsciously playing

soldier and very proud and happy about it.

He sat with his light shotgun across his knees, feeling virile, as though he were about to slay something and show himself extremely heroic in so doing. He did not know it—he would have denied it—but unconsciously he was telling himself a story:

"His powerful shoulders revealed a careless confidence. Those mighty hands rested so lightly on his shooting iron, those hawk eyes seemed so veiled in thought, that a creeping enemy would never have guessed how swiftly our hero could have leaped into action."

Alverna sat outlined against the gold-green of the reedy slew. She interestedly opened her little velvet bag, and humming "Oh, How Do They Get That Way!" she powdered her nose, reddened her lips, fluffed up her hair with little backward flips of her hand, and settled down to polishing her nails.

Ralph noted that Joe looked at her with irritation, but himself he was admiring: "She's awfully cute!"

He to whom, a month ago, the word "cute" had been more abominable than all obscenities.

Black, orange and gray, the lichens on their rocky ridge made Japanese prints—little bridges and silver mountain cones. Through a screen of trees, the lake beyond them twinkled. The slew at their back was a simmer of drowsy warmth, with shiny patches of still water among the reeds. A black-bird caroled, swaying on a willow bush, and round them the wild bees hummed. The hour was full of comfort and of dreams.

Then Alverna shattered it.

"Oh, gee! This ol' place is so hot. I could go right off to sleep. Where do you get that stuff about ducks flying over here? I haven't seen a one-legged sparrow yet. Wasn't that a great party last night, Ralph—wasn't it, Joe? Wasn't it—Gee, I thought it was a dandy party, even if Pete did get lit and talk so fierce, he ought to be ashamed of himself, but of course he didn't really mean nothing by it, and I told Pop if he told that story about the elevator-man again I'd bust him one. Gee, wasn't he funny, wasn't Pop funny, when he put on my apron and tried to dance the Highland fling and—Curly was crazy—darn him, who does he think he's talking to, like he could run me and everybody—he was just crazy when he said I hadn't ought to have laid down with my bob-tailed flush. I knew George had a full house; here's how I could tell: I was watching him, and I saw him get his first four cards, and he kind of put two of 'em together, and then another two, and I said to myself, 'I'll bet he's got two pairs,' and then when he got his fifth card, he licked his lips like a pussy-cat, and I says to myself, 'Oh, all right, Mr. Smarty, I says, 'I'll bet you've turned one of those dear little twins into triplets, that's what you've done!'"

Her laughter echoed among the sombre rocks.

"Say, for God's sake, Alvy, if there were any ducks, you'd scare 'em fourteen miles off," sighed Joe.

"Oh, you make me tired!"

She yelped out the word "tired." Three ducks had that second come into sight, darting above the blind of trees. At her shriek they swooped upward, and before Joe could fire, before Ralph could quite remember which end of his shotgun should preferably be set against his shoulder, they were gone.

Ralph said nothing. Joe said nothing. Alverna looked the angrier that she had nothing to say.

Dr. George Bogovic



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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

There was half an hour of ducklessness.

"I suppose we better be getting back. Poor time of day for ducks anyway. Maybe we'll try 'em again tomorrow afternoon. This evening we're going to Biermeier's—Revillons—to feed," said Joe.

Then he exploded:

"And besides, Alvy— Maybe I'm unreasonable, but it makes me so dog-gone sick to see you here, outdoors in the woods, making up your face like you were in a bathroom!"

"Oh, of course! You'd like me to look as sloppy as Ma McGavity! You just want me to look nasty, so nobody will ever look at me. Well, let me tell you, Mr. Joseph Easter, I'm not going to turn into a fright for you or anybody else. All you want is a housekeeper, but there are people who think I'm not so bad!"

"Yuh, I'm sure of it!"

"Now what do you mean by that? What d'you mean by that? Just what are you trying to insinuate?"

"Oh, Alvy"—very wearily—"do shut up; and let's go home."

She had brought, for sole burden besides her velvet bag, a twenty-gauge shotgun, light as a target rifle, and for all her apparent slimness Alverna was as sturdy as a washerwoman. But like most young female athletes, she yearned now and then to be treated as a fading lily.

"Oh, Joe, this gun is so heavy!" she whined, as they trod the rut of path in Indian file.

Her husband shrugged.

"And it gets all tangled up with my legs."

Domes of silence.

She looked back at Ralph, her lips trembling, a tear actually on her lids. "It isn't that I care a damn whether he carries it, but I do think I might have a little attention!"

"I'll carry it for you," Ralph glowed. He knew that she was a pest, he knew that he ought to sympathize with Joe, but she was so pitiful, this alley kitten among the hound-pack—

No, he realized, he was lying to himself. It wasn't her pitifulness that drew him, but her unscrupulous femininity, her professional girlishness, her devilish instinct for working up fond idiocy in every male. He was a traitor to Joe—whose back seemed so forlorn in his rough brown coat.

And her grateful eyes swept away these profound and edifying reflections like a sponge.

Now Ralph had brought not only his twelve-gauge shotgun but also a rifle, in the hope of practice; and three guns are no burden for a greenhorn to carry on a trail where at every yard you stumble on a root or a mud-hidden stone. The guns got themselves crosswise, they slipped, they banged his shins. He tried to carry them over his shoulder, then under his arm, in a dignified, accustomed-looking manner. He was reduced to lugging them in his two arms, like an armful of stovewood—while Alverna, glancing back tenderly, lisped:

"You're sure it isn't too much trouble?"

"No-uh."

"Sure now?"

"Oh, they're all right!"

"You'll let me know if they get too heavy for you?"

"Surely."

"Hadn't I better take mine now?"

"I can carry it all right."

"Oh, did you trip?"

"Well, sort of."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry! Don't you want me to carry my gun now?"

"No, I'll manage it."

"Well, be sure and tell me when—"

Joe looked back at them.

Hitherto his expression had seemed to apologize to Ralph for letting him be pestered by this female gadfly. Now he seemed to lump them together as

morons. Ralph had been annoyed enough by her commenting, but his annoyance turned toward Joe, his affection took in Alverna. So! That boor thought they were both—merely because they were aware of city courtesies, because they were interested in something besides poker and duck-hunting—he thought they were affected chatterboxes. All right! Joe might be a noble soul, but the way he failed to appreciate this poor, kind-hearted little—

Then, sharply: "I'm getting obsessed by this brat! I've got to do something about her. I've got to get out of this!"

They came back to the house and abruptly, gently as possible, Ralph urged of Joe:

"I ought to join poor Woodbury, if I can find him. Enjoyed my stay here enormously, but—ought to start right off this afternoon."

Joe opened his eyes in slow wonder; he spoke with a friendliness that submerged Ralph in misery:

"Wish you could put it off till tomorrow, Ralph. You remember we promised Biermeier we'd go over to his place for supper tonight. He'd feel hurt if we laid down on him. He's an awful nice fellow. I wish you'd try to stay."

Ralph stayed.

FLOATING on a lake so smooth, so clear of depths, that he seemed to drift in a motorless airship between sky and valley, Ralph fished through the afternoon, and in this peace the conflicts of man and wife, of white man and Indian, seemed remoter and more absurd than the wars of ant-hills.

He shrank from, then happily forgot, the coming violent social engagement at the cabin of Mr. Biermeier. Rumor, flaunted by Pop Buck, predicted that the occasion would be as bibulous and sportive as last night's Bacchanalia at Joe's. It would, in fact, Pop rejoiced, be exactly the same party with the same conscientious drinkers and the same poker.

Ralph fumbled for excuses to get free, but when he returned to the house he found Alverna so ecstatically hopping with anticipative that he could say nothing.

Joe, according to the rules, should have preferred staying prosy and slippered at home. He should have labored at secret plans to keep his frivolous lamb away from the wolves. But when Ralph whispered, "Wouldn't you like to sneak back here right after supper, instead of playing cards?" Joe replied in wistful surprise, "Why, golly, I like a fist of poker and a little drink."

He sounded as if his new toys were being taken away from him, and he were being sent to bed early.

"Oh, yes—yes—course—" said Ralph.

Alverna was dancing all by herself to the phonograph, her eyes brilliant. That afternoon she had busily made over her red-bordered frock. She had turned in the edges of the bodice and filled the V with cheap lace.

"Isn't it nice? Don't I look nice in it? I fixed it all by myself!" she exulted, coquettishly turning, peeping at Ralph over her charming shoulder.

"What a pair of children they are! Complications? Absurd!" reflected the mature Ralph, placid after his lazy voyaging.

He had not noticed that she wore a new pair of slippers with high red heels, and had he noticed them he would not have divined that they might be important. With much good humor he dressed for dinner—that is, he washed his face and fetched out from his bag a deplorably wrinkled town coat.

The Revillon Freres post and Biermeier's cottage were a mile from the rest of Mantrap Landing, and away

Continued on page 90



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WHEN Albert Kerr first began to consider seriously the question of his son's future, he soon realized that if this lad of his was to develop into a successful man, a good education was a vital necessity.

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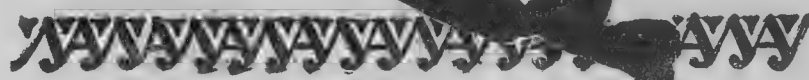
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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Mantrap

Continued from page 89

from the lake, on the Mantrap River at its junction with the Ghost Squaw River. The path was a damp trail through swamp and scrub pine, and in one place it led across a morass on insecure logs laid end to end through the mud.

At the beginning of this bridge through the morass, Alverna stopped, and squeaked to Joe, "I can't get across!"

"Why not?"

"My new dancing slippers. The heels so high. I'd slip off the logs and ruin 'em in the mud. Oh, I can't, Joe, honest, I can't!" You got to carry me! You got to!"

"Hell!" observed Joe. "Hard enough to balance myself. Why didn't you wear some regular shoes, and carry them darn things in your pocket?"

"Well, I didn't, and you got to carry me!"

"Well, you ought to of, and I'm not going to carry you!"

Ralph would have liked to volunteer. She would be an agreeable burden. But it seemed no time for friendly offers.

Joe grumpily wavered over the bridge, and she followed him, swaying on the teetering logs or inching along sideways, pushing one foot ahead and drawing the other up to it, her arms an agitated windmill. Her face was a knot of unhappiness the while, and without ceasing she whimpered and gasped her fear.

Halfway over, where the bridge broke off for a moment in a patch of firm ground, Joe awaited her, and spoke apologetically:

"No reason at all, wearing those slippers. You knew what the path was like. If you couldn't remember to wear proper shoes, you ought to of taken off your shoes and stockings. Here—I'll try to carry you the rest of the way, if you don't choke me to death."

"If! But! Though! When . . . I will take 'em off!" she screamed.

Ignoring Ralph, she flung herself on a stump, tore off her silk stockings and her little slippers and, with her skirts high, she furiously splashed through the mud that tarred her white legs.

Behind him Ralph heard George Eagan shouting: "Hey, Alvy! Having a fit?"

Not looking back, informing the world of her woes, she asserted, "Joe wanted me to ruin my clothes that I worked so hard to make, but I'll show him he can't bully me!"

Ralph was suddenly very sick of it all, and of his own middle-aged fatuousness he was most weary. He was sicker afterward when their host, as Ralph helped him bring ice in from the sawdusty ice-house for whiskies and sodas, grunted: "Poor old Joe! I wonder if he knows Curly Evans is making love to Alverna."

"It isn't true!" insisted Ralph.

"Don't make me laugh!"

If ever Ralph had been grotesquely out of place among the men of the forests, it was at that evening's poker game. In fiction, all proper tenderfeet, particularly if they wear eyeglasses and weigh not over one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, after three weeks on a ranch, in a lumber-camp, or on a whaler become hardened and wise. Usually they beat the two-hundred-and-sixteen-pound bully and marry the boss's daughter. But Ralph was tonight rather more of a tenderfoot, and a bored tenderfoot, than when he had left Whitewater on the steamer.

The third time Biermeier boomed: "Well, I'll just whoop you wise-crackers one large quarter 'f a dollar, the fourth part of a dollar, gents," the

Continued on page 91



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Better than a mustard plaster

Mantrap

Continued from page 90

seventh time Pete Renchaux piped in what he considered a Swedish accent, "By me, by Yumpin' Yiminy;" the eleventh time Pop Buck rumbled, "And another little drink wouldn't do us any harm"—then Ralph had had enough of merriment.

He tilted back in his kitchen chair, which squeaked, and tried to be excited over a hand consisting of the deuce of clubs, the four of clubs, the seven of diamonds, the ace of hearts, and the queen of spades.

He was conscious that Biermeier's cabin smelled of damp clothes, stale condensed milk, and fried fish; that the insurance-calendar picture on the log wall was torn; and that Pete Renchoux was forever spitting on the cigarette-littered floor. He knew that by all canons of being virile and sporting and wildernessy, he ought to relish these splendors.

He didn't.

He was glad when, three hours after supper, Joe yawned, and proposed: "Kind of all in, after last night. Stand going home, Ralph—Alvy?"

She had a number of complex things to say to each of her admirers, but they started.

Biermeier's young Aberdeen assistant proposed to walk back with them. Alverna whispered to Ralph: "Let's get ahead. That Scotch kid is so serious he makes me tired."

When they came to the bridge of logs, she peeped at him, in the dusk, and without a word he picked her up and carried her across.

So light and dear a burden she was—at first. Before he had balanced his way across, he was panting, and desperate with swaying over abysses of mud, but extremely proud of himself for his might.

When he set her down, on firm earth, he patted her shoulder with quiet friendliness. Their petty adventure had brought them together, wiped out his fencing and her incessant fretful grasping for admiration. This honest embrace, free from the morbid and teetering infatuations of the dance, had contented them. She spoke no longer with the pretty saccharine voice of the woman demanding compliments, but as a comrade.

"You were nice, Ralph. And Joe was right. Ought to have put on regular shoes for that trail. I'm such a nitwit!"

"Alverna!"

"Yes?"

"You oughtn't to tease Joe as you do, and keep demanding things from him. He's so frightfully decent and straight and kind. And intelligent."

"I kn-ow it. Gee, don't be silly! I'm crazy about him! But—this is such a dumm place up here, it gets me nervous. Golly, if I could come back to life again for a couple months! And see a show! Maybe I don't envy you! Seeing all the New York shows that I read about. You must 'a' seen this 'What Price Glory.' Was it swell? I'd like to see that. It must be a great show. I knew an A.E.F. sergeant that—Say, there was a fellow! He never took any lip off any girl—just as soon hit you as eat—but nice, oh, awful nice, and never vulgar or anything. And 'Rain.' I'd like to see that. I used to go to the theatre all the time, when I was in Minneapolis. You see, I knew some actors. I don't know as I ever told you, but I did Jack Barrymore's nails one time! Say, tell me about 'Rain.' What kind of a show was it?"

When Joe reached home he found them talking with vast propriety.

Her mention of the plays, just the

Continued on page 92

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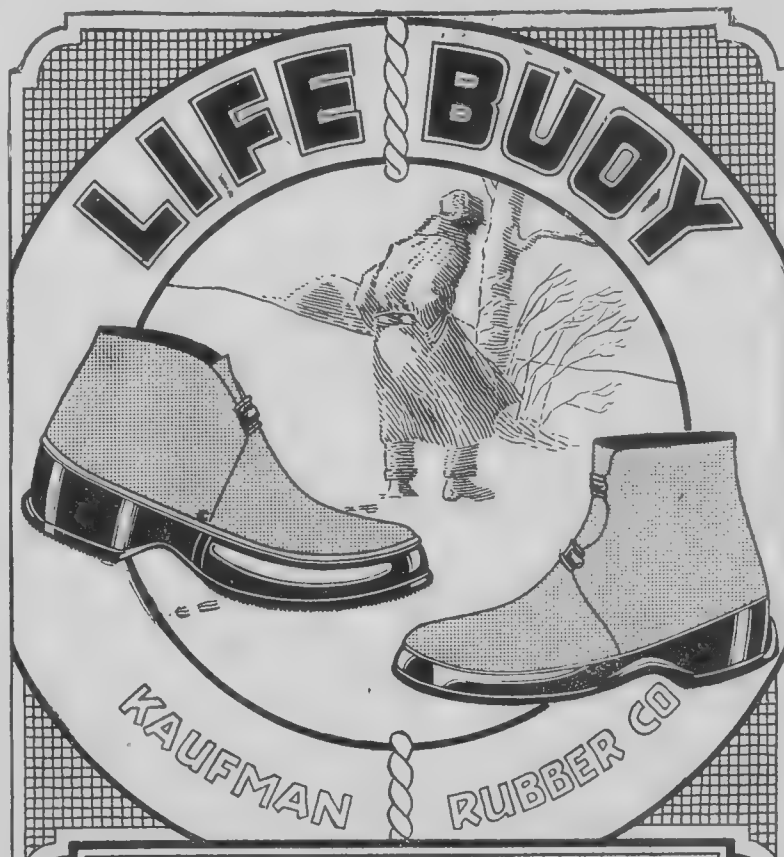
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Mantrap

Continued from page 91

names of them, had flung Ralph's imagination to the streets of New York. He would be glad to be there, when the brisk autumn came and he was rested.

He was there now! A little fed up with poker, Pete Renchoux, and the gulping of Biermeier, he thought of quiet friends, bright drawing-rooms with flowers, and the still excitement of legal problems.

When Joe had gone into the cabin, Ralph still talked. He held out life to her. The Berkley case, and his argument before the robed pontifical Justices of the Supreme Court at Washington. His ambition to write an enduring book on the laws of water-power. His friends: the classmate who was now a diplomat, the doctor who had performed an operation in an aeroplane, the explorer who had been tortured to death in North China.

Ralph did not know it, but his inner self was boasting: "I'll show her! She may think I can't jig and make noisy jokes like Pete. And maybe I can't. Or face danger like Joe or Curly. But I'll show her I am somebody!"

Dinners—yes, he did "put on a dress-suit" for them—yes, quite often. The opera, smart night-clubs, weekends.

His European ambles. An autumn day in Rotterdam, the leaves of the plane-trees dropping into the canals. Midnight of Christmas Eve in Rome, and the shawled throng on the steps of the Ara Coeli. The red-and-white tablecloths of restaurants in Daubigny; and a Mass of beer at the Hofbrauhaus in Munich. Striped awnings and the click of frivolous heels at Monte Carlo.

"Gee, you certainly have travelled some!" she admired.

"Good night," he said to her warm hand.

He wandered from the porch to the lake-front, brooding.

The theory he had encountered in dinner-talk and such moral fiction as he had read (he meditated) was that for a man to be nobly fond of a friend, to admire him and trust him, and yet be intolerably lured by that man's wife, was in all decency impossible. That theory he perceived to be idiotic. He liked Joe Easter as well as any man in the world; he would do anything imaginable for him; and he hoped that all their lives they two—in difficult New York as well as in Mantrap Landing—would be intimates. He understood Joe's miserable irritation at his wife's folly, and shared it. Yet all the while he was inescapably absorbed by her as though Joe and all loyalty had never existed. He could see every line of her cheeks and shoulders, hear her voice and be stirred by it to insatiable tenderness. A good thing (he sighed) that he felt pity for her. Let him hold to it! For too easily he could fall into a fascination where, blind and bound, he would no longer see her as childlike, ignorant, vulgar, pawing at every soul, but as the bright rose of all the world, veiled in her own radiance.

But on the other hand (he outlined it, as to a jury) it was equally a lie that a man could not fight against such fascination. The honest friendship of two men was worth more than all the enchantments of women.

He would fight.

No, he must flee!

This was not his world. He was lost here. There was nothing from which he could draw strength. And forever it would be a satisfaction to have played out the game with Woodbury; it would be enduring strength to find him again and to—well, no, not tolerate him, but fight his petulance, and fight openly.

He was in this high mood of self-

approbation when, on the path from the Indian settlement, he stumbled upon a tree across the path. In the thin darkness he made out that the tree had stood by the trail; it had been cut to fall across the way, and deliberately, during the few hours since they had used this path.

He returned swiftly to the cabin. He fancied footsteps among the trees.

Alverna had gone to bed, but he found Joe sitting in the kitchen, comfortable in stocking feet, smoking a corncob and reading the weekly edition of the *Montreal Star*.

Softly, to hide it from Alverna, Ralph told of his discovery.

Joe muttered: "Don't know what the idea is. Let's have a look."

He tugged on his shoes with a nervous swiftness unusual for him, and took an electric torch. As they strode down the path together, Ralph rejoiced in feeling free of the embarrassment which, like a curtain, Alverna had hung between them.

"Um," commented Joe on the cut log. "Fool thing to do, but I guess some Indian figured out it would bother us. Maybe kind of a warning. Say, don't tell Alverna! I didn't say anything, but when we come back tonight I noticed someone's stolen that fourteen-foot canoe of mine—the gray one. Least it's missing from beside the wharf. Are they starting something? Well"—Joe chuckled—"it proves they don't dare do so awful much, anyway, don't it! Well, how about bed? Gosh, I cer'nly am sleepy!"

Ralph certainly was not. He started to undress; then resolutely he buttoned his shirt again and from beneath his cot on the porch drew out his rifle and quietly filled the magazine. For the first time in his life he faced danger for someone else—though whether it was for Joe or Alverna he was not quite sure. He let himself out of the screened door, and sat on the steps, waiting.

The forest night was full of moving shadows and cautious rustling. He drowsed, with the edge of the upper step a pain across his back; he nodded; then—it may have been half an hour later—he jerked awake.

There had been a sound, the more terrifying in its indistinctness. He was slow with sleep, and incredulous when he realized through drowsy blindness that he wasn't playing a game, that someone really was creeping toward him.

He sat rigid. His eyes felt like burning spotlights. He peered intently. It was a sound as of faint sweeping—brush, brush, brush—relentless. Then he made out a crouched figure between house and store, a figure on hands and knees—

A dog? He almost laughed, but his laughter was chilled with fear as the figure rose, fumbled at the wood shutters of the store.

"Who's that?" he clamored shakily. The figure started to run. Ralph fired, twice, in an astonishing, murderous, frightened fury. There was no cry; only silence in that courtyard of beaten earth.

Suddenly Joe was beside him, grotesque in an old torn cotton night-shirt, saying calmly enough, "What's the trouble?" Alverna, behind him, huddling a negligee about coquettish yellow silk pajamas, was wailing, "Oh, what was it, what was it?"

"Fellow trying to get into the store." "Well," Joe said mildly, "guess he won't try it again. Guess you didn't hit him, though—I could see somebody running up the south trail when I looked out. Might as well turn in. Don't worry about 'em, Ralph. We'll lock the doors, and nobody can get in;

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and before they could pry open those shutters on the store, I'd hear 'em, sure. But much obliged for—"

"You could not! You didn't hear that fellow! Oh, I won't go back to bed! I'm too frightened!" protested Alverna.

"Well, you sit and read till you feel sleepy again," Joe yawned. Wake me up if you get real scared. But it will be all right. G'night."

Side by side Ralph and Alverna sat on the steps, their feet wet with dew, in sunken relaxation after the battle.

"Terrified. Just terrified. Frightened to death!" Alverna whispered. He touched her arm in reassurance. She clung to his hand fiercely. "Oh, Ralph, I was so bored here! I didn't think anything *could* be worse than being so bored. But there is: being so scared. I'm just never myself. I'm always waiting for something dreadful to happen. And I don't know from which way it might be coming. Oh—*terrified!* You mustn't leave us. Joe says you feel you have to go join this awful man you were with. Oh, don't, Ralph dear! I know Joe wants you to stay. He likes you so much."

"And you?"—softly.

"Oh, a lot! Maybe you think because I raise so much Cain and all, and I like to dance and holler and be the village cut-up—maybe you think that's all I care for. But I get sick and tired of it. *Hon-est*, I do appreciate folks that are elegant and cultured and everything. Like you. Or do you think I'm just a pinhead?"

"No, you baby!"

"I'm glad. You'd be s'prised if you knew how I read the magazines and everything. And books, too, when I get time—of course I'm terribly busy. I'm so glad you don't think I'm all cantaloupe above the neck!"

She let herself relax in purring contentment beside him, then roused in panic fear:

"You won't desert us! You'll help us? You won't go off and join that pig you were with?"

"Of course. Poor scared kid!"

"I *am*! I'm just a sparrow in the cat's claws. And I'm so sleepy too!"

So he sat, guarding her, as she drooped into little fitful naps. Himself he felt guarded and fearless in her presence. And the lake crept into visibility in the returning light.

"I THINK perhaps I'd better stay around a few days, till Evans returns with his policemen. I'll let Woodbury enjoy the sweet fruits of solitude a while," Ralph said at breakfast.

"That's fine. Hope you will. But don't feel you have to on our account," droned Joe. "If Alvy's scared, I can get Pop and maybe George and Pete to sleep here. But we'd be real tickled to have you stay as long as you can. And I'd like to hear some more about this water-power stuff. What d'you say Alvy and me and you have a picnic over on Blue Nose Island today?"

It expanded Ralph's ego, it made him feel that he was not merely a weakling among these men valiant in canoe and portage, to have Joe listen noddingly while he showed the possibilities of water-power plants in the wilderness.

A little before noon they buzzed by motor-canoe over to Blue Nose Island. Alverna had been most brisk and calicoed in preparing the basket of food, but now she dramatized herself as a young lady boating, presumably on the Isis. In her newly-pressed cornflower-blue muslin, with clocked white stockings and red-strapped white shoes, a slightly torn paper parasol (her only parasol) over her, she lay in the bow against two pillows, of which one flaunted a Princeton banner and the other showed in burnt-leather a fea-

ther-bonneted Indian strangely unlike Lawrence Jackfish or Chief Waupe-naug.

"And, confound it," Ralph thought savagely, "with all her monkey-tricks and her pretentiousness and her ignorance, she is pretty. Horribly pretty. And she could learn— Give her three years of decent society, and she'd be snubbing me for my bad table manners. Oh, curse it! Can't I ever stop thinking about her?"

He turned to Joe and made high endeavor to discuss pickerel and literature, but the sound of an outboard motor is not advantageous to subtleties.

They landed on a flashing beach under pine-fringed bluffs. When they had brought the food—and Alverna's pillows—ashore, Joe climbed the bluff in search of firewood.

Alverna reclined on the beach, her cheek on her hand.

"If you did go, I'd make you take me with you and get me away from this terrible place," she murmured. "Or would you be scared of me, without a chaperon?"

"Afraid not very feasible."

"Wouldn't you— Don't you think it would be fun to have me along?"

"Oh—yes—but—"

"It was so nice last night, snuggling up beside you and feeling so safe, and just going by-by and— I hope you didn't kiss me, when I'd dropped off to sleep."

"I did *not*!"—irately.

"Wouldn't you have liked to of? Just a teeny, weeny, butterfly kiss?" Her glance was itself a kiss.

He sprang up, with an irritation that was not entirely irritation.

"Hell, yes, probably I would! But I'm not going to. Ever! This is enough, Alverna. This afternoon I start off and join Woodbury. I'm through! I'm going! I don't trust myself with you, and as for you, you're a complete fool—and so cursedly lovely. Can't stand it. Enough. I'm going."

"But just this morning you said— Don't you ever know your own mind?"

"Apparently not!"

"Can't a person depend on you for more than five hours?"

"Apparently not!"

"And you'd desert us now, when we're threatened by the Indians?"

"I'm threatened by something much worse—losing my honor!"

"Whatever that may mean, Ralph dearie! I've heard that before! I go to bum melodramas myself! And you'd desert us, when—"

"You can get Pop and George Eagan to come stay in the house. Maybe they'll kiss you!"

"Oh, Ralph! Ralph! Oh! That was mean, that was pretty mean! That wasn't fair! When I was just joking! Maybe I was sort of silly, but— Oh, you weren't kind!"

"I didn't intend to be!"

When Joe returned, with a charred log and an armful of dry branches, he found Ralph looking expressionlessly over the lake, his back to Alverna, while she stared up at him pitifully.

Ralph swung toward him; he spoke curtly.

"Joe, I hate to annoy you by changing my mind all the time, but I've been thinking it over again and I've decided that if you could lend me Lawrence or some other Indian and a canoe and a tent, I'll start out—this afternoon!—and try to find Woodbury. It's been—uh—fretting me. Feel like a deserter . . . Though I suppose I'll go on feeling that way, leaving you at a time like this."

"All right, Ralph. Darn sorry to see you leave us, but just as you feel. You got to do what you think best. Sure: take Lawrence. I can get Saul Buck-bright if ever I need a canoe-man. Wish

Continued on page 94.



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Mantrap

Continued from page 93

I could lend you my canoe-motor, but I don't guess Lawrence or you could run it. Can you help him paddle?"

Ralph caught Alverna's lips, silently forming: "Don't go! Please!" He ignored her.

And that was all.

It was twelve-thirty now. And at three that afternoon, his borrowed canoe stocked from Joe's store and from Joe's private camp equipment, with Lawrence Jackfish at the stern, imperturbable as though he were merely going to a dance, Ralph started out across Lac Qui Reve, bound for Lake Solferino.

He unhappily said goodbye to Joe, Pop Buck, George Eagan, Pete Renchoux, McGavity, the Reverend Mr. Dillon—and most of these good friends, who might have been his intimates forever, vanished from life as though they had been but printed symbols in a book read at midnight.

Alverna was not there to say goodbye.

"I guess she hated to see you go. Don't know as you realized it, but Alvy is really awful fond of you," Joe said gravely, while Ralph felt like a pickpocket. "She slipped away right after we come back here. Guess she's out in the woods somewheres, crying. Poor kid! Now don't worry about the Indians. I'll have George Eagan come stay here. God bless you, Ralph! Come back to us whenever you can!"

As the canoe slowly crept out on the lake and Ralph, in the bow, looked back at the knot of men standing on the log wharf and waving to him, it was the saddest farewell he had ever known, save for that moment when his mother had taken his hand and sighed and closed her eyes.

His mind curdled with manifold regret. Was he deserting Joe? Had it not been the fault of his own flabbiness that Alverna had been flirtatious? Could he never, even in this land of brave forest and unsullied lakes, be direct and of inflexible purpose?

Were tragedy and confusion and hurt involved in all human contacts, save with such men as Joe Easter, who were ungnawed by Self?"

And he would never see Alverna again. But he had to. He ached for her.

And, to drop far below the plane of honor and passion and righteousness, was he not a plain fool to subject himself once more to the blating of Wes Woodbury?

And could he possibly keep up this shoulder-aching labor of paddling?

He had not, in his stormy complex-mongering, considered how hard it would be to paddle even two hours a day. Why hadn't he taken another Indian? He couldn't go back now and admit his weakness and say good-bye all over again. But could he keep up?

Already—in fifteen minutes—each dip of the paddle was agony. His shoulders were cramped, the back of his neck was in a vise. His uncalled hands stung. And he could not, he snarled, avoid dripping water on his lap every time he swung the paddle from one side to the other.

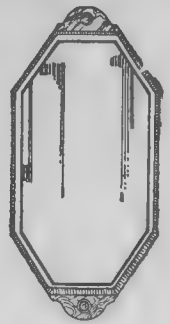
Well—grimly—he'd have to get hardened.

If their food did not run out; if they did not starve meantime...

The invariable route for one heading toward Lake Solferino or Lake Warwick was past a long sliver of sand and jack-pine called Windy Point. It was perhaps two miles from Mantrap Landing by water, and three by land, if one should go over a scraggly hill known as Moose Mountain.

"When we reach the point, I'll rest a little," Ralph promised himself.

Continued on page 95



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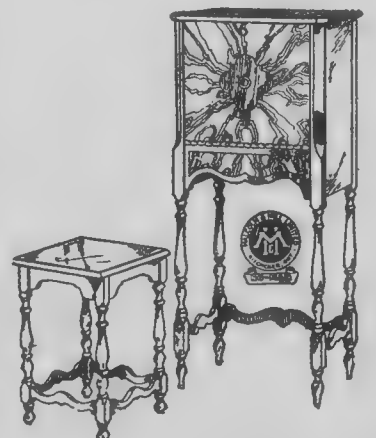
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Mantrap

Continued from page 94

Lawrence Jackfish will snicker at me. Well, Lawrence Jackfish can go to the devil!"

As they labored past the sandy spit at the end of the point, out of sight of Mantrap Landing and its cabins on the bluff, Ralph was aware of a figure running along the far side of the point, a figure in skirts, bearing a pack, a light, swift figure.

It was Alverna.

She was gesturing to them. She staggered a little as she came to the soft sand of the beach.

Lawrence, without orders, turned the canoe toward her. Ralph could see that her face was creased and old with unhappy stubbornness. She wore her sailor-blouse, her white skirt, and white canvas shoes—the same costume in which, so happily, she had welcomed him three days ago. But her hat was an aged felt, black streaked with rusty gray, belonging to Joe.

She carried a bundle, seemingly of clothes, tucked into a pillow-slip, and at her waist was a revolver.

As the canoe touched shore, Ralph leaped out, as forgetful of wetting his moccasins as an Indian.

"Good Lord, what are you up to?" he implored. "Come along up the beach and—"

"I don't care if Lawrence hears me! I don't care if the whole world hears me!"

"Well, I do!"

"Yeh, you would!"

But she plodded along the beach with him.

They sat on a rough hummock at the edge of the jack-pine. She dropped her bundle, wiped her wet forehead, sighed with weariness. His own sweat-stinging shoulders Ralph had nearly forgotten.

She plunged into it fiercely:

"I'm going with you."

"You can't! Impossible! Don't be insane. You can't!"

"Well—I am! You've got to take me. Listen: It isn't just being scared of the Indians. It's—To have to live here the rest of my life, with nothing but a cook-stove and duck-hunting—and I hate duck-hunting!—till I'm old and wrinkled and bad-tempered and as much of a fiend as Ma McGavity—the devil curse her! I won't!"

"But you owe something to Joe."

"Not a thing! Man, can't you talk honestly, just once? Are you New York swells as hog-tied by a lot of words as a trapper or a barber? 'Owe something?' I've given him a year of sweetness. Oh, I know he found it sweet! He's had me, body and soul, and I'm not ugly, I'm not stupid, no matter what you think, no matter how much of a fool I am! And I play the fool mostly because otherwise I'd go crazy with the monotony."

"I've given him love. And I've cooked for him, I've swept for him, I've sung for him. And now he doesn't love me any longer. I know. A woman does know! He thinks I'm a fly-by-night. Oh, he's fond of me, but he doesn't like me the way he does you or Pop Buck. And I never did sure-enough love him. He's a peach—he's so brave and straight and everything—but he's such a regular old school-teacher, that's what he is! Don't argue, Man! I guess I know pretty near as much about Joe and me as you do, even if you do think you invented law!"

"I don't think—"

"Well, you can if you want to. It wouldn't hurt you any! Oh, I didn't mean to be mean. Honestly, I think you're terribly smart." Her passionate integrity turned with the dismaying swiftness of a motor collision into unscrupulous luring. "I was just kidding."

I think you got a swell brain. Wouldn't I like to wake you up once!"

"I'm sure that's most gratifying, my dear child, but you simply cannot go with me. Now do have some sense! Go back to Joe, and talk to him straight. I have no doubt he'll see that you get to Minneapolis or some place, if—"

"You have no doubt! Oh, you damned fish! Excuse me, Ralph. But would it be too hard for you to be a little bit human for a few minutes? Dear, I'm not like the skirts you know in New York. I haven't got anybody to turn to—except you. Listen, dear. I can't do it. If I was in the cities, Joe'd feel he had to have me watched or something. He'd prob'ly make me live with a skinny-necked old aunt he's got in Iowa. Nag me to death. Honor of his name or something. Oh, you men, with your honor! How you do like to chain up your women-folks with it!"

"But you'll have to—"

"I won't! Now look here! You listen to me, Ralph Prescott. If you don't take me with you—and I mean it, d'you hear, I mean it! Don't I sound as if I did? If you don't take me with you, then I'll start off for Kittiko on foot, through the woods."

"You couldn't. It's absurd!"

"I kno-o-o-o-w it's absurd! But I'll do it. I'd rather die in the woods than go back and be murdered in my bed—or jawed to death by McGavities. You don't know it, but last night Joe laid down the law to me, and he says I've got to see more of that old hell-cat. I got to make myself love her. Sure. And I'm to be influenced by her and not by bad eggs like Curly Evans. I will like hell! I'll starve first!"

"I suppose you do mean it. But, good Lord, how would you get anything to eat, if you tried to walk—"

"I've got a side of bacon and some flour cached back in the woods here. Enough to last me a few days. And I got a fish-line and a trolling-hook here in my bundle. (Oh, Ralph, I just couldn't leave that sweet little black dress behind, or my new red-heeled slippers. I did love 'em so!) And I'll try to shoot some ducks with this revolver. Oh, I'll get along—maybe. I'll get a lift in a canoe from some trapper or some Injun."

"And be— Would you like to be picked up by some unknown roughneck and camp with him, and find out he's a scoundrel?"

"Certainly I wouldn't! But you, when you're all nice and cozy in your camp, and feeling so fine and proud because you were a good little man—with a heart like a stone!—you can think of Alverna begging help from some son of evil, and paying him for it!"

"Oh, curse it! I do wish you'd—"

"Well, I won't! Ralph! Dear Ralph! Listen, dear. I won't be in your way. Honestly I won't. I couldn't make it walking, and I couldn't paddle all the way, if I stole a canoe. But I'm ever so much stronger than I look. I won't be a fool, like I was when you went duck-hunting. That was just to tease you. Why, I could have carried all three of those guns, and then six more! I'll paddle—you got an extra paddle in the canoe, haven't you? I'll do all the cooking. I'll carry—oh, I'll carry a terrible lot on the portage."

"It isn't that."

"Am I so ugly? Am I so cranky? Is it so stupid to be with me—when I sing for you, and crack little fool jokes, and try to jazz it up and make all my men-folks happy? Am I so hideous?"

"Wish you were!"

"Don't you like me?"

Continued on page 96

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Mantrap

Continued from page 95

"Too well. That's it. You sneer at my talking about a sense of honor, but it's just that. Precisely that. Toward you and toward Joe and toward myself."

"Oh"—hopelessly—"I know! . . . I wonder if there ever was a man of honor who had so much honor that he could sacrifice it for a woman? Oh, my little man, God pity you for your honor! Goodbye, my Ralph."

She rose, she plodded away, not heeding his protests. Her shoulders, so airy once to express every hilarious childishness, were stooped under her pack and old as a beaten squaw's.

He ran after her; he seized her arm; he took her hand. She let it lie listlessly in his.

"It's no use," she croaked. "I'm going. I really am. Joe is a dear, but he made one mistake. He oughtn't to of ever brought me up here. I'm going to be free, or I'm going to leave my bones in some swamp."

Her threat broke him more than all her gibes. Yes, she really would do it. He could see those frail bones found years afterward in some horror of slime; fragile white bones and leering skull once evil and joyous with rosy flesh.

"But—"

He was no longer senile and intelligent, full of advice and of elderly amusement. He was youthful and rather, terrified. "Suppose I did take you with me. Joe would guess we were together. He'd follow us."

"Are you afraid of Joe?"

"I am!"

"Golly, so am I!"

She grinned, for the first time. Then she spoke eagerly, outlining a map on the palm of her little hand:

"Look here. There's two ways to Whitewater and the railroad. There's the way you came—the way you're supposed to be going now—the Mantrap River and Lake Warkick and steamer to Whitewater. But there's another route. You sneak along back of Mantrap Landing, the other side of Moose Mountain, and you hit the Ghost Squaw River, then up that a little way, and right straight south to Whitewater, by way of Lost River and Goose Lake and Weeping River and Lake Midnight and Bulldog Lake. It's shorter, as the crow flies, but there are a terrible lot of portages, they tell me, and some mean little creeks where you got to pole or line. Almost nobody goes that way, but you can do it. Curly did once. Joe's never been through there, nor Lawrence."

"But if Lawrence is to guide us and he doesn't know—"

"Oh, I've got a map of it. Took it off Joe's chart."

"When? When did you decide—"

"Oh, this afternoon, when you were getting ready to run away from me, or maybe from yourself, and I made up my mind we were going together. Joe will never in the world guess we've gone that way. If he did try to follow us—only I don't believe he would; he's really an old corks at letting you have your own way if you plank your foot down hard enough—but if he did chase us, he'd go the other way, by Lake Warwick."

"Well—"

"Ralph! Ralph dear! Can't you ever take a vacation from being the swell Mr. Prescott? Have you always got to go around admiring your conscience? Feeling you just had to go off and resurrect that boob Woodbury! The idea! Pfu!"

"We're not going to hurt Joe, not the least bit. I'll be as good as a mouse—probably! And, oh, Ralph, I will work so hard. I'll help carry the canoe on the portages. Honest, dear,

I'm terribly strong. Listen! Stop talking! You know you're going to take me with you! You are! Ralph, Wouldn't it be kind of nice to have Alverna along, with no horrible people to make things ugly?"

He tried to answer judiciously. . . .

IT HAD taken them all one day to make the three-mile portage behind Mantrap Landing, behind Moose Mountain, to the Ghost Squaw River.

Lawrence Jackfish had at first refused to go with them. He had been won by a promise of two dollars extra a day, and for two dollars a day, which meant ever so many red shirts and red silk handkerchiefs and cigarettes and mouth-organs, Lawrence would have committed murder—several murders.

But if he continued as their guide, he was not their servant; and his yellowish eyes peeped at them, his crooked teeth leered at them, till Ralph thought with relish of using an axe when Lawrence's back was turned.

All afternoon they panted on the hot secret trail. It was a foot-wide path through pine thickets. The air was lifeless as in a shuttered and abandoned house on an August afternoon.

Following Lawrence, who carried the upturned canoe on his shoulders, Ralph toiled with such a load of flour and bacon and blankets as he would never have believed himself able to lift. He was not walking—he was merely putting one foot before the other, endlessly, forever, with a separate effort of his will at each step. He was not alive. All of him was dead save scorching shoulders, wrenched small of his back, and plodding feet. He was a quarter aware that behind him, carrying almost as large a load as his own, Alverna was panting. But it was only when he had laboriously revolved the thought in his cloudy brain for ten minutes that he came to life sufficiently to suggest: "You've got too much to carry, child. Put down part of it, and we'll pick it up later."

"No," she said breathlessly but stoutly. "I'm going to do my share."

He pitied her, the white and golden moth fluttering in a cobweb, but he was too paralyzed with fatigue to do anything about it. The most spirited part of his cerebration was the fear that someone, crossing over the mountain from Mantrap Landing, should see them and bring a raging Joe down upon them.

As to whether he was virtuous in rescuing Alverna, or vile in treachery to Joe, or maddeningly both at once—such frail philosophies could not make themselves heard in the torment of his toil.

If they could but get this portage done, if they could be joyfully away, in the freedom of the racing rivers, the wide and desolate lakes—

He learned to trot the back trail burdenless, like Lawrence, when he returned for another load, and behind him he heard Alverna forlornly pattering through the dry pine-needles. He did not look at her, but he felt her comradeship.

They labored till the late dusk. Then only they boiled the kettle and, with fingers stiffened into hooks, devoured their bacon and bannock. Lawrence withdrew a little, and Ralph was happy in sitting with her by a low fire, coals glowing in a hollow of glittering quartz sand. He had never supposed that she could display such brilliant and lucid and endearing silence. And treacherously that silence drifted into sleep.

Ralph woke bewildered. The spell of slumber was like an eiderdown quilt over his head, and fumblingly he thrust it aside. In the light of ash-filmed

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coals, under the thin mistiness of northern midnight, Alverna was curled in stillness and Lawrence was snoring in his blankets, under a mosquito-bar. Mosquitoes. Ralph realized dully that it had been nothing more romantic than a mosquito that had aroused him. . . . Then he perceived that Alverna was looking at him. Though her cuddling childish body had not moved, it seemed to him that her eyes were open. She was very near him, they two alone.

She peered at him drowsily and rolled into his arms.

His hands gripped her sides, then remained cramped and unmoving, not daring to move. A thousand times he had wondered, a thousand times pictured himself gallant in love. Now he worried, over and over, "What does she expect me to do?"

Terror, sheer terror and incapacity for life, began to shadow his embarrassment. He wanted to escape from her.

The fire was low. He had more imagined than seen her. But her shoulders were close to his eyes now; her sailor blouse was gaping, and torn with toil on the portage. Terror and anxiety vanished from him as he irresolutely kissed the hollow beside her collar-bone. He awaited for a second her indignation but she sighed and moved closer. She said nothing save a slow sighing "Oh, my dear!" and he forgot all the world of Ralph Prescott.

They were on the portage again at dawn; and by noon, with relief so profound that their panting was like the sob of wailing women, they teetered into the canoe and slowly paddled up the Ghost Squaw River.

There were two more portages, immediately, but they were short; they were almost luxurious. And then for the first time Ralph took his share in shooting rapids.

Though their general direction was up-river, they had cut across the curves of an S in the current, and for two miles they went downstream. Thus it was that the Ralph who a few days ago had shivered before rapids found himself shooting them and depending not on guides but on his own muscle, his own nerve.

They came to Ghost Rapids, silently, ignoring their peril.

Lawrence took the bow. He stood there, pointing with his paddle at the one inevitable way through the welter of rapids. Where Ralph would have steered to the right through an apparently even current, Lawrence read the cryptic manuscript of the water and directed him to a crazy zig-zag left, then right, left again, and straight ahead, almost grazing a fanged rock.

It was Ralph's hour of test. Without for a moment ceasing to be afraid, he was steady at the steering paddle, abrupt at wrenching the canoe from side to side, all the while cursing hideously under his breath.

Suddenly they were in the last gush of the water, the bow of the canoe leaping five feet in the air, while Ralph chewed his lip. As suddenly they shot into the calm water beyond the rapids, and in relief Ralph sighed above his lifted paddle, so that Alverna looked back in wonder, and Lawrence loosed his hissing snicker.

FOR a week there was a nightmare of portages and snaky creeks up which they had to pole, of mosquitoes and the inferno of endless paddling; and Ralph's only solace was the unbroken gallantry, the smiling kindness of Alverna, as she took her turn at the paddle, as she plodded on the portage, as she sat by the camp-fire, her lacerated little hands twined about her knees, in a mud-smeared garment which had once been a white linen skirt.

He had courage because she believed that he had courage. When she slipped a trusting hand into his and mur-

mured, "You've been so wonderfully good to me!" he was rewarded for his labor.

As he watched her sleeping, under wretched and insufficient blankets, in the cold nights which swooped down after the panting sun-drenched days, his dry heart blossomed in tenderness. . . . To think that he had once esteemed people because they understood Goossen's music or James Joyce's fiction, because they wore sleek clothes and were clever at the use of forks, because they could set up wooden words as a barricade against roaring life!

Tenderly he covered her with his own blanket, and lay shivering under a tarpaulin. And in the morning when side by side they washed their streaky faces in the chill water of a northern lake their cheeks stung with sudden life, they smiled at each other and intelligently said nothing at all, and Ralph Prescott was no longer a cautious forty-odd, but twenty and aware of all romance.

Now this was their route, set down for any lunatic who shall of his own will leave wife and lawn and sheltered porch and stagger from Whitewater by the back way to Mantrap Landing, or from Mantrap dolorously to Whitewater.

By the Ghost Squaw River and Ghost Rapids and Bucking Rapids, up which they poled, with that chastening feeling of leaning out over the side of the canoe and wondering how soon the pole will slip and you will flop into the river, then by portage to Lost River, a portage of half sun-broiling rocks that were torturing to moccasined feet and half of swamp reeking with vast mosquitoes poisonous to sweaty neck and straining wrist, they came on Pike Lake. For five miles they sailed there more luxuriously than Cleopatra and Antony in scarlet-pinioned caravels.

Ralph marvelled that he could ever have felt uneasy in a sailing canoe. By contrast with portages and the ache of paddling, to loll in the shadow of the bending sail, to feel the breeze on his scorching cheeks, to hear Alverna softly singing, yet all the time to be on their way, each moment safer from the menace of Joe Easter's fury—this was a heaven he had never known.

Another portage, a reeling madness of five miles through thickets, and they came again to the openness of Thunder Bird Lake. But there was no breeze; they had to paddle all the shoreless and blistering plain of that dead expanse. And then, slowly, they perceived and acknowledged a danger.

Ralph had wondered at the persistent foggiess of the air in full sunshine. The shore was indistinct; the sun was a red ball at which he could stare undazzled; and the sun's reflection was a necklace of rubies on the pallid ripples of the pearl-gray water.

He looked back from the bow. "Getting foggy," he suggested.

"Yeh. Forest fire some place—smoke," said Lawrence.

"Forest fire? Near us?"

"Don't know. Maybe."

"I noticed it quite a while ago. But I guess it's pretty far off," Alverna made pretence. "Smoke will carry hundreds of miles."

Ralph had forgotten his fear of Joe's pursuit. But new danger stirs the imagination, and now to the travail of sixteen toiling hours a day was added a desperate wonder as to where the forest fire might be, and when they would burst out in a horror of arching flame.

And there was nothing he could do about it. He must go on. He was as helpless as though he were on a steamer in mid-ocean.

Where once he would have thought only of saving his own hide, he thought now of Alverna. Lawrence Jackfish

Continued on page 98



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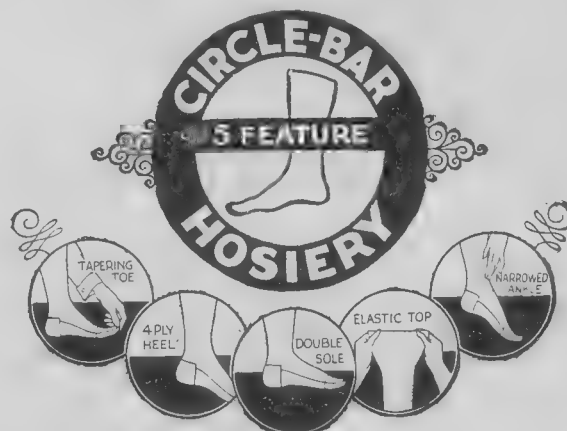
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Mantrap

Continued from page 97

might burn like a pitch-pine torch, and welcome; but if they should be caught by the fire (he pictured it, slowly, painfully, his mind dulled by paddling) he would protect her; he would cover her with his jacket, souse her in the lake . . .

Their chart showed that they were to pass from Thunder Bird Lake to Lake Midnight—the largest body of water on their route—by way of Weeping River. Here the streams turned southward. They would go downstream, and Ralph hoped for swift and easy passage to Lake Midnight.

They camped at the beginning of the Weeping River, in a sunset of crimson clouds murky with the impalpable smoke. The sun was red-eyed and irate as it set; the dusk was thick; and over the whole world was a sense of brooding fate.

They were wearily silent when they rose next dawn. There was no freshness in the air, and sombrely they started down Weeping River.

It started out promisingly enough, with a gush of brown water between sandy banks monotonously lined with low willows. But the river became so shallow that the canoe scraped the sandy bottom. Presently they had but three inches of water, littered everywhere with rocks over which the canoe had to be lifted, in terror lest it be slashed beyond repair and leave them abandoned, starving, in the wilderness.

Instead of darting down a pleasant stream, they made less than a mile an hour, wading in slippery pools, tugging at the canoe. Alverna was still plucky, but her face was drawn, and Ralph bore all her suffering with his.

Mosquitoes joyously clouded round them, more portentous in their venomous insignificance than the black-winged fates.

"We'll have to give it up and hit cross-country for Lake Midnight. Looks here on the map as if we could get across to Mudhen Creek, which flows into Midnight . . . Course map may not be right. So much of this country unexplored," said Ralph.

"All right. Let's," said Alverna, listlessly.

But Lawrence Jackfish said nothing at all, and Lawrence scowled, and Ralph wondered: "What's he thinking? What's he planning to do? How long can I make him take orders?"

They did, in fact, reach Mudhen Creek, and so came at last on the open waters of huge Lake Midnight. But the history of that passage would be a confused and unchronicable nightmare. Ralph could never put it together; never determine whether they took three and a half days or four and a half from Weeping River to Lake Midnight. The portage to Mudhen Creek was a delirium of quaking muskeg which let them down to drenched knees, of swamps crawling with scum, of brush which slashed their unprotected faces as they staggered with their loads, of airy mosquitoes singing their contempt, of persistent bulldog flies circling round and round their eyes, lighting and circling again, with a zizz which made the lords of creation shriek like lunatics, broken as they were with weariness.

And the cloud of smoke from the forest fires was over them always, but that menace had become as distant as Joe's possible pursuit.

They began to admit their shortage of food. It was Alverna who had the courage to speak of it.

Not always had Ralph plodded beside her in ecstasy. Before breakfast coffee and in the strain of the portage, he had often been irritated by her humming, her trick of pushing back her hair, the cruelty with which she

split infinitives, and her bland supposition that everything which was not fierce or awful was either cute or nice. But these annoyances scarce rose to perception in his mind. For her strength and patient courage he had such affectionate admiration as he had once given to Joe.

"We got to start starving ourselves," she blurted. "Hardly enough grub to last us down to Lake Midnight. The map says there's a trading station near the south end of the lake. Once we hit it, I guess we'll be on a real good trail, and we can get some grub there. But our stuff has to last—Maybe we better cut it down to two meals a day now, and one a day pretty soon."

"I suppose so," sighed Ralph.

Bacon thrice daily had come to be all of his concept of heaven that was not comprised in Alverna.

"Hey, you, Lawrence, don't hog so much bannock! We got to go slow," Alverna observed, as sweetly as possible, but the Indian scowled.

To piece out the larder, they stopped at every swamp which promised a pickerel. But there were few fish, and the long delays made the fear of approaching forest fires more lively.

So hour by day-long hour they lumbered through swamp and muskeg and thicket, blind and mute, and when at last they came through a cool birch grove and found Mudhen Creek, Alverna stood weeping with relief, her face smeary as a muddy child's and Ralph was too frayed to feel relief, too tired even to comfort her.

But after an hour of swift paddling down the Mudhen, helped by the current, on their way to Lake Midnight now, on their way to sailing and sacred food, his spirits rose and they two smiled again.

But they were so hungry!

At a pool below shallow rapids in the Mudhen, Ralph flung in his trolling hook and drew in, hand over hand, a ten-pound muskalonge more beautiful than the silver doe of heaven. They lit a fire, but scarce waited for the fish to broil; they tore at it half cooked, black-handed savages, and when Ralph gave Alverna his bit of better-cooked fish, it was his one heroism in life.

He was sure now that their toil was over—but he was not quite sure that he was sure. When the Mudhen flowed into the magnificent stretches of Lake Midnight, apprehension once more gathered round him.

There was a sinister look to those cruel waters. He understood the name of Lake Midnight when he saw that vast stretch, the color of a bottomless spring. The lake was smooth enough; it reached out in a floor of black marble. But to venture on that frowning immensity in a canoe was like risking open ocean.

"Looks tricky somehow. And no islands for shelter. Wonder if there are many squalls on it?" Ralph meditated. He kept his worry from Alverna.

There were squalls.

A breeze lifted before they had paddled half a mile. But it was a fair wind and they had to use it. Ralph was relieved that Lawrence kept as close to the east shore as possible, but that was not particularly close, for the shore-line was broken by many indentations. They were never more than a mile from land, Ralph calculated, yet they might as well have been a hundred. Neither him nor Alverna could swim half a mile, if they capsize, and the chicken-faced Lawrence would not try to save them.

Was it really only a mile to those distant trees, that secure beach? Ralph gazed to south, to west—a hundred and twenty miles it was to the south end of the lake, and to the west shore,

forty. From the low plane of their canoe, the swart vastness of Lake Midnight was more engulfing than the round of desert.

He played with these thoughts and put them from him. He could not afford now the luxury of being timid; and when Lawrence suggested that they land and boil the kettle, though being ashore would provide half an hour of surcease from the feeling of danger he snapped: "No, go on. Wind may change."

They were, their map asserted, more than half way to Whitewater and the high civilization of Bert Burger's hotel when they camped that evening on the shore of Lake Midnight.

They had for supper only bacon and milkless tea.

When Ralph rose, a little after four, and came out rubbing his sandy eyes, the world was a mystery of fog. Only a patch of gray lake was visible, motionless except for faint etchings of ripples. He felt the vigor of the damp fog. The earth seemed new, recreated in a doubtful youth, and but for the spectre of Joe, he would have rejoiced and felt ready for any venture.

He grew conscious that something was wrong with the scene, something very wrong, something missing. There was no canoe turned properly upside down on the beach. There was no canoe anywhere. Nor was Lawrence Jackfish in sight, under his mosquito-bar.

"Lawrence! Lawrence!" Distress gave awe to his voice.

Alvina appeared at the flap of their tent, tousled and sleepy.

"What is it, Ralph?"

"Apparently Lawrence and the canoe are gone. Oh, probably he's out on the lake, to catchum fish for breakfast. You can't see far in this fog."

She stared; she hastened to the tarpaulin which covered their stores.

"No. He's skipped out for keeps," she said resolutely. "He's taken all our grub except a little flour and a quarter of a pail of lard and a teeny bit of tea. He's taken everything. He expects us to die here."

Continued in December Issue

The Rockies from a Motor Car

Continued from page 68

now connect Calgary and Edmonton with the outside world, and run from Calgary to Banff, thence through the Rockies to Windermere, south to Cranbrook and west to Vancouver, with connections at both ends to the American highways leading south to Spokane and Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The British Columbia government has built a motor road east, or rather north-east, from Vancouver to Kamloops, and is to carry it on from Kamloops to Jasper, and it is only a question of time when the highway will be completed from Jasper to Edmonton. Construct the proposed mountain highway from Louise to Jasper, and you tap some of the very finest scenery in the world. Thousands of American tourists who today motor to Banff, and spend a few days here or at Louise, would extend their trip up north through the mountains to Jasper, then out by Edmonton, or west to Kamloops and Vancouver.

Who would pay for the new highway? Why not divide the cost among the beneficiaries, the Dominion, Alberta, British Columbia, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Canadian National Railways? Or the highway could easily be made to pay for itself, by charging a toll of \$10 per car, which the average tourist would be quite willing to pay. Several thousand cars enter the Rockies every season, and the number would rapidly increase with the completion of a highway from Banff and Louise to Jasper.

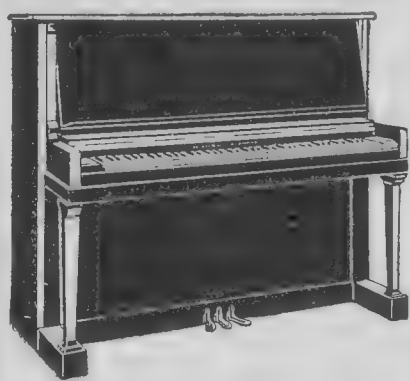
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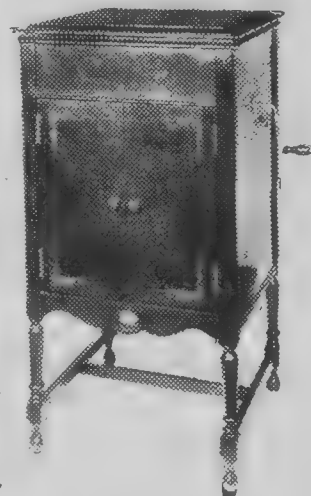
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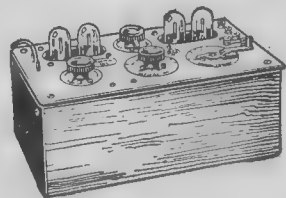
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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 74

without saying a word, and returned about half past six to take a light dinner before the evening show in the tavern beneath the Olympia.

As Michalis, his eyes lost in a dream, did not seem to notice the dish that was placed on the table, Partner asked a second time:

"It is really she, then?"

"Yes, it is really she," replied his companion.

GENERALLY, as you know, when a woman is devoured by curiosity she no longer lives, and there is nothing in the world she is not capable of in order to calm her soul obsessed by the imperative need of knowledge. Princesses do not escape, any more than others, this tendency of a sex that finds so much strength to satisfy its weaknesses, and Olga Alexandrowna was not an exception among princesses.

In this present case, we must admit, there was sufficient to push to an extreme this slight failing of hers.

And, after all, is curiosity a fault? For my part, I have never been able to admit it; on the contrary, it appears to me to be one of the finest qualities of the human race, perhaps the finest, in any case the most fecund; and if I were to make the plans for an ideal city, I would, in the first place, have it dominated by a gigantic statue of a woman, shading her eyes with one hand in order to see better, and cupping her ear with the other in order to hear better.

On the pedestal would be written these words: "To curiosity, from a grateful humanity." For, in fact, is it not to this goddess that one owes all the discoveries of science, all the masterpieces of art as well as those of literature?

Yes, in truth, when you reflect a little, you perceive that here below only three things are really productive: curiosity, laziness, and loafing.

Do not protest, or rather think first of the gentleman who, dreaming on his back under an apple tree, discovered the law of gravitation, and of that other who, in his bath, instead of washing himself, pondered so deeply on other things that he received the revelation of the laws of weight. You see!

But you say you are anxious to know to what measure that curiosity of Olga's forced her. I am going to satisfy you.

Our charming heroine, then, after having resisted for two days, two endless days, two frightful days, during which her distraction brought down upon her a thousand reproaches from her mother, decided suddenly to clear up, cost what it might, the mystery that absorbed her mind, dominated all her thoughts, and troubled her sleep.

One fine afternoon she arranged so that she lost the good Countess Orcha-poff at a store, and then jumped into a carriage and gave orders to be driven to the Olympia, where she tremblingly asked for the manager. She was agreeably surprised, on entering a simply furnished office, to find a charming man of perfect bearing and courtesy.

She had prepared a very complicated story in order to hide her identity, but she had not the time to relate it, for the manager of the Olympia, a Parisian, too well posted not to know the important guests of the capital, called her at once by her title of "Princess."

Reassured by this respectful reception, she decided on the truth at once, and it was in strict confidence that she divulged the object of her visit.

She recalled her fainting-spell of the preceding Sunday, and rapidly explained that the melody played by Michalis at this performance led her to suppose that not only was this man one of her

compatriots, but that he must also have been in touch with certain members of her family that she had lost track of and from whom she had had no news.

She wished, therefore, to have an interview with him, but, in order not to worry the Grand Duchess, her mother, by false hopes, she wished to see the clown secretly. She hoped that the manager would have the kindness to deliver this message to his employee. If the latter consented to this interview, he was to come the following morning about ten o'clock to meet the princess on the avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where she would be walking with her white greyhound on a level with the Rue Pergolèse.

Having been assured that everything would be done as she wished, she went away blushing, still quite astonished at her audacity, and anxiously wondering if the step she had just taken was not unworthy of a cousin of the Czar. Her conscience, however, answered "No." For if women, much more than men, have the habit of questioning themselves afterward concerning the acts that their impulsive nature has urged them to do, they possess the marvellous faculty of always finding, for the most adventurous of these acts, explanations and excuses that relieve their charming souls of the weight of remorse.

Olga said to herself that she had acted wisely, for, after all, it was a means of procuring, if possible, some details concerning the frightful death of the Grand Duke Michel and of obtaining, perhaps, some useful information about the great work of restoration that was always hoped for.

From that time on she thought of nothing but the way she would, on the next day, approach Michalis, who certainly deserved her benevolence as a compatriot, and without doubt an unfortunate one, but whose profession put him so far away from her. She planned her attitude through the whole evening with that nicety in the choice of shades which is the most absorbing concern of high aristocracy.

Nothing is more complicated, I can assure you, than this delicate science named "old-fashioned politeness," which consists as much in knowing how to be impolite with tact toward certain people as in being obsequious with dignity toward others.

The Princess dreamed late into the night under the kindly glances of the Ataman and the Grand Duke, on whose portraits the altar lamp with its dancing flame shed a pale light.

Continued in December Issue

Lemonade and Cats

It happened at a Sunday School picnic, two boys had lemonade stands. The pastor came along and going up to Bob said, "Well, my little man how much do you charge for your lemonade?"

"Five cents a glass," replied Bob.

"And how much do you charge?" he asked, turning to Joe, who ran the competing stand.

"Two cents a glass," replied Joe.

The pastor cast a censorious eye upon Bob and said to Joe, "I'll try a glass of yours, my boy, for two cents."

As he quaffed the fluid, he smacked his lips and said, "That's good; I'll have another glass," and he smiled when he thought he was getting two glasses at less than Bob charged for one.

"Tell me, my little man," he said to Joe, "how can you afford to sell your lemonade for two cents a glass when Bob is asking five cents?"

"Well, you see," said Joe, "the cat fell into my pail."—Official Bulletin Odontological Society.

Nothing is worse than sitting in a barber's chair with your mouth full of lather watching the boy trying to give another customer your new \$6.00 hat.

As it Was in the Beginning

Continued from page 13

More accurately there were four, for John Carpenter spoke only once, and then briefly. It was when young Peter West's return to college was under discussion, and Julia was explaining that he had some supplementary work to take up that made it necessary for him to leave earlier than usual.

Her father interrupted her. "Young Peter will be even more stuck up than his dad when he gets through with this College business, so I'll warrant he'll not make such an easy husband to live with, Julia."

Although this remark was addressed to Julia, John Carpenter tilted his grey bristly beard in the direction of his wife. It was allowed to pass without comment.

The evening chores disposed of and best clothes donned, they made their way by foot over the hill and across the old dried-up slough to Graham's barn, where the dance was to be held, Catherine giving repeated warnings to Tom and Seymour, who stumbled along in the thick darkness of the summer night, carrying the basket of provisions between them.

EVERYBODY came to that dance from far and near. Even when the Carpenters arrived the yard was full of vehicles. Presently the violins were tuned up; five sets were formed; and forty pairs of hands, hot and cold, moist and dry, bony and plump, clasped and unclasped in the grand right-and-left; and twenty couples balanced and swung and bowed and dipped to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel" and the sonorous instructions of the caller-off.

Catherine Carpenter looked on enviously, never able to overcome the feeling that she had been cheated in not being free to express her intense vitality in active exercise. She watched the dancers with concentration, her own body swaying to the rhythm. A smile of approval lighted her face as she observed Seymour's light graceful step and Bertha's spirited dancing, particularly the latter, for she liked everything to be done with verve.

When the movement of the dance threw Bertha into temporary partnership with young Peter West Catherine's eyes still followed her, and she was startled by the change that came over their two faces.

Bertha cast a quick glance around and said something in a low voice that made Peter turn pale and glower at her. The caller-off shouted a command and the dance swept Bertha along to another partner, but the impression remained with Catherine that she had been present at the first act of a drama.

All the rest of the evening, as she limped from group to group of the older people, who occupied a fringe of chairs around the room, Catherine, watching these two, became convinced that young Peter was being pursued by Bertha and was doing his best to avoid her. If Bertha and her partner were in one set he chose the one farthest away, and once when Bertha entered his set at the last minute he persuaded his partner to sit out the dance.

Shortly before supper time, in one of the intervals between dances, Catherine saw Bertha approach the man who was calling off, and look up at him with that bright saucy smile of hers. They spoke together for a few moments before Bertha moved away in the direction of Peter West. She stopped before she reached him and half turned away, speaking to one of the young girls.

The manager of the dance jingled a pan to still the babel of voices and

announced: "Partners for a Leap-Year Waltz."

Catherine, watching closely, saw Bertha turn and look about her in pretended embarrassment, give a well-feigned start of surprise at seeing Peter West so near, and approach him with a perfect simulation of hesitation. And yet the diffidence was expressed so much more in look and gesture than in actual delay that no other girl could possibly have asked him first. She saw that Peter's eyes were angry, but he finally took his place beside her on the floor.

"It's a great pity," Catherine said to herself, "that Bertha's a Lowe. There isn't another girl in this district smart enough to do that."

She was not surprised to see that before long Peter West and Bertha stopped dancing and slipped out of the door.

Prompted by more than her usual curiosity Catherine followed them shortly, ostensibly to find a chip to steady the wobbling leg of the oil stove that was being used to boil the coffee, but really to see where they went. She did not intend or expect to be an eavesdropper, but as she neared the end of the barn she discovered that they were just around the corner, and one broken sentence that reached her made her stop short.

It was: "... don't you marry Seymour. He's crazy about you."

Bertha did not find her voice for a moment, and when she did it was husky. "You're a meaner sneak than I thought you were, Peter, but if you want to know I'll tell you, because I love Seymour too well to hurt him. So there."

Catherine caught her breath, sharply.

"Well, that's nice," Peter resumed, "to tell me I've got to marry you and at the same time admit you're in love with another man. How do I know—"

"Stop! You're not going to say things like that about Seymour. You're the only man who has ever had the chance to spoil my life, and you know it; though the Lord knows when a girl has two sisters who have gone wrong it's the easiest thing in the world to go on down hill after them. All the smart young men like you, Peter, and the nasty old men come around offering to help one along."

"Don't you suppose I'm just about half crazy when I think what might have happened if I'd got to know Seymour before you came around with your high-flying city ways and turned my head."

"Yes, the Carpenters would be likely to let Seymour marry you unless they thought they had to. Mrs. Carpenter is as proud as Lucifer."

"Don't be too sure of that. Mrs. Carpenter is proud, but she's different from the other women around here, too. I think maybe I could have made her understand about my bringing up and everything, and I'd have worked my fingers to the bone for Seymour. He's the only man around, unless your father, who has ever treated me as if I'd started even."

"Then, as I said before, you'd better marry him."

"No, you don't get out of it that way. I'm not going to marry Seymour, and I wouldn't marry you either—if—if—I was thinking only of myself. But, well, we'll have to be married the day after tomorrow before you take the train."

"No we won't."

"Yes we will. I'm going to tell Seymour and your father tonight."

Catherine heard a shuffle of feet and

Continued on page 103

Westinghouse



Dance

THERE is something indescribably charming about the hostess who entertains well.

Such a woman is removed from the commonplace. She realizes that dancing is an essential of modern entertainment for both the young and those of mature years.

That is why so many young matrons are installing Westinghouse Radio Sets and Radiolas at this season. They know that instead of depending upon home-made music they can arrange their dance programmes from the most noted orchestras, thus making their entertainment charmingly different.

For Westinghouse Radio Sets and Radiolas provide all the newest and most delightful music for entertainments. They grace homes in every walk in life, making them happier through the many friends they attract.

And they do this at an initial expense that is well within the means of those with even a modest income.

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Something to Learn

By Alice Carey

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child:

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow:

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

There must be rough cold weather,
And the winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together,
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beautiful summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow:

SOMETHING TO PUZZLE OVER AND DO

IF YOU like to write, better than you like to draw, try to find and write the missing words. If you prefer to draw, make pictures of the missing words when you have found them. Perhaps you would like to do both? See if you can.

A single dot with a dash means the word is in the singular; two dots that the word is in the plural. A single dash means a one-syllable word, and two dashes a two-syllable word.

There will be a gold button for the boy or girl who sends in the best answer.

If I were a .— with my .— I would fly
To the top of a .— where no curious .—
Could discover the .— safely hid in
a .—

Where my .— and .— need not be
on the .—

I would hunt every day for the fattest
of .—

And also for .—, and the good kinds
of .—

I would have lots of fun were I only
a .—

But instead I'm a .— and it seems so
absurd!

There will be another gold button,
perhaps even two, for the people who
join the Blottem Family with the fun-
niest names.

Do you know the Blottem Family? If not I will introduce you. This is the way you meet them. Suppose your name is "Margaret" or "Jimmie." Write your name on a piece of paper, putting lots of ink on your pen. Now, without blotting the name, fold the paper so that the crease comes right down the middle of the name.

Now rub the outside of the paper with your hand, open it up, and you will have joined the Blottem Family. Try and see who can get the funniest looking name, and we will publish some of them in January, but be sure you send them in as soon as you can after the journal arrives at your house.

CHRISTMAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Dear me, here we are hardly out of the summer holidays, and here is Christmas just around the corner. However shall we get all the presents ready in time? Well, one thing is certain, if we have not already begun we shall have to do so now, and I am going to give you a list of things that may easily be made, and I hope they will help you.

For Girls to Make—

Fancy aprons of chintz or large colored handkerchiefs.

Linen handkerchiefs with the edges rolled and oversown with colored thread.

Bags—for lettuce, for dusters, for clothespins, for shoes.

Bags—for knitting, for fancy work, for holding handkerchiefs; soiled clothes.

Book covers.

Dusters.

Towels.

Wash cloths.

Blotters.

Children's Busy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE

For Boys to Make—

Coal or wood boxes to stand beside the stove or fireplace.

Door stoppers to hold doors open.

Book covers.

Painted flower pots.

Raffia teapot stand.

Plant sticks made of wood.

Tops.

All the girls I know have ideas for aprons made out of scraps of this and that, and if you haven't any ideas yourselves look up last year's W.H.M. and see the pretty apron that won the prize for Christmas gift idea. It was made by one of our girls. A lettuce bag is a very useful thing that should be made of white cotton. You wash the lettuce and then put it damp in this bag and put it on the ice or in a cool place and it keeps it fresh and nice. A book cover may be made of chintz or oilcloth or leather or silk or any scrap of pretty material you have around the house. Measure the book carefully that you wish to make the cover for, then cut your material at least two inches wider than the book, and half an inch longer. Fold back the two ends one inch wide so that they will make pockets to slip the covers in, then turn narrow hems on the edges at the top and bottom and hem

Black pots with orange leaves around the top would be lovely, or green pots with crimson berries. Wouldn't your mother appreciate two of these or even one, for Christmas? A flowerpot, a little paint, and a little time, and just a bit of patience.

SOMETHING TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

Little Wool Flower Bouquets

I think nearly everyone nowadays likes to see a little bunch of bright wool flowers on a fur coat or collar in the winter time, don't you? How would you like to make some for Christmas. To be able to do this you must understand first how to crochet, and then it is quite simple. Gather together all the scraps of bright wool in the house, take a medium size crochet needle, and begin. First make a small loop in your wool, then pull a stitch through it, then another, fastening them together so as to make the beginning of your flower. Now crochet four stitches around these, then five, then six, until you have made a little bell-shaped flower, pull your wool through the last loop and knot it, make a short stem of green wool by running a needle through the centre of the flower



Very Wise

Ma says, an apple
every day

Will keep the doctor-
man away.

I don't like doctors,
so you see,

I'm being wise; I'm
eating three!



these or feather-stitch or over-cast and your cover is complete.

A bird stick for the boys to make would be very welcome to anyone who keeps house plants. Trace a bird from any picture you can find; put the picture carefully onto some thin wood, say a cigar-box, then with fret saw or knife cut carefully around the edges, paint Mr. Bird any brilliant color you like, the brighter the better, and glue him strongly or fasten him with gine tacks to a stick the right length for the plant you have in mind, a stick two or three feet long if it is for a tall plant, or one foot long for an ordinary plant, but your bird must be small for a small plant, and not look top-heavy.

To make a door-stopper take a block of wood, about 6 or 8 inches long, by 2 inches thick. (You can probably find such a block in the woodpile.) If you can cut this in half diagonally it will make you two door stoppers, and this could be done with a saw. Now sand-paper your pieces and stain or paint them and your door-stoppers are ready, the thin edge to wedge under the door and hold it open.

Painted flower pots would be very simple and would make a nice present for a plant-loving mother. Take ordinary earthenware pots; there will probably be some down the cellar; wash them carefully, and after they are dry apply bright paint or enamel to them; orange would be pretty, or crimson, or cream or black. If you understand how to use a stencil you can paint a design around each pot—leaves or fruit in a contrasting color.

and cut it off any length you want. Another pretty and easy way to make flowers that anyone may make even if they can't crochet, is this: Cut a small square of cardboard about one inch square. Now take your brightest wool and wind it round the card from side to side ten times; now turn your card and wind from top to bottom ten times; thread the end of your wool into a needle and where the two windings cross catch your needle under backwards and forwards like this and knot firmly; now break off your wool and do the same thing on the other side of the card, fastening that side firmly. Now with sharp scissors cut the wool around the edges of the card, cut the card away, sew through each side several times and leave a string, fluff up your wool, even it off with the scissors, and you will have a pretty little ball-flower.

"Alexander" the Beloved Chameleon

A TRUE ACCOUNT

By Anna W. McNeil.

FIVE cents apiece for every living fly. It wasn't a scientific experiment, nor a means of getting rid of a pest, but an offer made to the office boy in a great industrial corporation, to insure a food supply in the dead of winter, for "Alexander," a chameleon.

When a circus came, some years ago, Alexander, then nameless, was one of many of the strange little creatures which were displayed on a velvet-colored board, and which were a never-ending

novelty because of their frequent color changes.—He was given to a girl in the employ of the General Electric Company, and she, boarding, and having no means of caring for him, brought him to the office and placed him among the plants in a sunny window.

Alexander's two-inch chain, which hampered his movements cruelly, was removed, and he was attached to a long piece of cord, in which, however, he became so hopelessly tangled that it was soon decided to give him complete freedom. He did not take advantage of his liberty, but remained in the window, climbing up and down the plants, lying outstretched on the leaves, and sunning himself on a little wooden framework which had been placed in a window-box for a coleus to train itself upon.

Every morning at eight o'clock his owner arrived, and her first duty was to offer Alexander a fresh drink of water from a teaspoon. He would sip daintily, and would accept it from no one else. He caught his fill of flies, leaping for them with the utmost agility, and snarling them with his long, sticky tongue. His enjoyment in devouring them was truly a laughable sight.

Men and girls alike became fond of the little creature and brought flies for him, which he took from their fingers. When winter came, his food supply dwindled, and it was then that the offer of five cents apiece for a victim was made. His board bill amounted to forty-five cents in one day, although it was January, but there was no quibbling on the part of his owner, who had become greatly attached to her odd pet. Many a zero night she returned to the office, purposely to see that Alexander was not suffering from the cold, to which he was sensitive, and to which he might have been exposed through a window carelessly left open. Janitors, watchmen and cleaning women alike shared her solicitude. A tall waste-basket, filled with clipped newspapers, was left unemptied one night, and a note reposed on the desk to the effect that "our lessard (lizard) is in the wastebasket," pencilled in the hand of the seventy-year-old night watchman.

Alexander had a fancy for newspapers, preferring them even to his plants. From the green and bronze of his little body, among the leaves of the coleus, he became a peculiar greyish-white when he lay on the newspapers. Anger or fright turned him black and caused the swelling of a pouch-like substance under his jaw.

He had visitors galore, to the extent that the work of the busy office was in danger of being interrupted, and it was thought best to remove him and the plants to which he was accustomed, to the home of one of his friends. A "bungalow," shaped like Noah's ark, and covered in front with wire screening, had been made for him by a carpenter, and he was moved in this.

The family Christmas-tree later afforded him much pleasure and he wandered among the balsam boughs for days, eyeing the glittering decorations with real interest.

Asleep, he was a cunning object, his little "hands" clasped tightly about the stalk of his favorite coleus. In sleep, he was an exquisite shade of jade green.

At times he shed his skin and this was a harrowing sight. He would become enveloped in a lacy mesh, which he would claw away from his body with vigor.

There came a severe winter when no fly made its appearance for weeks. Bread crumbs and tiny scraps of meat were offered to him, but he refused them.

One bitterly cold night in February, when he had been in the family for nearly three years, the chameleon fell from the height of the window to the floor. His owner took him in her hand, and called his name. He turned his head, trying to look at her with fast-glazing eyes. His body stiffened in death in that position. Many a tear was shed for him. Perhaps it is true as the poet said:

"Love makes life immortal;
And naught the heart holds can ever die."

However that may be, it is safe to say that not one among the millions of Alexander's kin ever led so unusual a life, caused so much entertainment, displayed so many interesting traits, and died so sincerely mourned, as he.

As it Was in the Beginning

Continued from page 101

hurried back to the barn, her mind in a whirl of conflicting thoughts.

She encountered Mr. West at the door, lifting an ice cream freezer into the barn. She offered to give him a hand, and Peter West, who was still strong enough to lift Catherine under one arm, and the cask under the other, looked down upon her whimsically with eyes that smiled under their bushy grey brows, and let her help.

A great wave of pity swept over her for this rugged old man, who had so deep a sorrow in store for him through his only child. She looked at him with eyes full of sympathy and opened her mouth to speak but closed it again.

"What is it, Mrs. Carpenter?" Peter West asked, still with his kindly eyes upon her face.

Catherine's work-wrinkled hand fumbled with a corner of the white lawn apron which covered her black taffeta dress. "Nothing, Mr. West, nothing at all," she said at last, as with a hopeless shake of the head she turned away.

She found John Carpenter at her elbow. "I was coming," he said, "to give Mr. West a lift with the freezer; he seems a bit slow on the move." As he spoke he took his big black pipe from his mouth, and a thread of brown liquid followed it and trickled down into his grizzly beard.

Catherine turned away without replying and clicked over to the stove.

Later that evening she saw Bertha leave the barn with Mr. West, and still later with Peter, and this time when she returned it was evident that she had been crying.

JOHN CARPENTER did not wait for Catherine or Julia to collect their dishes and pack them in the basket, when the hour for dispersal arrived, but hurried on home to bed. Tom, characteristically, got a ride home in Billy Vrooman's car. Julia and Seymour followed with the basket, after seeing that their mother had been joined by Mr. West, who had sent Peter with Bertha and was going to walk to his home, a mile and a half beyond the Carpenters.

Mr. West took Catherine's arm, the better to guide her footsteps on the lumpy road that cut across the fields. Under cover of the friendly darkness they trudged along in silence for some time before Catherine began: "I know all about it, Peter, and I can't tell you how sorry I am."

Peter West cleared his throat. "You know what I said to you today about if it was Peter I wouldn't interfere. Well, at first I felt like going back on that, but we don't know. Maybe marrying Bertha will make Peter straighten up."

Catherine sighed, "Maybe so," she agreed. "Maybe so. Losing the woman he loved—first—made his father settle down."

"No, it didn't."

"What do you mean, Peter?"

"I didn't mean ever to tell you, but I'd quit that drinking and gambling business months before your mother wrote me that scorching letter—and I'd quit for the sake of the woman I did love, not the one that I didn't."

"Oh, Peter," Catherine cried, "to think of all these years."

"It's no use now thinking of what's come of the interference of one old woman and the vanity of a boy, except as it shows us that the Lord doesn't give us any right to mortgage the future of our children. So I'm not going to worry about this. And besides—"

"Besides?"

Continued on page 104



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Vogue!

As it Was in the Beginning

Continued from page 103

They stumbled over a nasty little hollow and righted themselves before Peter West replied. "If it hadn't been my boy it would have been yours, and I haven't got out of the way of not wanting you to be hurt."

Catherine pressed his arm gently with her work-calloused hand. "I'm glad we've had this little talk, Peter."

"So am I, Catherine. We'll not likely be speaking about these matters again, but I'm glad you know about the past. It may help us to go very careful in the future."

They had arrived at the door of the tall gaunt farmhouse, and in the first dim light of the late-rising moon they parted, a lingering glance of warm affection, from which the fierce passion of youth had burned out, passing between them.

When she entered the house Catherine found Seymour sitting alone, his arms folded on the table and his head bowed on them.

Even at the clickety-click of her cane he did not look up, so she knew that he did not want to be disturbed, but for all that she potted about getting a drink, winding the clock, and trimming the oil-lamp, which was sending a black flare up the side of the chimney.

At last her cane thumped slowly to his side and stopped. It was laid on the table, and her left hand came to rest upon her son's shoulder.

He stirred uneasily, but still he did not look up.

The arm slipped about his neck, and the other hand was laid on his bowed head. "Seymour." All the fire and snap in her voice had given place to motherly tenderness.

He looked up at that and Catherine caught her breath sharply. He was no longer a boy. Though indeed she might have known it would be so, if the calendar with its even marking off of time had not corrupted our way of thinking until we are apt to forget that people grow older, not by days and years, but by emotions.

A stupid woman would have offered Seymour congratulations upon his fortunate escape. Catherine didn't. She was able to conceive of an affection so transcendent that it grows with every demand made upon it for forgiveness.

So she just patted the roll of his collar with brown-seamed hands. "My poor boy!" I don't know of anything harder than what's happened to you and Bertha . . . Poor Bertha," she added after a moment, with real feeling in her voice.

Those two words, spoken so kindly, unlocked her son's heart as nothing else could have done.

"I didn't expect you to see it that way, mother—though after today I might have known."

"She's not a bad girl," he went on, "but it's hard for a girl to go straight in a family like hers."

"I know that, Seymour."

"If only I'd got to know her before Peter West—but it's too late now."

Catherine patted his shoulder gently in wordless sympathy.

"She has such pretty affectionate ways. We might have been—but it's too late now," he broke off abruptly.

The words were conclusive enough, but Catherine was alarmed to detect a hint of interrogation in the tone.

Her voice grew a shade higher and firmer, like a railway clerk's, when one points out that he has given the wrong change. "Yes, son, it's too late now."

A light that had flashed up in Seymour's eyes flickered and went out. "But we love each other and we'd have been so happy together," he said dearly.

"And now three people are going to

be miserable." Again that unaccountable note of argument had crept into his voice.

"That's the price of wrongdoing, isn't it?"

"I know Peter and Bertha ought to suffer, and they will anyway, no matter what happens."

Catherine took her hand off his shoulder. "Do you mean to say that you would marry Bertha and take her disgrace upon you?"

Seymour hung his head, as if a love which could overlook so much were a weakness of which to be ashamed. "Yes, mother, if you were willing."

SHE looked at him long and thoughtfully. It was always the weakling of a flock he had loved; the stunted one of a litter. Perhaps that appeal to his sympathy and protection was necessary for his development.

But Seymour couldn't share Bertha's disgrace without the rest of the Carpenters sharing it also, and there was bitterness in the thought for Catherine.

"It's impossible, Seymour," she said quickly, and taking up her cane she limped over to the window, and stood watching the earth turn grey under the combined influence of the rising moon and the breaking day.

"I suppose it is." He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked down at the white oilcloth.

Catherine turned and glanced at him keenly. Apparently her conduct of the afternoon had so touched him that he was prepared to accept her decision as the voice of justice, and she realized, as she had never done before, the terrible responsibility confidence can lay upon one.

She turned her eyes back to the outdoor world and noticed that on a branch of the poplar tree two sparrows were nestling together. A vagrant breeze heralding the chill of early dawn ruffled their feathers and they nestled more closely against each other. She looked from the sparrows back to the man, still sitting with his head propped on his hand and his eyes turned down, contemplating the ashes of his dreams by the flaring light of the oil lamp.

Just so Catherine herself had sat and faced the hard realities of life thirty years ago. Time had wiped out for her the bitterness of that hour, but had left an acute recollection that it was bitter.

Her cane thumped slowly, and with long pauses, across the floor to Seymour's side, and she laid a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

He looked up. Then he rose suddenly and put his arms about her. "You don't mean—mother—" he stammered.

Explained

A Scotch soldier, who travelled overnight from Edinburgh, was arrested in London on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, and duly appeared before the magistrate.

"Have you anything to say?" the latter asked.

"Well, the fact is," said the Scot, "I traivelled frae Edinbury last nicht, an' I got in wi' bad company in the train."

"Bad company?" said the magistrate. "What does that mean exactly?"

"Well ye see, sir, there wis three ither chaps i' the carriage, an' I had a bottle of whisky wi' me."

"Well?"

"Well, ye see, sir, the ither three chaps were teetotallers."

A Reminder

Two women were passing a butcher's shop where a pig's head was on display, with a lemon in its mouth.

"There, Liz," exclaimed one of the women, "that reminds me that I promised to get a new piper for Joe."

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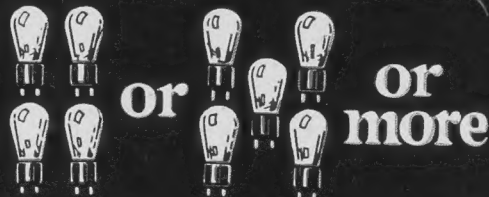
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These figures are based on the average use of receivers, which a country-wide survey has shown to be two hours daily throughout the year. If

you listen longer, of course, your batteries will have a somewhat shorter life, and if you listen less, they will last longer.

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